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Miss Angel.

CHAPTER XIII

"TAKE OF THIS GRAIN WHICH IN MY GARDEN GROWS."



LL the house in Leicester Fields was lighted up ready to receive the company; and for once Mr. Reynolds had given special orders that everything was to be prepared for his guests' comfort. I think it was on this occasion that the new dinner-service was ordered in, and the cut glass, which is mentioned in history. Mr. Reynolds himself must have chosen it, for Miss Reynolds was of too anxious and timid a disposition to order the occasional chaos of the house upon her own responsibility.

Mr. Reynolds stood by the fire behind Angelica's

chair while the supper was going on. Mr. and Mrs. Garrick were to have come, but Garrick was tired after his performance, and sent an excuse. He had spoken an epilogue, which had taken them all by surprise. Not one of them had recognised him in the clownish countryman who came on with a spade under his arm. Mrs. Garrick herself had been wondering who it could be, when her little dog suddenly began to wag his tail as he lay on her

lap concealed, and then she knew that, though they were deceived, Flash had discovered his master. It was Mr. Fuseli who told the little story, with which Lady Di was enchanted. Lord Henry seemed to think it would be a subject for Mr. Reynolds' pencil.

"Does your lordship mean the little dog's tail?" said Angel, laughing.

Lady W. frowned: she did not like Lord Henry's suggestions to be lightly treated.

Angelica was in a curiously excited condition that night. She was unlike her usual placidly cheerful self, so easily, gaily pleased with the story of life as it reached her; Hamlet had stirred the very depths of her heart. Then came the reaction of outer things, the compliments, the admiration, the scent of the flowers seemed to rise into her brain, the lights dazzled, the talk carried her away. Mr. Fuseli made no secret of his devotion. If Mr. Reynolds was more reserved in his manifestation of interest, it was not that he felt less. She knew that he was with her all along. He threw in a word from time to time, attended quietly to her wants, never left her side, seemed young, interested, responsive as any of them that night.

Lord Henry, who was also somewhat excited, filled up Lady W.'s glass, and called for a toast. "Shall we drink to beauty?" he cried. "To the living Muses among us?"

"Let us drink to our rivals," said Mr. Reynolds, smiling, and bowing to Angelica.

Mr. Fuseli cried out that he would not drink such a toast. "I shall drink mine in silence," he said, and looked at Miss Kauffmann.

"Drink what toasts you will," cried Angelica, starting up from the table with a gay laugh. "I shall go and enjoy a different feast." She walked across the room, and across the passage, and up the short flight of steps that led into the studio, of which the great doors were open. Her heart was still beating; she was still treading upon air. She was standing looking at a lovely picture on Mr. Reynolds' easel, when she heard a step on the polished floor, and looking round she saw that her host had also left the supper-table, and come in search of her. He had come, yielding to the impulse of the moment, and, for once in his tranquil life, carried away by the influence of something that seemed stronger than himself, than that habit of self-control by which he justly set such store.

Angelica had in that instant become a painter again, as people do who have two lives to lead. She was looking at the picture, and for a moment she had forgotten the painter, and was wondering at the breadth, and depth, and grace of that lovely combination of colour, of feeling, of flowing ease.

It was no depth of divine despair that overmastered her now as when she had gazed at the great triumphant Titian in the gallery at Venice, it was with some sort of hope that she could look, and admire, and try to realize the gracious mystery of this new master's art.

This picture happened to be the full-length portrait of the beautiful

Lady Elizabeth Keppel, represented as a bridesmaid sacrificing to Hymen: the sad fate of this lady excited much feeling at the time; she married Lord Tavistock, who was killed by a fall from his horse not long after, and the poor young wife died of a broken heart, and was mourned in all the odes and elegies of the day. Is there any sign of this sad coming shadow in the lovely radiant picture before which Angelica is standing in her old attitude, bird-like, pensive? It is the old attitude; but I am not sure that Antonio was not right, and that the shabby grace of the darned green gown was not more becoming than all the delicate silk and present rosebud embroideries. Dress was certainly one of her special gifts, and what she wore, became a part of herself. It is just as characteristic of some other women to be beautiful, notwithstanding their clothes.

"I am trying to find out what charms you have used, Mr. Reynolds, in this lovely, wonderful picture. I think you breathe upon the canvas and *will* the life into your creations: I cannot account for the result you attain to in any other way."

He did not answer immediately, then he smiled. "The only incantations I have used here are a little colour and oil mixed with magylyp," he said, "and a coat of varnish, dear lady. Perhaps while you are in the room," he repeated, "my poor works may seem to breathe for a few minutes; but that is your doing, not mine. You must know," he added, with some change of voice, "what difference *your* coming makes to this house and to its master, who also comes to life in your presence I think. Can you not understand me?" he said. "Can you not guess what? if I dared . . . if I were so presumptuous as to form a hope, that hope would be . . .?"

Angelica was beginning to understand this earnest gaze—this grave emphatic manner. Lady W. had prophesied and prophesied, and Mr. Reynolds had given hints before now, and her own heart had sometimes spoken; his beautiful pictures had spoken a hundred times, and suddenly Miss Angel looked round in not unrelenting consternation and excitement. With a sort of flashing thought she pictured all future possibilities to herself. Was this quiet, tranquil gentleman her future husband? Was this great lighted house her home?

Then she thought of her father. She seemed to see him installed in this sumptuous and comfortable haven. She had wandered off into this day-dream, and almost forgotten Mr. Reynolds himself, who was standing patiently watching the bright expression of that smiling face. Alas! as she smiled, his heart failed. He could read faces; that was his trade. Good will he read upon those smiling lips, enthusiasm in those blue eyes; but not one melting gleam of personal tenderness and feeling, not one relighting emotion of heart-felt response, not one answer to his own strange, unexpected throb of heart.

"I am presumptuous," he said, "and yet I must persist in my presumption. Dear lady, tell me do you understand me? Can similarity of taste and feeling, and my deep and heartfelt homage, which will never be

less sincere than now, whatever your answer may be, stand you in the place of those many parts in which I know I am deficient?" Angelica blushed up crimson, but she was quite collected. Mr. Reynolds saw it, he felt his own agitation growing almost beyond his control. He turned away to recover, and to regain his calm. As he turned away, Angelica looked after him with grateful eyes. All his kindness, all the advantages he offered her, were present to her mind. Did she love him? Antonio would say she had sold herself for money. No; no. If she accepted Mr. Reynolds, it would not be for any sordid reason. He must not think such reasons influenced her. She would not deceive him, it was out of very truth and sincerity that she hesitated, and flouted her fan.

"But, Mr. Reynolds, you have your art? Is she not your mistress?" said Angelica, coquettishly.

"You know my infirmity. I did not catch your meaning," said Mr. Reynolds, immediately coming back, and when Angelica repeated her sentence, which certainly was scarcely worth the trouble of repeating, he sighed, in answer,—

"Art may be a mistress that we painters must be content to worship with a hopeless passion. She cannot be a wife, an equal, a living friend and helper, answering to the need of our human hearts."

His tone was so simple, that it touched Angel very much.

"But why did you then think of *me*, Mr. Reynolds?" said she, with a slight quiver, and a sort of laugh. "I am sure you have repented already, and to let you into a secret, you are right in so doing."

If Angelica answered flippantly, it was not because she did not feel his words, but because some instinctive honesty prevented her from letting him imagine that she had any deeper emotion than that which she really experienced.

Compared to *his*, her own feeling seemed to her so slight, so worthless, that she was ashamed. She stood looking at him gratefully, with one of her azure looks. "If I marry, as I suppose I must," she said, "I fear my future husband will have to be content with a second place. With a third," she went on, looking down, and clasping the little velvet at her wrist; "for I have my father's happiness to think of as well as my own. Believe me," she said, smiling gaily, "it will be vastly more sensible to leave things as they are. "If I were to marry you, it would not be *you* so much as the things you could give me. Those I can do without, my friend I cannot spare. No, Mr. Reynolds," she said suddenly, "No shall be my answer."

Miss Angel had been honest; her conscience gave a secret throb of approbation, but I think, woman like, she intended him not to be content with such an indefinite reply.

He did not quiver or show much change of manner when Angelica gave him her bright saucy denial, and yet to him it seemed far more ultimate than she had any idea of. Reynolds went on quietly talking, so quietly that Angelica asked herself in amazement whether she had dreamed that

he had proposed; he showed her one or two pictures, explained what pigments he had used for them, and when Lady W. came in from the supper-room with expressive looks and eyes directed curiously upon the two, he waited till she joined them, asked her opinion of his picture, quietly included her in the conversation, and then walked away with her.

Angelica stood by the picture looking after them in a strange and overpowered state of mind. It was now her turn to be agitated. She watched Lady W.'s silk dress shining and Mr. Reynolds' sword swinging as he walked, then they joined some of the company and a burst of laughter reached Angel standing alone by the great easel. All the pictures seemed looking at her reproachfully. "What have you done? why have you vexed our good master?" they said. "How kind he was; how considerate; how manful were his words—what a true gentleman he is in all his ways—what have you done? why have you done it?"

Little Miss Reynolds came flitting through the rooms looking for a handkerchief she had dropped: she found Angel still alone in the studio, and exclaimed, in surprise—"Alone! Bless me, my dear, how is this?—what has happened? has Joshua made the offer? With all his faults, child, he will make a good and faithful husband."

"Did he tell you?" said Angel, bewildered and longing for sympathy.

"Tell me—not he, child. He is as mum as the church steeple to me; sisters play a small part in men's lives. So he has done it, hey? You need not fear telling me. I understand it all—don't cry, my dear—don't cry. I have no doubt you spoke very prettily; trust me—it will all come right; and I'm sure I don't know where he could find a sweeter wife," said the little old maid, looking at her with kind eyes.

CHAPTER XIV.

PUT OUT THE LIGHT.

LADY W. liked to wind up her little passing interests with some triumphant catastrophe which flattered her sense of power, and rid her of any uncomfortable feeling of responsibility. Something had vexed her the night of Mr. Reynolds' entertainment. She was very cross going home, and scarcely spoke to Angel. Was my lady getting tired of her, as she had wearied of so many others?

It was Lady Diana who talked and who praised the supper, the house, the host.

Angel was absorbed in the thought of what had occurred. She could not make up her mind whether or not to repeat it all to her friend.

When she would have said good-night to her patroness at the foot of the stairs as usual, Lady W. responded very coldly. For the first time the gracious lady looked ungracious. She answered the girl's inquiring glance with a cold "Good-night, Kauffmann."

Angelica could scarcely believe that the tone was for her. "Are you not well?" she said.

"I am quite well, only sorry to have to speak to you, Kauffmann," Lady W. answered; "but I must tell you that your manner to-night was vastly too free for the society into which I have introduced you. I cannot countenance free manners in my box at the play, and I have been much annoyed by the levity of to-night. My lord observed upon it, and has begged me to remonstrate."

A faint sound from my lord was heard, but it died away, and he suddenly disappeared by some back stairs.

My lady was fluttering her fan in some agitation. Lady Diana, and the footmen, and the maids were all round about.

Angelica turned pale, stood silent, justly wounded, and then said, with simple dignity, "I will speak to you to-morrow, madam, in private, not now," and she walked away to her own room, trembling, with beating pulse, bewildered, offended.

A fire was burning, and candles had been lighted, by Mrs. Betty, unaware as yet of the favourite's disgrace, but the maid immediately began to suspect something amiss when Angelica burst into tears. As I have said before, it was not the first time such scenes had occurred.

Lady W. rustled up with her beautiful twinkling satin feet, feeling immensely virtuous and superior: she discoursed to Lord W. for an hour on Angelica's enormities, suddenly remembering, as vexed people do, many others which had never occurred to her till that moment. The girl's manner to Henry Belmore was most flippant and unbecoming, her ways were unendurable. She had used her but to bring Mr. Reynolds to her feet, but his good sense evidently kept him back.

Poor Lord W. knew of old that it was hopeless to try and stem this torrent; he set his watch a few seconds wrong in his perplexity, gave precise directions to his valet about being called in the morning, and as to the preparation of a pot of glue he should require to complete a little nest of boxes he was engaged upon.

Poor Angel! coldness from those she loved chilled her and pained her as much as their love vivified and warmed; and she loved Lady W., whose kindness had been unending, and whose praises had been very sweet to her. Was it possible that people spoke truly when they said that people changed? Ah! no, she could not believe it, never, never. Angelica was not yet old enough to stretch her interests beyond the radius of her own longings, and of those who loved her; that is the gift of later years, and perhaps the one blessing that supplements their emptiness. No one had ever in her recollection been unkind to her before. She was half-amazed, half-indignant; could it be true? Had she been free? Had she forgotten what was becoming to her station? What had she done?

She dismissed Mrs. Betty with the curious eyes, tore off her rosebud dress impatiently, and flung it on the floor in a heap; then she put on

an old dressing-gown she used to wear in Italy. That, at least, was her own; little else. The very fire which warmed her resentment was given to her by the person who had insulted her; the person whom she loved, and whose unkindness cut all the more cruelly because she loved her. Lady W. had been unkind, and they seemed suddenly parted. Mr. Reynolds had been too kind, and they seemed parted too; it was all utterly bewildering. Had she shown herself ungrateful to him? Was she being punished now for the pain she had inflicted on another? Was this a warning not to be neglected by her? Was it too late to undo the past?

Angel was still sitting there, broken and overcome by the different emotions of the day, when some one knocked at the door, and, to her surprise, Lady Diana came in.

"I wanted to talk to you," said she, in her abrupt voice, and putting down the light that she was carrying.

She came up to the fire, and stood leaning against the tall chimney, silent for a moment; a little round glass overhead reflected the two, in their flowing robes and emotions. Lady Diana also had assumed a loose chintz morning robe, all her hair was falling about her pale face, which was brightened with some unusual look of sympathy and interest.

"I hardly know how you will like what I am going to say, but it is well meant, although you may not think so," she began in her abrupt voice. "I thought I should find you distressed; I could not help coming to speak on what has happened."

"I am foolish, perhaps," said Angel, beginning to cry again, "I don't wish to trouble any one. I don't ask——" she could not finish the sentence.

Lady Diana began walking up and down the room, then stopped suddenly.

"After what has occurred, the sooner you are able to establish yourself in a home of your own, the better chance there will be for the continuance of your friendship with Judith. But it is not at once that the remembrance of such scenes passes away."

"I should be the most ungrateful of women if anything ever made me forget my grateful friendship for Lady W.," cried Angelica, looking up with her overflowing eyes, and then, to her surprise, she saw that there were tears in Lady Diana's eyes—real tears.

"Are you sorry for me? How good of you. I was feeling so lonely as you came in; I was longing for mamma, for my father; longing for Antonio, for some one to advise me," cried quick little Angelica, meeting this unexpected sympathy, and then as quickly she drew back frightened again, suddenly remembering Lady Diana's long and many unkindnesses that she had forgotten for a moment.

"I don't wonder you mistrust me," said Lady Diana, who seemed to read her heart. "I have been cold and unkind, and you must forgive all that; and if I mean to try and be kind to you now, be generous enough not to repulse me," said the elder woman. "You must remember that

I have loved these people all my life, and that I saw you come suddenly into my place, absorb my rights, my words, my looks, and my home happinesses. Was it not natural that I should feel hurt and wounded? My happinesses are few enough. I love these children; and my cousin W. has been a brother to me all my life, and even Judith is dearer to me a thousand times than I am to her, but I am a cold-hearted woman, and I did not come to talk of myself," she said, blushing up. "I came to talk to you, and to say, Will you let me help you to choose a home, where you may be independent and free? and will you let me lend you enough money to pay your rent this year? You shall pay it back as you like and when you will;" and she held out a pocket-book. "This is a hundred pounds. You can have as much more if you will. I scarcely deserve that you should take it from me."

"But do you indeed think I ought to leave?" faltered Angelica, reluctant and shrinking from such a desperate measure, although a few moments ago it had been what she wished.

"Believe me, indeed, it will be best for all our sakes," said Lady Diana, gravely. "I know this house better than you do. I have made up my mind and paid my price. I am content to be discontented; surely you would never be satisfied with that."

"Content with discontent? no, indeed," said the young painter. "Why should any one accept such a fate? Perhaps you are waiting for something," she added, simply, looking at her visitor, who now for the first time seemed to her capable of interesting, and of being herself interested.

"I tell you this is my fate," said Lady Diana, impatiently; "and I expect nothing and ask nothing. Count de Horn would have married me for my money at Venice. Judith was very angry when I refused him. She cannot understand, she who values money and position so much, how a woman, placed as I am, lonely and insignificant, can be better content with such a fate as mine than she is herself with her own fortunes. She cannot forgive a refusal. Good-night, you poor little thing," said Diana, taking Angelica's hand. "I shall like to come and sit to you in your new painting-room, and I will bring my friend Anne Conway to you, and while you stay here remember that Judith has a right to be first in her own society."

"Yes," said Angel, "I will try. I fear you have made me too happy; I have forgotten my own position."

Lady Diana looked hard at Miss Angel as she spoke. "You might remember if you chose that a very good and high position may be yours, one that many of us would not refuse," she said.

Angel blushed up. How lovely she looked, all softened by tears and then brightened by emotion!

"It is too late," she faltered. "That I have not accepted; but the hundred pounds I will take gladly from you, if you will never be unkind to me again."

"Here, child; good-night!" said Lady Di, kissing her shyly, and running out of the room.

Angelica went to bed somewhat comforted; but all night long strange horrors and dreams haunted her comfortable alcove; dreams and terrors that not all the counterpanes and eider-downs could keep away. She saw Mr. Reynolds in trouble, and some one seemed hiding behind one of the pictures, and then came a scream, and she awoke. She herself had screamed, but there was no one to hear her. She was thankful when morning light came, and Mrs. Betty with a cup of chocolate. Here was the morning; was everything as it had been before? Notwithstanding cockerow and morning light, Lady W.'s coldness continued.

Angelica's portrait was not yet sent home. She had begged Mr. Reynolds to keep it for her until she moved into her own house. It had been taken out of the studio the night of the supper, and carried into the painting-room, where Marchi used to work upon his master's pictures. The next morning, when Mr. Reynolds walked in as usual, the picture had been replaced. There it stood, facing him, with its half conscious, half unconscious, witcheries. His heart sank very much when he walked up to it, and for an instant he felt almost inclined with his long-stocked brush to paint the whole canvas over, for it seemed when he came up to smile at him as Angelica herself had done the night before; but painting out a picture could make no change in his feelings towards her. If feelings could be so easily displaced the world would be far less furnished than it is at present. Painting pictures of other people would be more to the purpose, thought the workman with a sigh. Some little details were still to be finished upon this one: the fur on the cloak, the shadow of the throat, and while he added what was wanting, the man became a painter again.

He was able to think calmly, and to make deliberate resolutions. Henceforth he would never again be faithless to his life's true interest. This had been an extraordinary phase, utterly unexpected, a phase which was over for ever. What had he been about? He was a "working man," as old Johnson had called him one day in jest. He was no professed lover or squire of dames. She had been right as regarded him, though perhaps wrong as to herself, thought the painter with some natural bias; and for one moment a thought of her as she had looked, standing there by the easel smiling in her shining silks, nearly overcame his resolve; a fancy of her there, among them all, cherished and tenderly appreciated, and faithfully loved. . . . The brush fell idly as he painted this picture with certain colours, more fleeting still perhaps than his *olios* and *ceras*. Fate had decided otherwise. He felt certain that she had no feeling for him. Without it, it would be folly for her to marry one so much older, so little suited. Something had gone out the night before when the house had been lighted so brilliantly. He was surprised to find now how easily this blow had fallen. He was very sad, very much pre-occupied;

but he felt that on the whole circumstances had fallen out better than he had sometimes expected, less well perhaps than he had hoped.

For some little time past all his future had seemed suddenly illumined by new interests and by a new light. Now nothing of it was left—it was extinguished—that was all. No ray seemed left, absolutely none; and he saw things once more in the old bald daylight.

He was not shaken or distressed, but changed somehow. It seemed to him as if the Angelica he had loved had died the night before; and as if he had now to learn to live again without her. And this old stock phrase is full of meaning to those souls new born, into this hackneyed old life through pain and secret pangs.

It is not for any one to say how far Mr. Reynolds was right or wrong in his determination henceforth to rule his life, not to be ruled by the chances of it. Such things are ordered by the forces of each individual nature. People will be true to themselves whatever part they may determine upon; only the difference is that some try to play a higher part and fail perhaps, and are ashamed, and others try for a smaller part and succeed, and are content.

Mr. Reynolds was still turning over these things in his mind, when Miss Reynolds, the little lady in the dressing-gown and morning wrapper, peeped into the room. She saw her brother standing there, listless, unoccupied. The *penello volante*, so rapid, so assured in its flash, hung idly by his side. She could see his face reflected in the looking-glass from which he used to paint.

A very strange expression of pity and regret appeared in his looks. Were tears in his placid eyes? No! that was not so; for he started and turned quickly, and seeing her, asked in his usual voice what she wanted?

"I want my pocket-handkerchief, brother," said Miss Reynolds, startled. "I forgot it last night;" and then she took courage, and went up to him and took his hand, paint stock, and all, and held it in both hers, and looked at him beneath her big cap—"I should wish you happy, brother," she said; "I saw a certain lady in tears, standing in this very spot, a few hours ago; at least, if not here, it was there by the great easel; or, no! they have moved it, and put the little one in its place; and oh! brother, you are still a young man, and much admired by many; do not trifle with a sweet girl's happiness, to say nothing of your own, not that any one can judge for you, but one can't help one's hopes; and happiness is such a blessing, and must add so much to one's life, at least, so I should imagine."

"Thank you, Frances," said Mr. Reynolds, both touched and vexed by her agitation, as he always was. "Thank you, my dear; I hope we shall all be happy."

"She seemed sadly disturbed," said Miss Reynolds, "a little bird . . ."

"Thank you, my dear," said her brother again, patting her shoulder. "Leave me now, I must go to my work, or I shall be sadly disturbed." Miss Reynolds opened her mouth to say more, but her courage failed. She

was never at ease with her brother, and yet her kind heart yearned towards him, and she longed to say something to comfort him in his evident depression. She was beginning another allusion to an old adage which she thought applicable to the present state of things; but he again signed to her to stop, and Marchi, who had followed her into the room, now announced an early visitor. Miss Reynolds, suddenly conscious of her petticoat and dressing jacket, turned and fled.

CHAPTER XV.

UND MACHE ALL' MEIN WÜNSCHEN WAHR.

THE sympathies and consolations of light, of harmony, of work, are as effectual as many a form of words. They are *substitutions* of one particular manner of feeling and expression for another. To hungry, naked, and imprisoned souls, art ministers with a bountiful hand, shows them a way of escape (even though they carry their chains with them); leads silently, pointing into a still and tranquil world enclosed within our noise-bound life, where true and false exist, but harassing duty and conflicting consciences are not, nor remorse, nor its terrors, nor sorrowful disappointments. A wrong perspective or faulty drawing may be crimes in this peaceful land; renewed effort is the repentance there practised. Angelica was never more grateful to her pursuit than now when time was difficult on her hands. The house was not to be ready for three weeks, and during these she must needs remain in Charles Street.

She tried not to think much, but the sense of estrangement was there nevertheless—estrangement from the three people whose good opinion she most valued. If only Antonio would give some sign; if only Mr. Reynolds would come—if only Lady W. would be her own kind self—how suddenly eased her heavy heart would be! She painted steadily, rising betimes to catch the first gleam of the sun dawning through the crowding mists.

Orders came in from one side and another. A message from the Queen, that filled her with excitement, was transmitted by Lord Henry, who had been to Windsor. Lady W.'s coldness did not change; she scarcely congratulated her, she seemed utterly unconcerned, and gave the poor child many a pang that she was unconscious of ever having really deserved.

Mr. Reynolds came not; Antonio came not; Lady W. was as much absent as though she were gone on a long journey. Would she ever return, Angelica wondered? Besides the natural separations of life, of circumstance, there is also one great difficulty to be surmounted. It is that of moods and mental position. Our secret journeys and flights have to be allowed for as much as those open departures we make with many farewells, and luggage, and tickets, and noisy bustle. There was a powdering-closet on the second story of the house in Charles Street, adjoining Lady Diana's room. It was only a small room, divided by a wall with a hole in it and a sliding panel scooped to the neck. On one side

stood the barber and his assistant, to the other came the household with the heads that needed powdering ; they would boldly pass them through the aperture, by which means their clothes were preserved from the flying clouds. Lord W. was standing in this guillotine, receiving a last touch from the barber, when Angelica passed the open door one morning on her way to the nursery upstairs. She turned, hearing herself called.

"Is that Miss Kauffmann? I cannot see; pray wait one minute;" and in a minute my lord appeared in full dress, with his star, and his smart velvet coat, and snowy wig, and gleaming buckles. He was going to Court. He had been invited to dine at the Royal table. Little Judith and Charlotte and Elizabeth were trotting downstairs to see him before his start; before they came up, Lord W. turned to Angelica, and in a hurried voice said, "I wanted to speak to you. Dear lady, if you think of deciding upon a house, will you make use of my security? would you let me advance you a hundred pounds?" and he hastily pulled some notes out of his embroidered pocket, and tried quickly to pass them into her hand.

Angelica thanked the golden little benefactor with grateful emotion: "Indeed, I would gladly accept your kindness," she said, openly, "but Lady Diana has lent me some money."

She would have said more, but she saw him look uneasy; a door opened, and the figure of Lady W. appeared upon the landing. "What are you plotting?" said she: "I seem to have disturbed you," and she flashed a quick penetrating look at Angelica.

"My lord is plotting to do me kindness and to give me help. He would help me pay the rent of the house I have engaged," said Angelica. She went up to Lady W. and looked at her with a great sweetness. "Indeed, dear lady, you would have little to fear if none but such as I were to conspire against you—I, who owe so much, so very much, to your goodness."

"Do you still remember that?" said Lady W., softened by the very charm which raised her jealousy. She slowly put out her hand to Angel, who held it gratefully in her own. For a minute the two women looked hard at one another. Then Lady W. suddenly melted and kissed the young painter on the brow. "Take this," she said, for my sake, and she slipped a ring off her own finger to Angelica's: it was a little cameo set in brilliants, which the girl wore ever after. This tacit reconciliation greatly softened the pain of parting, for the younger woman.

As she stepped across the threshold of the little house she had taken, Angel's heart beat tumultuously, and her eyes sparkled. Here at last was a home. After her many wanderings, her long journeyings and uncertainties, here was a home. Here she could bring her father; dear, poor, proud, silly papa! Here she could work in peace, live her life, and be beholden to none.

The woman servant Lady W. had recommended was standing, curt-

seying, at the foot of the stairs. The lamp had been lighted. It was a Roman three-beaked lamp that Angelica had found in some old shop, and bought after much hesitation. A fire had been lit in the studio. The little old house stood warm and welcoming, with an indescribable sense of rest about it, of proprietorship.

No bride coming to her new happy home for the first time could have felt more proudly excited than this little impulsive, well-meaning, foolish creature, who had, by sheer hard work and spirited determination, earned a right to this panelled nest. There was a drawing-room in front, with windows into Golden Square: that was the studio. It led into her bedroom, beyond which came a dressing-room. On the second floor was her father's bedroom; the dining-room was down below, with windows looking to the Square, and wooden cupboards by the fireplace. Angelica, to her surprise, found a beautiful old oak cabinet standing in the studio when she entered it on this eventful evening. She eagerly asked from whom it came. Had Lady W. graciously sent it as a sign of goodwill? The woman could tell her nothing. Some men had brought it the day before. They had left a piece of paper with Miss Kauffmann's name. She had put it on the shelf.

The piece of paper told its story, although there was no name but Angelica's own upon it. But how well she knew those straight lines, black and even, although here and there the letters seemed to tremble, as writing might do that was seen through water. Antonio had not quite forgotten her then? he was not quite gone—dear, kind old Antonio! Angelica went up and kissed the wooden doors that seemed to speak a welcome from her new-found, faithful old friend.

She was dancing about the room half the evening, straightening her few possessions, pulling out canvases, spreading her two or three mats to the best advantage. Then she began to write to her father. He must delay no longer; his house was ready; his child was longing for his presence. She sent money for the journey; she should be miserable until she had seen him sitting there just opposite by the fire. He must not mind dark days and cold biting winds; he should be warmed and comforted in his home whatever the world outside might prove to be. . . Then she told him how the orders were coming in faster than she could execute them. And Antonio had sent a beautiful gift that made the whole place splendid. She could not thank him: she knew not where to seek him. . . .

As she wrote, Angelica looked up, hearing a sound. There stood Antonio himself, looking thin indeed, grey, more bent than usual, but kind, smiling, natural: his own gentlest self. His affection was ready to show itself by bright and friendly signs that evening, not by cross-grained reprimands and doubts.

These happy meetings come to all now and then; unexpected, un hoped for.

Angelica cried out with many questions, welcomes, explanations. How

had he come? Was he hidden inside the cabinet? she asked with a laughing, grateful look.

"I am very glad you liked it," said Antonio, smiling. "I thought it would please you when I saw it in the old shop at Windsor."

"Kind Tonio!" said Angelica. "But"—and she hesitated. "How could you . . . it must have cost——"

Antonio began to look black, and scowled at her for an instant.

"You think so much of the cost of things, Angelica. You measure your gifts by their value. Be reassured, the cabinet was a bargain, and I have plenty of money just now. I am painting the ceilings of a royal palace at Frogmore, and if you will, I am desired to ask you to undertake one of the rooms."

"I!" cried Angelica. "I have never done anything of the sort."

"Mrs. Mary Moser is engaged upon a very pretty set of panels," Zucchi continued, "and they would be glad of some of your work as well. You might paint allegories to your heart's content," he said, smiling.

"You are a magician, Antonio!" cried Angelica, gaily, leaning back on her chair, and looking at him with the old familiar winning eyes. "Only wait till my father comes, and then I will go anywhere, do anything. They tell me I am to paint the Queen and the Princess shortly, at Windsor Castle. Is it not like a dream to be at home once more—to have a real house with doors and windows? To be sitting here, you and I, on each side of the fire?"

"It is like a dream to see you once more at ease, and in peace," said Antonio, between his teeth, "and to find that your head is not quite turned by your flatterers, since you can look pleased to welcome an old plain-spoken friend in a shabby coat."

It was one of the happiest evenings Angelica ever spent in all her life. The ease and liberty seemed delightful, after the restraint of the house in Charles Street. Antonio's presence was happiness too; he was in his best and most sympathetic mood. He had returned to her. No thought of what might or what might not be came to disturb her. Mr. Reynolds was also in her thoughts; that other friend, so tranquil, so reliable, surely she need never feel a doubt about him. Was she right? Is it so? Are calm ripples and placid silences the proof of deepest waters?

Antonio after some time remembered to explain his appearance. He had heard from M. Cipriani that she was coming, he said; the news had filled him with happiness. Then he smiled and added that he had not come up from Windsor, inside the cabinet, but on the carrier's cart.

Angelica asked him, with some curiosity, where he had been living all this time. Antonio told her that he had been staying with some good friends at Eton. "My friend is a kind old man, with six daughters," said Zucchi. "He is the drawing-master, and lives in the College. The young ladies are charming. They would be only too glad to receive you, if you should be sent for to work at the Castle; they would make you very welcome."

"Six young ladies!" cried Angelica; "take care, take care, Antonio."

Antonio was silent for a moment. "A painted trellis would be out of place," he said suddenly, looking up at the ceiling, "in this smoky city; but I will paint you a trellis, if you like."

"Yes," said Angelica, "and paint me a little blue sky, Antonio, and a bird, and some scent of orange-flowers." So they went on talking, and the warm happy hours passed on. Then a clock began to strike slowly.

"Is that twelve?" said Miss Angel.

"I don't know," said Antonio. Neither of them cared to shorten this peaceful meeting, snatched out of the cold and darkness and noise and racket all round about, and belonging to their friendship. But as the clock finished striking, Antonio's heart began to sink, and he felt somehow that the happy evening was over. And the Kauffmann, too, sat looking thoughtfully into the fire, of which while they talked, by some chance, one-half had gone out and turned to blackness, while the other still burnt ruddy.

"Look there," said Angelica, "how oddly the fire burns." Antonio poked it with his foot.

"You know the superstition?" he answered; "they were speaking of it at Dr. Starr's only a day or two ago. It means, so they say, that two people who love each other are about to be parted;" and he looked at Angelica as he spoke. She was playing with her wristlets; a little flush was in her cheeks. "Antonio," she said, "do you think that people who are parted once can meet again?"

"That depends very much upon fortune's favours, and still more upon their own wishes," said Antonio, drily. "Chance gives you a sight of people; but you have yourself to make one in the meeting;" and then his voice softened. "We *have* met to-night, Angelica, and have been very happy. Perhaps, next time I see you, some lord will be here, with his coach-and-six, and you will not have so much time to give me."

"Time is nothing at all in friendship; you can't measure things by time," said Miss Angel. "There is no lord in question, Antonio; but, shall I tell you all? there is some one I often think of."

"Some one who loves you?" Antonio asked in a dry voice. He was standing up and preparing to go. "Can he keep you, Angelica? Has he got plenty of money? Is he highly esteemed at Court? Has he servants in proper liveries?"

"How can you speak in that unkind way!" she cried. "I open my heart to you, and this is how you answer me."

"Excuse me," said Antonio; "I was only talking as all your other friends will talk; for myself I say, if you love any one from your heart, were he as rich as Cræsus, marry him; ask no one's advice, and make no more difficulties."

"He is not as rich as Cræsus. I did not know I loved him when he spoke to me," said Angel, penitent without much cause; "but when you

spoke just now about friends meeting, I could not help thinking of him, and wondering if it might ever come about. I think, Antonio, if he spoke to me again . . . He is older than I am; I can trust him and look to him."

"Is it that lord I saw in the box at the play?" asked Antonio.

"It is no lord," Angelica repeated, very much agitated; "it is a worker like ourselves; it is Mr. Reynolds, Antonio."

"What! the deaf man?" said the younger painter.

"I thought you would have cared about my interest," said Miss Angel, hurt by his tone and change of manner; "but I see you are indifferent, that you have not one thought to give to me."

"You see very wrongly," the other answered. "I could even approve of your marriage if you cared for the proposed husband. But that you do not, Angelica. Good-night!" and he was gone.

CHAPTER XVI.

THROUGH WINTER-TIME TO SPRING.

WHILE Antonio was walking home through the black midnight streets; while Mr. Reynolds was sitting in his own studio composing an article for the *Rambler* (the studio was still haunted by some paling ghost of Miss Angel); while the painter had quietly made up his mind to abandon the siege of the difficult fortress he had incautiously attacked, the fortress itself was secretly preparing to surrender, for it was built upon the sandy foundation of impulse, of youthful ardent imagination.

With all her faults, as I have said, Angelica was a genuine woman, incapable of deceiving any one, unless indeed she herself were deceived, and whatever she might realize now, she had at the time truly felt that gratified vanity was no return for true feeling. Misunderstandings are far more difficult things than people imagine in love or in friendship. Some instinct protects travellers in that strange country where all is instinct, and if they disagree it is that from some secret reason they do not belong to each other, for quarrels are nothing to those who are united in sympathy.

If Mr. Reynolds spoke to her again, would she give him a different answer? "Perhaps I might graciously be pleased to allow that I was less indifferent than I had once appeared to be," she thought, and she tossed back her curl and opened wide her eyes, and discovered it was nearly one o'clock and time for bed.

Antonio came next morning before Angel was up. He was used to workmen, and to hurrying their reluctant hammers and whitening-pails. He took upon himself to dismiss two or three on the spot, feeling sure that Angelica's little store would be soon expended if she gave orders on the same scale as Lady W., who had sent in this army in all kindness and inexperience. Zucchi himself acted as chief artificer and foreman: the

men seeing him take his place so naturally, imagined that he was the owner of the house and obeyed his orders. When Miss Angel appeared in her wrapping-gown and cap, she found that Antonio had accomplished wonders in a hard morning's work, that everything was in order in the studio. The Princess, followed by the whole Court, might come when she would.

"I hope you forgive me for interfering," said Zucchi; "you must remember how quickly money goes in this country, and that one man's day here costs three times as much as with us."

"The days are much shorter and blacker here than with us," said Angelica. "They ought to be cheap enough: how good of you, Tonio, to come to my help; what shall you want for your work? See here," she said, running into her room and coming out again with Lady Diana's pocket-book. "I have saved 80*l.*; and Lady Diana has lent 100*l.* for my rent. I am to get 15*l.* for three fans I am painting, to-morrow."

"Do you mean that this is all you have got to reckon on?" cried Zucchi. "I thought those rich had loaded you with their miserable favours. Is this their dole in return for what you have done for them? You will be starving in a month or two, if you go on at this rate, my poor child: where is your father, that old mummy? Why does he not come to take care of you?" he said, very much agitated.

Antonio, brought up in the severe order of poverty, had an exaggerated horror of want and of debt, as he had of Angelica's incapacity. Angelica was perfectly justified under the circumstances in doing as she had done; but it is certain that Antonio's cranky anxieties saved her money, labour, and many a consequent worry just at this time.

He used to come for an hour in the morning and for an hour in the evening. Angelica was not always there; but on her return she was sure to find some trace of his presence and of the industry of the trembling hands. From the very first so many people came to Angelica's studio that his presence was little remarked upon. The Lord Essex of those days was her great friend and patron, so was Lord Henry Belmore, not to be rebuffed, and Lord W. would also hurry in and out occasionally; Mr. Fuseli came many times; Mr. Boydell and his brother, the artistic alderman, were entirely captivated with the young artist, and so indeed were many others too numerous to mention.

All that winter the little house had been alive with voices, and footsteps, and greetings, and exclamations of wonder and admiration from friends, lovers, patrons, and admirers of both sexes. In the engrossment of settling down, of feeling her own success and importance, Angelica thought less of Mr. Reynolds than she did later when the first excitement of this new way of living had somewhat palled upon her. Who could have imagined that this cold foggy life was to be so full of vibrating emotion and of romance? Rome, with all her wonders, had contained far more commonplace experiences than this black and vapour-haunted city. Lady Diana came often at first, then more rarely, for she looked on with doubtful appro-

bation at Miss Angel's experiences. Lady W. also came. She seemed to have forgiven Angelica. Angel, standing in the deep windows of her studio, could see her torches flaring up the street as the Lady travelled homewards in her chair; as the lights would disappear into the fog, Angel would ask herself if she was indeed the little girl of a year ago, who had stood eating grapes and looking over the Rialto. The remembrance of it sometimes came over her so vividly that she seemed to breathe the air, to hear the voices, the sound of the feet trailing upon the bridge. Zucchi's voice did not jar upon these recollections, although he sent them flying.

All that winter Angelica was too busy, too engrossed to look back often; the present was all in all. She rarely met Mr. Reynolds; but when she did come across him he seemed to avoid her, she thought, and just at this time she was content that it should be so, and glad of the postponement. That all would come right she never questioned; of her power to call anybody to her feet she scarcely doubted. "I can look at people," she once told Antonio, half in jest and half in earnest, "and make them turn pale and do anything I wish; but I don't, Antonio. I could make you much kinder if I tried. But I am used to your scoldings."

Antonio left the room, banging the door.

So time, and sitters, and days passed by in turn, the house in Golden Square prospered and flourished, and Angelica was delighted with her own triumphs and successes, and the time drew near for old Kauffmann's arrival.

The Princess of Brunswick had given so flattering an account of the young painter that the Princess of Wales, the mother of the King, sent a message to say that she was coming to visit Angelica in her studio. "Such an honour was never paid to any other painter," writes Angelica to her transported old father. He read the letter to his sister, the farmer's widow, to the dairy-maid, to the curé after mass, to the goatherd, to the very goats upon the mountain slope. The whole valley participated in the Kauffmann's distant honours and glories. They urged him to lose no time, to start off immediately to the golden scene of his daughter's triumph. "In London, that great city, the applause," says Rossi, "was universal. The public papers contained verses in different languages written in her praise."

It required no little courage and dogged opposition on Antonio's part to continue his system of detraction and plain speaking as he called it. One can never account for the curious phases of people's mind. To him Angelica was an inadequate genius; but a more complete woman perhaps than any other he had ever known; more complete in her feminine power than all the six Miss Starrs at Windsor put together; than the Princess of Brunswick in her velvet mantles; than Lady W. with all her beauty, her gentle affectations, and cultivated vapours.

Sometimes Antonio coming in would find the young painter sitting surrounded by a circle of admirers. Not unfrequently she would be talking nonsense in a high, ecstatic voice. "Yes!" she would say, "I will confess to you all that it has been a something beyond me that has ever driven me onward through life, seeking for the most beautiful and

ideal representation of the truth. That is why I try to give some deep allegorical meaning to all that I depict. If I have painted this picture of my friend Mary Moser as 'Prudence sacrificing to Duty and enchaining the wings of Cupid,' it is because I have felt that in the most commonplace form and feature" (here there was a little suppressed titter in the circle which Angel did not notice—Mr. Fuseli alone frowned and looked annoyed) "there is often a moral, a suggestion far beyond the passing moment, and to that we must cling if we would not utterly weary and sicken of the dull disappointments and realities of life." She started up as she spoke, a slim prophetess in a white falling dress, pointing to the picture she had just completed. Some classical recess in the wall just behind made an arch above her head. It was an April evening; the window was open; the dusk was creeping in. A great vase of spring flowers stood on a table by her side.

"I do not comprehend," said Antonio, in his slow English, "why an allegory should be of more value to the world than a truth. I should have imagined until now that a good likeness, carefully painted, is what one wishes for, in remembrance of a friend, not a classical allusion to something else which does not concern anybody in particular."

Miss Angel blushed up. Some secret conscience warned her that she had been making a display, but why was Antonio to lecture her in public; she said nothing, but she showed by her manner that she was displeased.

Contradiction from Zucchi always roused the secret gipsy in Angelica's character. True friends are sorts of magnifying glasses. Antonio was a true friend, and saw her perhaps as she really was, with some slight exaggeration.

For Antonio alone, perhaps, she was but herself—no wonder such as all these people would have declared her to be, no mighty mistress of her art, but a sweet and impulsive-hearted girl whose arch bright looks, half-saucy, half-appealing, went straight to his heart, whose constant self-denying work and application he knew how to appreciate. Perhaps she pursued her way too triumphantly; perhaps if her pictures had cost her more, they might have been better worth the sweet lifetime she had given to them, the hours of youth, of gaiety, and natural amusement and interest sacrificed to these smiling ladies vaguely waving their arms or reclining upon impossible banks. He praised her colouring, and Angel's cheeks would burn in answer. Her sentiment was charming, but her drawing was absurd, and he did not scruple to tell her so.

CHAPTER XVII.

A GAME OF CARDS.

A GREAT many things exist that it is useless to close one's eyes upon, and yet the very wants and disappointments and ineffectual efforts may themselves be a sort of proof of the possibility of the things to which we

cannot quite reach, the love we cannot quite hold, the duty we cannot quite fulfil. Is life a science? Are not its very deviations sometimes the key to its secrets? Are we all philosophers with instincts which set us to work upon its awful problems?

Angel was not philosophizing just now. She had not written her little flyleaves of late, or sat pondering her simple articles of faith. I do not think she was living with her best self all these months. A new phase had come over her; it is one which people deery, but to me it has always seemed a sort of game no better nor worse than any other—the great game of the London world and its odd interests and superstitions. From being a spectator you are insensibly absorbed in the performance. You begin to understand the points, the tricks, the turns of it—the value of this trump-card played against that one. Two for a queen, three for a king, and knaves and diamonds have their value too, and you unconsciously sort your hand and play your trick, and find yourself one day deeply excited by this lively living whist-marking, dealing out, bidding. It is but a game, and one day the humblest player may throw down his cards with a weary shrug. I don't know that there is greater harm than in any other pursuit until the day comes when men give their honour and women stake their hearts' truth, and their children's happiness, and the peace of their homes. Was Angelica in danger of staking her poor little heart?

Miss Angel was not in love with anybody, as I have said. She thought more of Mr. Reynolds at that time than of any other person. If Mr. Reynolds had come back, she would have accepted him. She always turned to her remembrance of him with gratitude and confidence, and somehow her conscience approved and Antonio approved, but Mr. Reynolds himself seemed to avoid her. His reserve gave her some concern, but she trusted to Miss Reynolds to remove it. Although Mr. Reynolds absented himself, Miss Reynolds was her constant visitor, and from her the young painter used to hear of his doings—of the work he was engaged upon, of the people he lived with. Lord Charlemont had proposed him for the Dilettante, the beautiful Duchess of Manchester was sitting to him, so was Nelly O'Brien, whose bright eyes still meet our admiring glances. He was as constant as ever to his club; he came, he went, he worked, perhaps harder than usual, and yet——

"Something is amiss," said Miss Reynolds, hesitating. "Perhaps you can tell me what it is?" she said, one day, with one of her impulsive darts.

They were riding in Mr. Reynolds' big coach, which had just then stopped at Dr. Burney's door, in Poland Street. More than once the great primrose coach had conveyed Angelica to Dr. Burney's musical parties. On this occasion, in an interval of Piozzi's singing, Miss Reynolds returned to the discussion.

"He is not himself," said the elder lady, anxiously. "I have never seen my brother so dull—so depressed in manner——"

"I think he has forgot me altogether," said Miss Angel. "The

other evening at the market, when I would have spoken to him (I had sent away a couple of my friends on purpose), he would not come near me; he merely said, 'Are you enjoying the scene, my dear young lady? Do not let me be the means of dispersing your attendant knights;' and he passed on. Tell me—what does it mean?" cried Miss Angel, suddenly, and she seized Miss Reynolds' mitten in her quick hand. "It is hard to be estranged from those whose affection one values." Angel's eyes filled with tears as she spoke, her fan slipped to the ground, someone sprang forward to pick it up—a stately-looking person in mourning garb. It was an old friend who had lately appeared in London society, Count de Horn, whom she had first known at Venice. Angelica took the fan from him with a pretty little "*moue*," and let him kiss her hand as he returned it and departed with one more bow. She hastily brushed her tears away behind its sheltering cupids. She was not sorry that Miss Reynolds should see she was not without adorers still, although Mr. Reynolds chose to be absent for such long weeks together. She was surprised when she looked up to notice some expression of disapprobation in Miss Reynolds' face; her eyebrows were working, her little round button mouth was quivering.

"What is it, my dear lady?" said Angelica. "Are you vexed? are you——"

"Oh! it is not I, dear child, whose opinion matters," said Miss Reynolds, looking about perplexed, "nor does my brother's, for the matter of that, and indeed it was I who said it, and he only replied, 'Poor child! she is not used to our English ways.' But you must have remarked that he is fastidious about ladies' behaviour—he puts me in mind of my father in that; and if he objects to the persons who pay you court, dear child," said Miss Reynolds, tenderly, taking Angel's hand in hers, "has he not a good reason—one that you cannot resent?"

Miss Angel blushed up. "Dear Miss Reynolds," she began. Miss Reynolds coloured in her turn and went on unheeding. "People say that my brother is not the first to have some reason to complain. You do not mean—you do not realize—oh, my dear, forgive an old woman who has long, long since passed beyond such things, but who can still remember and who, if she speaks harshly, only wishes you well from her very heart. You are worthy even of his affection, and his sadness cuts me to the quick."

Angelica did not answer.

CHAPTER XVIII.

BE THE FIRE ASHES.

SOME odd phase had come over the girl. A week ago I believe she would have turned away from such words, preoccupied perhaps, or amused, or offended. Now it seemed as if she had for the first time faced the

seriousness of life as it passed—realized the fact that people could suffer from her light indifference—suddenly understood that slight and indeterminate as most events are, they are, after all, our lives, and we have nothing else to live with.

She had played with other people's happiness of late. She had had real happiness and inflicted real pain. She had received a lesson from Mr. Reynolds that she scarcely deserved from *him*, although it might perhaps have applied more truly to her relations with Zucchi, with poor Fuseli, about whom her conscience did not acquit her. Mr. Dance, too, had reproached her. She would forget it all if she could. Why could she not forget it? Were they all speaking the truth? Was it indeed an unpardonable crime to be pleased and interested and happy in the society of more than one person?

As thoughts run on indeterminately without words or sense, they turn into moods, into phases of mind. All the next day Angelica came and went about her work with the impression upon her of her conversation with Miss Reynolds. Coming in from a short walk, she found her old maid-servant standing in the passage; she was holding a great bunch of roses that had just come from Leicester Fields with a note from Miss Reynolds:—

“MY DEAREST MISS KAUFFMANN,

“My brother sends you these from his garden at Richmond; he hopes to do himself the honour of calling upon you to-day. Shall you be at home at about five o'clock?

“Your ever most faithful and affectionate Servant,
“F. R.”

All that morning Angel had been somewhat tired. Her painting had not satisfied her. Lady Diana had come, and, finding Count de Horn in the studio, had gone away almost immediately with marked coldness of manner.

Angelica began to long for a little of the placid sunshine of old days. The roses and the straggling sunbeam wandering up the old staircase carried her right away.

The Count's manner had vexed her, she could hardly tell why. She felt instinctively that Mr. Reynolds would not have approved. It was not familiarity; it was uneasiness, some want of bearing. How different his affected courtliness was from Mr. Reynolds' simple courtesy!

She put the roses carefully in water. They had given her a sense of rest. Their fragrance filled the room as she sat down to her painting, and worked on undisturbed by outward things. But that day her hand trembled as Zucchi's did. The canvas seemed to dazzle before her. Some strange tumult had taken possession of the young painter.

She was engaged upon a pretty and delicate medallion which Lord Essex had ordered. Some Venus, some Cupid, reclining in balmy gardens very far from Golden Square and from its work-a-day inhabitants. To

our excited Angelica the lights seemed flashing from the picture, the Cupid's eyes seemed to meet hers. She felt almost frightened at last, and turned away with an impatient movement, as the tall doors open wide, and with the quiet swinging step and dignity that are peculiar to him, Mr. Reynolds walks into the room. For a minute Miss Angel, usually so outgoing, was silent and embarrassed in her reception. He was calm and friendly, greeted her somewhat shyly. She saw him presently glance at the flowers.

"Thank you for sending them," she said. "You know my love for roses. These have come out early."

"Some roses we know bloom in November," said the painter, with a little bow to the November rose now quivering before him.

Angelica looked up somewhat wistfully. She could not face those anxious, bland glances. Something—what was it?—in his calm superiority seemed to fascinate her will, to compel her willing service. To this impetuous, impressionable, fantastical young person, it seemed as if his judgment and tender consideration might be the calm haven for which she longed. Poor little thing, she was suddenly tired of the rout, so tired of it all—tired of her hard work, tired of the compliments which in her heart she did not accept, longing for some anchor to her labouring craft.

She dragged forward a chair, and bestirred herself to make him welcome. "I knew you would come, Mr. Reynolds; something told me you would come to-day, even before I received your flowers."

"What made you expect me?" said Mr. Reynolds, looking surprised. "I have often thought of coming, wished to come, but it was only this afternoon when my sister told me that you had honoured me by remarking my absence that I decided——"

He stopped, arrested by the strange expression of her face. There was something spiritual, half rapt, half excited, in her looks at that moment. She shook back her great curl; her colour rose.

Had he been unhappy all this time? So his words now implied (they had, in truth, no such meaning). Could she set it all right, make him happy once more; by a single word ensure her own lasting peace, his ever present friendship? She started from her chair.

"Perhaps some instinct spoke to me," she cried, a little wildly; "perhaps we are less indifferent to each other than you may have imagined. I have not forgotten the honour you once did me. If you also remember—if you also remember," she repeated, "as your sister has led me to suppose that you do, I might give a different answer now to that which I gave you then."

She looked up, expecting to see a smile upon his face, a reflection of her own excitement. "I have thought much and deeply since last we met," she said. "It is not too late to try and make amends to you for my mistake." Angelica's heart was throbbing fast.

Reynolds looked very pale, and for a moment he in turn could scarcely meet Angel's looks. "My child," he said, "I will not, must not take

advantage of your confidence. When I spoke to you before, I was in a different mood, carried away by a passing impulse, which I cannot regret, since it has brought me this generous mark of your goodness. But you were right in your decision. You yourself caused me to reflect. I could not hope to make one of your young and ardent nature happy, and I could never be happy, feeling that I had sacrificed your life to a friendship which will be yours whatever chances. I scarcely know what words to use to tell you, my dear, of my respect and gratitude—to tell you how I am honoured by your noble confidence. I hope to prove to you," he added, "that I am not unworthy of it."

Angelica scarcely heard what words he was saying. Afterwards she remembered them, and they were some consolation to her; but at the time some sudden feeling of overwhelming shame, of indignation, almost of horror at what had occurred, overcame her completely. It seemed to her that she had been mad, bereft of her reason; and now for once Angelica spoke against her nature, against her own conviction. "You are right," she said, coldly; "I spoke under misapprehension; we have neither of us that regard for each other which would warrant the step I foolishly proposed—a step suggested by another person."

"But we are friends for life," said Mr. Reynolds. "Is it not so?"

She could not answer at that moment, and she was thankful when, by some curious chance, Lady W. was announced by the man-servant, coming in for the second time upon their estrangement. That first explanation now seemed almost a meeting compared to this cruel moment. How Angel got through the next half hour she scarcely knew. She was conscious of Mr. Reynolds' mute appeal and courteous, grateful, almost deprecating manner; of Lady W.'s renewed interest and affection. It all seemed to her to be meant for some other person—some one who was not present. She was thankful when they left her at last. Zucchi happened to come in as usual, and she imploringly whispered to him to take them away, that she wanted to be alone. She *must* be alone, and she sank down upon the low couch in the now darkened room. She covered her face with her hands, with a sort of despair in goodness in human nature. Was there no single person to trust in all this world?

Had she been actuated by vanity when she turned to this grave and good man? Ah, no! her conscience absolved her; but what had she done?

Miss Reynolds had deceived her unpardonably and most cruelly. Angelica felt as if she could forgive her friend in time, but not yet. And as for her friendship, was this her experience of it? It was very, very late, and she sat there, half worn out, without spirit to move. She felt that there was something in her that the slightest movement or word would awaken.

Was this what she had unwillingly inflicted upon others—this miserable torture of heart? Had some demon taken hold of her in her trouble?

Topham Beauclerk.

"GOLDSMITH," says Lord Macaulay, "lived in what was intellectually far the best society of the kingdom—in a society in which no talent or accomplishment was wanting, and in which the art of conversation was cultivated with splendid success. There probably were never four talkers more admirable in four different ways than Johnson, Burke, Beauclerk, and Garrick; and Goldsmith was on terms of intimacy with all the four." Many a reader, as he has come upon this passage, must have paused to reflect who this Beauclerk was who is thus matched with Johnson, Burke, and Garrick, and whose society was an honour to Goldsmith. He may at length have called to mind the lively, the learned, the witty, the fashionable Topham Beauclerk as he is shown to us in the pages of Boswell. In a late number we have given a sketch of Bennet Langton. We shall do our best to present a companion portrait of the friend of his college days and of his mature life—Topham Beauclerk. We have, we feel, a far harder task before us, for Langton's life lay in a much narrower circle. The books that tell of Johnson tell also of him, but Beauclerk knew a world that was known to neither Langton nor Johnson. He was a man of fashion, as well as an accomplished scholar and an eager student, and had mixed with men whom neither Johnson nor Langton would have cared to have known. Though we have not failed in diligence in consulting the memoirs of last century, yet we have not succeeded so well as we had hoped in gathering information about many periods of his life. Especially had we wished to illustrate his marvellous conversational powers to which so many of his contemporaries bear witness, but the good sayings of his that we have come upon are but few indeed.

Topham Beauclerk's wildness and wit may well have come from one and the same source, for he was the great-grandson of Charles II. and Nell Gwyn. Boswell says that "Mr. Beauclerk's being of the St. Albans' family, and having, in some particulars, a resemblance to Charles II., contributed, in Johnson's imagination, to throw a lustre upon his other qualities." In another passage we learn that Johnson had an extraordinary partiality for that prince and took fire at any attack upon him. Beauclerk's father, Lord Sidney Beauclerk, the fifth son of the first Duke of St. Albans, was not unworthy of his illustrious grandparents. "Sir C. H. Williams calls him 'Worthless Sidney.' He was notorious for hunting after the fortunes of the old and childless. Being very handsome he had almost persuaded Lady Betty Germaine (Swift's correspondent)

in her old age to marry him. He failed also in obtaining the fortune of Sir Thomas Reeve, Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, whom he used to attend on the circuit with a view of ingratiating himself with him. At length he induced Mr. Topham, of Windsor, to leave his estate to him." If Mr. Topham together with his fortune left him also his famous collection of pictures and drawings, it is likely enough that from them his godson derived much of his accurate taste and judgment in painting and sculpture. It was certainly not to his mother that Beauclerk owed the powers of his mind. In the course of his tour to the Hebrides Johnson one day told Boswell the following anecdote of this lady: "Beauclerk and I, and Langton, and Lady Sidney Beauclerk, mother to our friend, were one day driving in a coach by Cuper's Gardens (an inferior place of popular amusement), which were then unoccupied. I, in sport, proposed that Beauclerk and Langton and myself should take them; and we amused ourselves with scheming how we should all do our parts. Lady Sidney grew angry, and said, 'An old man should not put such things in young people's heads.' She had no notion of a joke, Sir; had come late into life, and had a mighty unpliant understanding."

It was at Trinity College, Oxford, that Beauclerk formed an acquaintance with his fellow-collegian Bennet Langton. Boswell says that "though their opinions and modes of life were so different, that it seemed utterly improbable that they should at all agree, yet Mr. Beauclerk had so ardent a love of literature, so acute an understanding, such elegance of manners, and so well discerned the excellent qualities of Mr. Langton, that they became intimate friends." They entered college within a few months of each other in 1757, when Beauclerk was eighteen years old. "Johnson, soon after this acquaintance began, passed a considerable time at Oxford. He at first thought it strange that Langton should associate so much with one who had the character of being loose, both in his principles and practice; but by degrees he himself was fascinated." The resemblance to Charles II. was too much for him. "And in a short time the moral, pious Johnson and the gay, dissipated Beauclerk were companions. 'What a coalition!' (said Garrick when he heard of this); 'I shall have my old friend to bail out of the round-house.'" Boswell goes on to say that "it was a very agreeable association. Beauclerk was too polite, and valued learning and wit too much, to offend Johnson by sallies of infidelity or licentiousness; and Johnson delighted in the good qualities of Beauclerk and hoped to correct the evil. Innumerable were the scenes in which Johnson was amused by these young men. Beauclerk could take more liberty with him than anybody with whom I ever saw him; but, on the other hand, Beauclerk was not spared by his respectable companion, when reproof was proper. Beauclerk had such a propensity to satire, that at one time Johnson said to him, 'You never open your mouth but with intention to give pain; and you have often given me pain, not from the power of what you said, but from seeing your intention.' At another time, applying to him, with a slight alteration, a line of Pope, he said, 'Thy

love of folly and thy scorn of fools—everything thou dost shows the one, and everything thou say'st the other.' At another time he said to him, 'Thy body is all vice, and thy mind all virtue.' Beauclerk not seeming to relish the compliment, Johnson said, 'Nay, Sir, Alexander the Great, marching in triumph into Babylon, could not have desired to have had more said to him.' The pious Johnson at times so far forgot to correct the evil that he saw in his friend, that he even allowed himself to be led astray. When he was staying at Beauclerk's house at Windsor, "one Sunday, when the weather was very fine, Beauclerk enticed him insensibly to saunter about all the morning. They went into a churchyard, in the time of divine service, and Johnson laid himself down at his ease upon one of the tomb-stones. 'Now, Sir (said Beauclerk), you are like Hogarth's idle apprentice.' " On another occasion, as Boswell tells us, "when Beauclerk and Langton had supped at a tavern in London, and sat till about three in the morning, it came into their heads to go and knock up Johnson, and see if they could prevail on him to join them in a ramble. They rapped violently at the door of his chambers in the Temple, till at last he appeared in his shirt, with his little black wig on the top of his head, instead of a night-cap, and a poker in his hand, imagining, probably, that some ruffians were coming to attack him. When he discovered who they were, and was told their errand, he smiled, and with great good humour agreed to their proposal: 'What, is it you, you dogs! I'll have a frisk with you.' He was soon dressed, and they sallied forth together into Covent Garden, where the greengrocers and fruiterers were beginning to arrange their hampers, just come in from the country. Johnson made some attempts to help them; but the honest gardeners stared so at his figure and manner, and odd interference, that he soon saw his services were not relished. They then repaired to one of the neighbouring taverns, and made a bowl of that liquor called *Bishop*, which Johnson had always liked, while in joyous contempt of sleep, from which he had been roused, he repeated the festive lines—

Short, O short then be thy reign
And give us to the world again!

They did not stay long, but walked down to the Thames, took a boat, and rowed to Billingsgate. Beauclerk and Johnson were so well pleased with their amusement that they resolved to persevere in dissipation for the rest of the day; but Langton deserted them, being engaged to breakfast with some young ladies. Johnson scolded him for 'leaving his social friends to go and sit with a set of wretched *un-idea'd* girls.'

Shortly after Beauclerk must have left college, we learn by a letter of Mrs. Montague's that this lively young gentleman came within a very little of being married. "Mr. Beauclerk," she writes, "was to have been married to Miss Draycott, but by a certain coldness in his manner she fancied her lead mines were rather the objects of his love than herself, and so after the licence was taken out she gave him his *congé*. Rosamond's pond was never thought of by the forsaken swain. His prudent

parents thought of the transmutation of metals, and to how much gold the lead might have been changed, and rather regret the loss." A few months later in the same year Beaucherk, let us hope to drive away his grief for the loss of his bride, went the grand tour. Langton accompanied him, at all events part of the way. Johnson wrote to Mr. Baretti at Milan, "I beg that you will show Mr. Beaucherk all the civilities which you have in your power, for he has always been kind to me." Five months later he writes to the same gentleman, "I gave a letter to Mr. Beaucherk, who, in my opinion, and in his own, was hastening to Naples for the recovery of his health; but he has stopped at Paris, and I know not when he will proceed." In George Selwyn's letters we read, "Topham Beaucherk is arrived. I hear he lost 10,000*l.* to a thief at Venice, which thief, in the course of the year, will be at Cashibury." Johnson, with Beaucherk's example before him, had perhaps some reason for saying that "Time may be employed to more advantage from nineteen to twenty-four almost in any way than in travelling; when you set travelling against mere negation—against doing nothing—it is better to be sure; but how much more would a young man improve were he to study during those years. How little," he went on to add, "does travelling supply to the conversation of any man who has travelled!—how little to Beaucherk!"

Beaucherk, a few years after his return, had an opportunity of repaying the civilities he had received from Mr. Baretti. That gentleman, as our readers will remember, was put on his trial for murder. He had been assailed in the grossest manner possible by a woman of the town, and driving her off with a blow was set upon by three bullies. He thereupon ran away in great fear, for he was a timid man, and being pursued had stabbed two of the men with a small knife he carried in his pocket. One of them died within a few hours of the wound. In his defence he had said, "I hope it will be seen that my knife was neither a weapon of offence nor defence. I wear it to carve fruit and sweetmeats, and not to kill my fellow-creatures." It was important to prove that abroad everyone carried a knife as a matter of course, not for offensive or defensive purposes, but simply for convenience in eating. The "Hon. T. Beaucherk gave evidence as follows:—

"In France they never lay anything upon the table but a fork, not only in the inns, but in public-houses. It is usual for gentlemen and ladies to carry knives with them without silver blades. I have seen those kind of knives in toy-shops." (Baretti's knife had "a silver case over the blade, and was kept in a green shagreen case.") Garrick testified to the same custom. He was asked, "When you travel abroad do you carry such knives as this?" He answered, "Yes, or we should have no victuals." Had Johnson by this time been to the Hebrides his evidence also might have helped to confirm the statement of his friends. In a letter he wrote from Skye to Mrs. Thrale he states, "Table-knives are not of long subsistence in the Highlands; every man, while arms were a regular part of dress, had his knife and fork appendant to his dirk."

Beaunclerk also bore evidence to the position Baretta held in his own country. He was asked, "How long have you known Mr. Baretta?" He answered, "I have known him ten years. I was acquainted with him before I went abroad. Some time after that I went to Italy, and he gave me letters of recommendation to some of the first people there, and to men of learning. I went to Italy the time the Duke of York did. Unless Mr. Baretta had been a man of consequence he could never have recommended me to such people as he did. He is a gentleman of letters, and a studious man." In 1768 Beaunclerk married the eldest daughter of the second Duke of Marlborough, two days after her divorce from her first husband, Frederick Viscount Bolingbroke, the nephew and heir of the great Lord Bolingbroke. Boswell reports a conversation with Johnson, which sets forth the history of this unhappy affair. "While we were alone," he writes, "I endeavoured as well as I could to apologize for a lady who had been divorced from her husband by Act of Parliament. I said that he had used her very ill, had behaved brutally to her, and that she could not continue to live with him without having her delicacy contaminated; that all affection for him was thus destroyed; that the essence of conjugal union being gone, there remained only a cold form, a mere civil obligation; that she was in the prime of life, with qualities to produce happiness; that these ought not to be lost; and that the gentleman on whose account she was divorced had gained her heart while thus unhappily situated. Seduced, perhaps, by the charms of the lady in question, I thus attempted to palliate what I was sensible could not be justified; for when I had finished my harangue, my venerable friend gave me a proper check. 'My dear Sir, never accustom your mind to mingle virtue and vice. The woman's a —, and there's an end on't.'" As Lady Diana Beaunclerk did not die till the year 1808, she lived to see this story, so slightly veiled as it was by the omission of names, submitted to the world. A short time before the divorce Horace Walpole writes: "Lady Bolingbroke has declared she will come into waiting on Sunday se'nnight; but as the Queen is likely to be brought to bed before that time, this may be only a bravado." It may be interesting to mention, with a view to help us towards forming a kind of link with the past, that the child that was soon after born to the Queen was the Duke of Kent, the father of Queen Victoria. In a letter written to Selwyn by Gilly Williams we read, "Lady D. Spencer was married at St. George's on Saturday morning. They are in town at Topham's house, and give dinners. Lord Ancram dined there yesterday, and called her nothing but Lady Bolingbroke the whole time." In another letter he says, "Topham goes on with his dinners. Report says neither of them will live a twelvemonth, and if it is so, their life ought to be a merry one." Johnson on one occasion gave, as regards this marriage, an instance of that real delicacy of mind that beneath all his outside roughness belonged to him in so high a degree. He was talking of Blenheim, and said "he should be very glad to see it, if properly invited, which in all probability would never be the case, as it

was not worth his while to seek for it. I observed" (says Boswell) "that he might be easily introduced there by a common friend of ours, nearly related to the Duke. He answered, with an uncommon attention to delicacy of feeling, 'I doubt whether our friend be on such a footing with the Duke as to carry anybody there; and I would not give him the uneasiness of seeing that I knew he was not, or even of being himself reminded of it.'" Lady Di Beauclerk in her second marriage seems to have been a faithful and devoted wife. Johnson writes to Boswell some years after the marriage, "Poor Beauclerk is so ill that his life is thought to be in danger. Lady Di nurses him with very great assiduity." When he died he left his children to her care; and, if she died, to the care of Mr. Langton. David Hume describes her as being "handsome, agreeable, and ingenious beyond the ordinary rate." Horace Walpole often speaks in very high terms of her powers as an artist. In writing of a portrait she had drawn of the Duchess of Devonshire he says, "The likeness is perfectly preserved, except that its paintress has lent her own expression to the Duchess, which you will allow is very agreeable flattery. What should I go to the Royal Academy for? I shall see no such *chefs-d'œuvre* there." In writing of another of her pictures he says, "Miss Pope, the actress, dined here yesterday, and literally shed tears, though she did not know the story. I think this is more to Lady Di's credit than a tom-tit pecking at painted fruit." Mr. Hardy, in his *Life of the Earl of Charlemont*, says, "Lord Charlemont has often mentioned to me that Sir Joshua Reynolds frequently declared to him that many of her ladyship's drawings might be studied as models." Boswell bears witness to her pleasant conversations. On the evening when he was to be balloted for at the Literary Club he dined at Mr. Beauclerk's with several members of that distinguished society. "Johnson," he writes, "had done me the honour to propose me, and Beauclerk was very zealous for me." He goes on to add, "The gentlemen went away to their club, and I was left at Beauclerk's till the fate of my election should be announced to me. I sat in a state of anxiety which even the charming society of Lady Di Beauclerk could not entirely dissipate." It was from her he won a small bett (*sic*) by asking Johnson as to one of his peculiarities, "which her Ladyship laid I durst not do." Both Beauclerk and Garrick had wondered at his pocketing at the club the Seville oranges after he had squeezed out the juice, and "seemed to think that he had a strange unwillingness to be discovered." Boswell, though he won his "bett," did not succeed in learning what he did with them.

To Beauclerk's great natural powers, and to his fine scholarly mind, testimony is borne, as we have already said, by many competent witnesses. Boswell, in describing a dinner at his house, says:—"Mr. Beauclerk was very entertaining this day, and told us a number of short stories in a lively, elegant manner, and with that air of the world which has I know not what impressive effect, as if there were something more than is expressed, or than perhaps we could perfectly understand. As Johnson

and I accompanied Sir Joshua Reynolds in his coach, Johnson said, 'There is in Beauclerk a predominance over his company that one does not like. But he is a man who has lived so much in the world that he has a short story on every occasion; he is always ready to talk, and is never exhausted.' " Langton, in a letter to Boswell, gives further proof of the way in which his extraordinary powers were regarded by Johnson:—

"The melancholy information you have received concerning Mr. Beauclerk's death is true. Had his talents been directed in any sufficient degree, as they ought, I have always been strongly of opinion that they were calculated to make an illustrious figure; and that opinion, as it had been in part formed upon Dr. Johnson's judgment, receives more and more confirmation by hearing what, since his death, Dr. Johnson has said concerning them. A few evenings ago he was at Mr. Vesey's, where Lord Althorpe, who was one of a numerous company there, addressed Dr. Johnson on the subject of Mr. Beauclerk's death, saying, 'Our club has had a great loss since we met last.' He replied, 'A loss that perhaps the whole nation could not repair.' The Doctor then went on to speak of his endowments, and particularly extolled the wonderful ease with which he uttered what was highly excellent. He said that no man ever was so free when he was going to say a good thing from a *look* that expressed that it was coming; or, when he had said it, from a look that expressed that it *had* come. At Mr. Thrale's, some days before, when we were talking on the same subject, he said, referring to the same idea of his wonderful facility, 'That Beauclerk's talents were those which he had felt himself more disposed to envy than those of any whom he had known.'" And yet what great men he had known! On an earlier occasion, when Boswell had remarked to Johnson that "Beauclerk has a keenness of mind which is very uncommon;" Johnson replied, "Yes, Sir! and everything comes from him so easily. It appears to me that I labour when I say a good thing." Boswell replied, "You are loud, Sir; but it is not an effort of mind." Dr. Barnard, in those admirable verses with which he so wittily rebuked Johnson's rudeness, shows the opinion held by no mean judge of conversation of Beauclerk's powers:

If I have thoughts and can't express 'em,

Gibbon shall teach me how to dress 'em

In terms select and terse;

Jones teach me modesty and Greek;

Smith, how to think; Burke, how to speak;

And Beauclerk to converse.

Hawkins writes, "His conversation was of the most excellent kind; learned, witty, polite, and where the subject required it, serious, and over all his behaviour there beamed such a sunshine of cheerfulness and good humour as communicated itself to all around him." Lord Charlemont, who was a member of the Literary Club and knew him well, said that "he possessed an exquisite tact, various accomplishments, and the most perfect good breeding. He was eccentric, often querulous, entertaining

a contempt for the generality of the world, which the politeness of his manners could not always conceal; but to those whom he liked, most generous and friendly. Devoted at one time to pleasure, at another to literature, sometimes absorbed in play, sometimes in books, he was altogether one of the most accomplished and, when in good humour and surrounded by those who suited his fancy, one of the most agreeable men that could possibly exist." Wilkes, in a marginal note in his copy of Boswell's *Johnson* describes Beauclerk as being "shy, sly, and dry." It is a pity that so admirable a talker had not his Boswell, though, perhaps, much of what he said depended to a very great extent on the manner in which he said it. Lord Pembroke said, with perhaps more wit than truth, that "Dr. Johnson's sayings would not appear so extraordinary were it not for his *bow-wow way*." There are, however, very few talkers whose conversation if written down would still strike us with wonder. We have gathered together the few good sayings of Beauclerk that we have been able to find. When Johnson got his pension, Beauclerk said to him in the humorous phrase of Falstaff, "I hope you'll now purge and live cleanly like a gentleman." Boswell gives the following account which he received from Beauclerk of a curious affair between Dr. Johnson and Mr. Hervey. "Tom Hervey had a great liking for Johnson, and in his will had left him a legacy of fifty pounds. One day he said to me, 'Johnson may want this money now more than afterwards. I have a mind to give it him directly. Will you be so good as to carry a fifty-pound note from me to him?' This I positively refused to do, as he might, perhaps, have knocked me down for insulting him, and have afterwards put the note in his pocket." Boswell repeated this story, with certain other circumstances into which it is not necessary to enter here, to Johnson. Afterwards he wrote to tell Johnson that he had become very uneasy lest his having done so "might be interpreted as a breach of confidence, and offend one whose society he valued." Johnson wrote back, "I have seen Mr. —, and as to him, have set all right without any inconvenience, as far as I know, to you. Mrs. Thrale had forgot the story. You may now be at ease." Mr. Croker says that there is reason to fear that this mention of Beauclerk's name by Boswell impaired the cordiality between Beauclerk and Johnson. It was Beauclerk who, when he heard that Tom Davies clapped Moody the player on his back, when in an argument that was going on "he once tried to say something upon our side," exclaimed "he could not conceive a more humiliating situation than to be clapped on the back by Tom Davies." A few days after this, a discussion was going on as to the belief in immortality. Boswell writes: "I said it appeared to me that some people had not the least notion of immortality, and I mentioned a distinguished gentleman of our acquaintance. JOHNSON: 'Sir, if it were not for the notion of immortality, he would cut a throat to fill his pockets.' When I quoted this to Beauclerk," Boswell goes on to add, "who knew much more of the gentleman than we did, he said, in his acid manner, 'He would cut a throat to fill his

pockets, if it were not for fear of being hanged.'” Johnson, as we read on another occasion, “thought Mr. Beauclerk made a shrewd and judicious remark to Mr. Langton, who after having been for the first time in company with a well-known wit about town, was warmly admiring and praising him,—‘See him again,’ said Beauclerk.” “In the only instance remembered of Goldsmith’s practice as a physician,” as we read in Mr. Forster’s interesting Life, “it one day happened that, his opinion differing somewhat from the apothecary’s in attendance, the lady thought her apothecary the safer counsellor, and Goldsmith quitted the house in high indignation. He would leave off prescribing for his friends, he said. ‘Do so, my dear Doctor,’ observed Beauclerk. ‘Whenever you undertake to kill, let it only be your enemies.’” A hot discussion, not the only one of its kind, one day arose between Beauclerk and Johnson, which Beauclerk closed by an admirable saying. “It was mentioned that Dr. Dodd had once wished to be a member of the Literary Club. JOHNSON: ‘I should be sorry if any of our club were hanged. I will not say but some of them deserve it.’ Beauclerk (supposing this to be aimed at persons for whom he had at that time a wonderful fancy, which, however, did not last long) was irritated, and eagerly said, ‘You, Sir, have a friend (naming him) who deserves to be hanged, for he speaks behind their backs against those with whom he lives on the best terms, and attacks them in the newspapers. He certainly ought to be kicked.’ JOHNSON: ‘Sir, we all do this in some degree, *veniam petimus damusque vicissim*. To be sure it may be done so much that a man may deserve to be kicked.’ BEAUCLERK: ‘He is very malignant.’ JOHNSON: ‘No, Sir, he is not malignant. He is mischievous if you will. He would do no man an essential injury; he may, indeed, love to make sport of people by vexing their vanity. I, however, once knew an old gentleman who was absolutely malignant. He really wished evil to others, and rejoiced at it.’ BOSWELL: ‘The gentleman, Mr. Beauclerk, against whom you are so violent, is, I know, a man of good principles.’ BEAUCLERK: ‘Then he does not wear them out in practice.’” Boswell in one instance tries to give his readers a conception of Beauclerk’s manner of telling a story. He writes, “Here let me not forget a curious anecdote, as related to me by Mr. Beauclerk, which I shall endeavour to exhibit as well as I can in that gentleman’s lively manner; and in justice to him it is proper to add that Dr. Johnson told me I might rely both on the correctness of his memory and the fidelity of his narrative. ‘When Madame De Boufflers was first in England (said Beauclerk) she was desirous to see Johnson. I accordingly went with her to his chambers in the Temple, where she was entertained with his conversation for some time. When our visit was over, she and I left him and were got into Inner Temple Lane, when all at once I heard a noise like thunder. This was occasioned by Johnson, who it seems, upon a little recollection, had taken it into his head that he ought to have done the honours of his literary residence to a foreign lady of quality, and eager to show himself a man of gallantry, was hurrying down the staircase in violent agitation.

He overtook us before we reached the Temple Gate, and brushing in between me and Madame de Boufflers, seized her hand and conducted her to her coach. His dress was a rusty-brown morning suit, a pair of old shoes by way of slippers, a little shrivelled wig sticking on the top of his head, and the sleeves of his shirt and the knees of his breeches hanging loose. A considerable crowd of people gathered round, and were not a little struck by this singular appearance."

Boswell records "a violent altercation that arose between Johnson and Beauclerk, which," he writes, "having made much noise at the time, I think it proper, in order to prevent any future misrepresentation, to give a minute account of it. In talking of Hackman (the Rev. Mr. Hackman, who in a fit of frantic jealous love had shot Miss Ray), Johnson argued, as Judge Blackstone had done, that his being furnished with two pistols was a proof that he meant to shoot two persons. Mr. Beauclerk said, 'No: for that every wise man, who intended to shoot himself, took two pistols, that he might be sure of doing it at once, Lord ——'s cook shot himself with one pistol, and lived ten days in great agony. Mr. ——, who loved buttered muffins, but durst not eat them because they disagreed with his stomach, resolved to shoot himself; and then he eat three buttered muffins for breakfast before shooting himself, knowing that he should not be troubled with indigestion; *he* had charged two pistols: one was found lying charged upon the table by him, after he had shot himself with the other.' 'Well' (said Johnson, with an air of triumph), 'you see here one pistol was sufficient.' Beauclerk replied smartly, 'Because it happened to kill him.' And either then, or a very little time afterwards, being piqued at Johnson's triumphant remark, added, 'This is what you don't know, and I do.' There was then a cessation of the dispute; some minutes intervened, during which dinner and the glass went on cheerfully; when Johnson suddenly and abruptly exclaimed, 'Mr. Beauclerk, how came you to talk so petulantly to me, as "This is what you don't know, but what I know." One thing I know which *you* don't seem to know, that you are very uncivil.' BEAUCLERK: 'Because *you* began by being uncivil (which you always are).' The words in parenthesis were, I believe, not heard by Dr. Johnson. Here, again, there was a cessation of arms. Johnson told me that the reason why he waited some time at first without taking any notice of what Mr. Beauclerk said, was because he was thinking whether he should resent it. But when he considered that there were present a young lord and an eminent traveller, two men of the world with whom he had never dined before, he was apprehensive that they might think they had a right to take such liberties with him as Beauclerk did, and therefore resolved he would not let it pass; adding that 'he would not appear a coward.' A little while after this, the conversation turned on the violence of Hackman's temper. Johnson then said, 'It was his business to *command* his temper, as my friend Mr. Beauclerk should have done some time ago.' BEAUCLERK: 'I should learn of *you*, sir.' JOHNSON: 'Sir, you have given *me* opportunities enough of

learning, when I have been in *your* company. No man loves to be treated with contempt.' BEAUCLERK (with a polite inclination towards Johnson): 'Sir, you have known me twenty years, and however I may have treated others, you may be sure I could never treat you with contempt.' JOHNSON: 'Sir, you have said more than was necessary.' Thus it ended; and Beauclerk's coach not having come for him till very late, Dr. Johnson and another gentleman sat with him a long time after the rest of the company were gone; and he and I dined at Beauclerk's on the Saturday se'nnight following." Johnson on another occasion showed a certain irritability towards Beauclerk. Boswell, in speaking of the projected journey to Italy with the Thrales, writes, "I mentioned that Mr. Beauclerk had said that Baretto, whom they were to carry with them, would keep them so long in the little towns of his own district, that they would not have time to see Rome. I mentioned this to put them on their guard. JOHNSON: Sir, we do not thank Mr. Beauclerk for supposing that we are to be directed by Mr. Baretto." In the paper on "Bennet Langton" the anecdote about the inscription on Johnson's portrait has been already given. It belongs, however, as much to Beauclerk as to Langton, and, perhaps, therefore we may be allowed to give it again. On the frame of this portrait Mr. Beauclerk had inscribed—

Ingenium ingens
Inculto latet hoc sub corpore.

After Mr. Beauclerk's death, when it became Mr. Langton's property, he made the inscription be defaced. Johnson said, complacently, "It was kind in you to take it off;" and then, after a short pause, added, "and not unkind in him to put it on." No less happy was he in the inscription from *Love's Labour's Lost* which he placed under the portrait of Garrick. "Mr. Beauclerk," as Boswell writes, "with happy propriety, inscribed under that fine portrait of him, which by Lady Diana's kindness is now the property of my friend Mr. Langton, the following passage from his beloved Shakspeare—

— a merrier man
Within the limit of becoming mirth
I never spent an hour's talk withal, &c.

In the Life of Lord Charlemont are given a few letters by Beauclerk written in a very lively manner. Langton, it will be remembered, had said that if his friend's talents had been directed as they ought, they were calculated to make an illustrious figure. Beauclerk in these letters shows that he himself is fully aware of his own indolence. He apologizes for his neglect in "keeping up an intercourse with one for whom I shall always retain the greatest and tenderest regard," and lays the blame on "that insuperable idleness, which accompanies me through life, which not only prevents me from doing what I ought, but likewise from enjoying my greatest pleasure, where anything is to be done." Later on he writes, saying he has been very ill, but he goes on to add, "in spite of my doctor, or nature itself, I will very

soon pay you a visit. Business, it is true, I have none to keep me here ; but you forget that I have business in Lancashire, and that I must go there when I come to you." (Lord Charlemont was in Ireland.) "Now, you will please to recollect that there is nothing in this world I so entirely hate as business of any kind, and that I pay you the greatest compliment I can do when I risque the meeting with my own confounded affairs in order to have the pleasure of seeing you ; but this I am resolved to do." He owns his detestation of politics and politicians. He writes, in a letter dated Muswell Hill, Summer Quarters, July 18, 1774 :—"Why should you be vexed to find that mankind are fools and knaves ? I have known it so long that every fresh instance of it amuses me, provided it does not immediately affect my friends or myself. Politicians do not seem to me to be much greater rogues than other people ; and as their actions affect in general private persons less than other kinds of villainy do, I cannot find that I am so angry with them. It is true that the leading men in both countries at present are, I believe, the most corrupt, abandoned people in the nation ; but, now that I am upon this worthy subject of human nature, I will inform you of a few particulars relating to the discovery of Otaheite, which Dr. Hawkesworth said placed the King above all the Conquerors in the world ; and if the glory is to be estimated by the mischief, I do not know whether he is not right. When Wallis first anchored off the island, two natives came alongside of the ship, without fear or distrust, to barter their goods with our people. A man, called the boat-keeper, who was in a boat that was tied to the ship, attempted to get the things from them without payment. The savages resisted, and he struck one of them with the boat-hook, upon which they immediately paddled away. In the morning great numbers came in canoes of all sizes about the ship. They behaved, however, in the most peaceable manner, still offering to exchange their commodities for anything that they could obtain from us. The same trick was played by attempting to take away their things by force. This enraged them, and they had come prepared to defend themselves with such weapons as they had ; they immediately began to sling stones, one of which went into the cabin window. Wallis on this ordered that the guns, loaded with grape-shot, should be fired. This, you may imagine, immediately dispersed them. Some were drowned, many killed, and some few got on shore, where numbers of the natives were assembled. Wallis then ordered the great guns to be played, according to his phrase, upon them. This drove them off, when he still ordered the same pastime to be continued in order to convince them, as he says, that our arms could reach them at such a distance. If you add to this that the inhabitants of all these islands are eat up with vile disorders, you will find that men may be much worse employed than by doing the dirtiest job that ever was undertaken by the lowest of our clerk-ministers." Beauclerk might write that "every year, every hour, adds to my misanthropy, and I have had a pretty considerable share of it for some years past ;" but the generous indignation that blazes forth in this

letter of his belongs to any one rather than a misanthrope. It was in such feelings as these, as well as in their literary pursuits, that he and Johnson had so much in common. Our readers will remember Johnson's hatred of every kind of oppression of the less civilized races, and how, "upon one occasion, when in company with some very grave men at Oxford, his toast was, 'Here's to the next insurrection of the negroes in the West Indies.'" Another time he said, with "great emotion and with generous warmth, 'I love the University of Salamanca; for when the Spaniards were in doubt as to the lawfulness of their conquering America, the University of Salamanca gave it as their opinion that it was not lawful.'" In a letter written a year earlier than Beauclerk's, he says, "I do not much wish well to discoveries, for I am always afraid they will end in conquest and robbery." Beauclerk's letters are very interesting from the frequent mention made in them of the other members of the club. He writes: "Why should fortune have placed our paltry concerns in two different islands? If we could keep them, they are not worth one hour's conversation at Elmsly's (the bookseller). If life is good for anything, it is only made so by the society of those whom we love. At all events I will try to come to Ireland, and shall take no excuse from you for not coming early in the winter to London. The club exists but by your presence; the flourishing of learned men is the glory of the State. Mr. Vesey will tell you that our club consists of the greatest men in the world, consequently you see there is a good and patriotic reason for you to return to England in the winter. Pray make my best respects to Lady Charlemont and Miss Hickman, and tell them I wish they were at this moment sitting at the door of our ale-house in Gerard Street." (The Turk's Head Tavern, where the Literary Club met, was in that street.) Later on he writes, "Our poor club is in a miserable decay; unless you come and relieve it, it will certainly expire. Would you imagine that Sir Joshua Reynolds is extremely anxious to be a member of Almack's? You see what noble ambition will make a man attempt. That den is not yet opened, consequently I have not been there; so, for the present, I am clear upon that score." He ends his letter by saying, "We cannot do without you. If you do not come here, I will bring all the club over to Ireland to live with you, and that will drive you here in your own defence. Johnson shall spoil your books, Goldsmith pluck your flowers, and Boswell talk to you: stay then if you can." At a later date he writes: "Our club has dwindled away to nothing. Nobody attends but Mr. Chambers, and he is going to the East Indies. Sir Joshua and Goldsmith have got into such a round of pleasures that they have no time." Poor Goldsmith's round ended in less than two months after this letter was written. In an earlier letter we read, "I have been but once at the club since you left England; we were entertained as usual by Dr. Goldsmith's absurdity." "Goldsmith," he writes in another letter, "the other day put a paragraph into the newspapers in praise of Lord Mayor Townshend. The same night we happened to sit next to Lord Shelburne at Drury Lane; I mentioned the circumstance of the paragraph to him; he

said to Goldsmith that he hoped that he had mentioned nothing about Malagrida in it. 'Do you know,' answered Goldsmith, 'that I never could conceive the reason why they call you Malagrida, *for* Malagrida was a very good sort of man.' You see plainly what he meant to say, but that happy turn of expression is peculiar to himself. Mr. Walpole says, that this story is a picture of Goldsmith's whole life. Johnson has been confined for some weeks in the Isle of Sky; we hear that he was obliged to swim over to the mainland taking hold of a cow's tail. Be that as it may, Lady Di has promised to make a drawing of it." A few weeks later he writes: "I hope your parliament has finished all its absurdities, and that you will be at leisure to come over here to attend your club, where you will do much more good than all the patriots in the world ever did to anybody, viz., you will make very many of your friends extremely happy, and you know Goldsmith* has informed us that no form of government ever contributed either to the happiness or misery of any one. I saw a letter from Foote, with an account of an Irish tragedy; the subject is Manlius, and the last speech which he makes, when he is pushed from the Tarpeian Rock, is 'Sweet Jesus, where am I going?' Pray send me word if this is true. We have a new comedy here (*The School for Wives*), which is good for nothing; bad as it is, however, it succeeds very well, and has almost killed Goldsmith with envy. I have no news, either literary or political, to send you. Everybody, except myself, and about a million of vulgars, are in the country." He gives an amusing account of a naval review. "I have been at the review at Portsmouth. If you had seen it you would have owned that it is a very pleasant thing to be a king. It is true, — made a job of the claret to —, who furnished the first tables with vinegar under that denomination. Charles Fox said, that Lord S— which should have been impeached; what an abominable world do we live in, that there should not be above half-a-dozen honest men in the world, and that one of those should live in Ireland. You will, perhaps, be shocked at the small portion of honesty that I allot to your country; but a sixth part is as much as comes to its share; and, for anything I know to the contrary, the other five may be in Ireland too, for I am sure I do not know where else to find them." We will give but one more extract from these interesting letters. He writes, "I can now give you a better reason for not writing sooner to you than for any other thing that I ever did in my life. When Sir Charles Bingham came from Ireland, I, as you may easily imagine, immediately enquired after you; he told me that you were very well, but in great affliction, having just lost your child. You cannot conceive how I was shocked with this news; not only by considering what you suffered on this occasion, but I recollected that a foolish letter of mine, laughing at your Irish politics, would arrive just at that point

* How small of all that human hearts endure
That part which laws or kings can cause or cure.

The Traveller.

These lines were really written by Johnson, not by Goldsmith.

of time. A bad joke at any time is a bad thing; but when any attempt at pleasantry happens at a moment that a person is in great affliction, it certainly is the most odious thing in the world. I could not write to you to comfort you; you will not wonder, therefore, that I did not write at all."

The great width of Beaclerk's reading is shown by the size and variety of his library, which was sold after his death. A copy of the catalogue is to be seen in the British Museum. The title-page is as follows: "Bibliotheca selectissima et elegantissima Pernobilis Angli, T. Beaclerk, S.R.S. Price three shillings. Comprehending an excellent choice of Books, to the number of upwards of thirty thousand volumes, in most languages, and upon almost every branch of science and polite literature, which will be sold on Monday, April 9, 1781, and the forty-nine following days (Good Friday excepted)." Two days' sale were given to the works on divinity, including "Heterodoxi et Increduli. Angl. Freethinkers and their opponents;" six days to "Itineraria. Angl. Voyages and Travels;" and twelve days to historical works. Boswell records that "Mr. Wilkes said he wondered to find in Mr. Beaclerk's library such a numerous collection of sermons, seeming to think it strange that a gentleman of Mr. Beaclerk's character in the gay world should have chosen to have many compositions of that kind. JOHNSON: 'Why, Sir, you are to consider that sermons make a considerable branch of English literature, so that a library must be very imperfect if it has not a numerous collection of sermons; and in all collections, Sir, the desire of augmenting it grows stronger in proportion to the advance in acquisitions as motion is accelerated by the continuance of the impetus. Besides, Sir (looking at Mr. Wilkes with a placid but significant smile), a man may collect sermons with intention of making himself better by them. I hope Mr. Beaclerk intended that some time or other that should be the case with him.'" Beaclerk was especially eager in scientific researches. In the University which Johnson and Boswell amused themselves with founding in the air Beaclerk was to have the Chair of Natural Philosophy. Goldsmith writes, "I see Mr. Beaclerc very often both in town and country. He is now going directly forward to become a second Boyle: deep in chymistry and physics." Boswell, in a letter to his friend Temple, says, "He has one of the most numerous and splendid private libraries that I ever saw; greenhouses, hothouses, observatory, laboratory for chymical experiments, in short, everything princely." To all this eagerness after knowledge, and this delight in one of the most uncourtly of men, Beaclerk "added the character of a man of fashion, of which his dress and equipage showed him to be emulous. In the early period of his life he was the exemplar of all who wished, without incurring the censure of foppery, to become conspicuous in the gay world." In *Selwyn's Letters* we read that "Madame Pitt (sister to Lord Chatham) met with an accident (a sprained leg) leaning on Topham as she was stepping out of her chaise, and swears she will trust to the shoulders of no Macaroni for the future." Johnson's name for him of Beau fitted him very well. There is a curious story given in *Boswelliana* that shows how a man

might be the leader of fashion last century, and yet far removed from that virtue which is next to godliness. "I told Paoli," says Boswell, "that Beauclerk found fault with Brompton's refreshing the Pembroke family picture by Vandyck, and said he had spoiled it by painting it over. 'Po, po!' said Paoli (of whom Beauclerk had talked disrespectfully), 'he has not spoiled it; Beauclerk scratches at everything. He is accustomed to scratch (scratching his head in allusion to Beauclerk's lousiness), and he'd scratch at the face of Venus.'" Beauclerk, according to Paoli, would reverse the parts assigned to the lovers in Churchill's *Prophecy of Famine*. There in the passage about the Highland lass we read—

And whilst she scratched her lover into rest,
Sunk pleased, though hungry, on her Sawney's breast.

Beauclerk's health seems never to have been vigorous, and he suffered a great deal at times. His temperament, however, was a very happy one. Johnson one day talking of melancholy said, "Some men, and very thinking men too, have not those vexing thoughts. Sir Joshua Reynolds is the same all the year round. Beauclerk, except when ill and in pain, is the same." In spite of occasional altercations the affection between the men was very strong. "As Beauclerk and I walked up Johnson's Court," writes Boswell, "I said, 'I have a veneration for this court;' and was glad to find that Beauclerk had the same reverential enthusiasm." Johnson in his turn often showed his high regard for Beauclerk. "One evening," says Boswell, "when we were in the street together, and I told him I was going to sup at Mr. Beauclerk's, he said, 'I'll go with you.' After having walked part of the way, seeming to recollect something, he suddenly stopped and said, 'I cannot go, but *I do not love Beauclerk the less.*'" "Johnson's affection for Topham Beauclerk," Boswell says in another passage, "was so great, that when Beauclerk was labouring under that severe illness which at last occasioned his death, Johnson said (with a voice faltering with emotion), 'Sir, I would walk to the extent of the diameter of the earth to save Beauclerk.'" We are reminded how, when he heard that Mr. Thrale had lost his only son, he said, "I would have gone to the extremity of the earth to have preserved this boy." On Beauclerk's death he wrote to Boswell, "Poor dear Beauclerk—*nec, ut soles, dabis joca*. His wit and his folly, his acuteness and maliciousness, his merriment and his reasoning are now over. Such another will not often be found among mankind. He directed himself to be buried by the side of his mother, an instance of tenderness which I hardly expected." When a year later Boswell was walking home with Johnson from the first party that Mrs. Garrick had given after her husband's death, "We stopped," he says, "a little while by the rails of the Adelphi, looking on the Thames, and I said to him with tenderness that I thought of two friends we had lost, who once lived in the buildings behind us, Beauclerk and Garrick. 'Aye, Sir' (said he tenderly), 'and two such friends as cannot be supplied.'"

G. B. H.

The Sun's Surroundings and the Coming Eclipse.

WHILE news had still to be received from some of the stations for observing the recent transit of Venus, astronomers had already turned their thoughts to another phenomenon, the observation of which may be expected to throw new light on the physical condition of the sun. Preparations are already in progress for observing the eclipse of the sun which occurs on the 6th of April next. We propose to sketch the recent history and the present position of solar research, in order that the reader may understand precisely what new information astronomers hope to obtain during the approaching eclipse. But first we shall make a few remarks on the physical aspect of the recent observations for determining the sun's distance. For, in point of fact, the observations made on Venus in transit on the 9th of December last, though primarily directed to mere measurement, have an important bearing on our ideas respecting the sun's condition. On our estimate of the sun's size and mass depends the opinion we are to form respecting his power as a ruler of matter, and respecting the duration of his existence as the light and life of the solar system. An error of a hair's breadth in the position of the small disc of Venus in one of the four-inch photographs of the sun taken during the late transit would imply a difference in the sun's volume exceeding myriads of times the volume of the earth, and a corresponding difference in his mass, while the estimated life of the sun would be shortened or lengthened by millions of years. It is only necessary to consider the absolute proportions of the sun, his mighty mass, his amazing fund of vitality, to see how largely even minute changes in his estimated distance must affect all these relations: A globe as large as the earth placed close to the sun's surface would be undiscernible, save in a powerful telescope. A globe as large as the earth, but having a surface glowing with the intense heat of the solar surface, would, at the sun's distance, afford but the 11,600th part of the light and heat we receive from him. A globe as large as the earth, but of the same density as the sun, and occupying his place, would possess but the 1,250,000th part of his attractive might, and would be utterly unfit to sway the movements of a scheme like the planetary system. Exceeding this earth on which we live so enormously in size and power, while emitting at each instant quantities of light and heat so vastly surpassing that which our earth would give out, even if every mile of her surface were caused to glow with a brightness far surpassing that of the electric light, it will readily be conceived that very moderate changes in our estimate of the sun's distance correspond to enormous changes in

our estimate of his size, power, and heat. Consider, for instance, the recent modification in the estimated solar distance from about $95\frac{1}{2}$ millions to about $91\frac{1}{2}$ millions of miles—that is, roughly, the diminution of the estimated distance by about one-thirtieth part. This corresponded to a diminution of the sun's diameter by about a thirtieth part, of his surface by about a fifteenth part, and of his volume and mass by about an eighth part. But the former estimate of the sun's mass amounted to 855,000 times the mass of the earth, so that an eighth part of this corresponded to more than 44,000 times the mass of the great globe on which we live. By this enormous amount the former estimate of the solar mass had to be reduced.

But there is yet another way of viewing the effects corresponding to changes in our ideas respecting the distance of the sun, which may be regarded as even more striking, since it relates to the sun's character as the source of all the forms of energy with which we are familiar. For, after all, mere bulk and mass count for little. We can even understand (without altogether admiring) the rejoinder made by one to whom an astronomer had described the vast scale of the material creation—that after all this proved only that dirt is cheap in the universe. But active energy, as distinguished from the potential energy residing in mass, is suggestive of purpose (whether correctly so or not need not here concern us). Regarding the sun as the central fire of the solar system, we see that every second of its existence corresponds to the emission of so much heat, or, in other words, to the exhaustion of such and such a portion of its inherent life. Now it is a strange thought that any change in the estimated distance of the sun corresponds to a change in our estimate of the heat he is momentarily pouring forth on all sides, of the work he is performing as a mighty and beneficent ruler of a scheme of circling worlds. The quantity of heat emitted by the sun in every second is so stupendous that all ordinary modes of representing his action fail us. It is a mere form of words, for instance, conveying no clear ideas to the mind, to say that in each second the sun gives out as much heat as would be given out in the burning of eleven thousand six hundred millions of millions of tons of coal. But not only is this so, but even so slight a change as astronomers expect from the recent observations for determining the sun's distance corresponds to the increase or diminution of the estimated outpouring of heat by an amount absolutely inconceivable. Suppose, for instance, that the estimate of the sun's distance were increased or diminished by nearly a quarter of a million of miles, a mere nothing compared with the change which lately had to be made. This would correspond to about a four-hundredth part of the distance now regarded as probable, and would increase or diminish the estimated surface of the sun by one two-hundredth part. Now our estimate of the quantity of heat emitted by the sun corresponds precisely with our estimate of the sun's surface, so that the change supposed would correspond to the increase or diminution of the sun's momentary emission of heat by one two-hundredth part. There-

fore we should have to conclude that in each second the sun gave out more heat or less heat than now supposed by the quantity of heat which would be given out by about fifty-eight millions of millions of tons of coal. Fifty-eight globes, each as large as the earth, and glowing with the same heat as the sun (mile for mile of surface), would be required to give out each second the amount of heat thus added to or taken from the solar emission in each second of time.

Another strange thought in connection with the determination of the sun's distance is this—that the farther or nearer the sun is from us the longer he will continue to perform his present functions as life-giving centre of the solar system. For in every estimate of the continuance of his reign we have to take into account the quantity of matter contained in his globe, and the extent of the region of space over which he bears supreme sway; and our estimate of his power in both these respects depends, as we have already seen, on the views we form as to his distance.

When we add to these considerations the thought that the scale on which all the processes taking place within and around the sun's globe, the velocity with which every planet travels, as well as that with which comets and meteors approach the solar globe, the proportions of every planet in the solar system, and the distance and real splendour of every star known to us, depend on the estimate we form of the sun's distance, we see that the recent observations bore closest relation to all the most interesting physical problems with which the astronomer has to deal. Nevertheless the phenomenon to which astronomers are at present directing their attention—the approaching eclipse of the sun—is one from which they hope to obtain more direct testimony respecting the physical constitution of the wonderful orb which reigns over the planetary system.

Let us turn now to the consideration of the nature and condition of the sun and his various appendages, as at present understood, in order that we may perceive what new information may be looked for during the approaching solar eclipse. In considering the history of recent researches we shall go back over fifteen years; but we may remark at the outset that our sketch must necessarily be so slight that many important contributions to solar physics can only be touched upon, or may even perhaps be omitted altogether. In such cases no slight is intended towards the workers, the requirements of space having alone been in question.

When the important eclipse of June 1860 was approaching, astronomers were not quite certain as to the existence of any solar matter or appendages outside the visible solar globe. Coloured objects had recently been seen surrounding the dark disc of the moon in total eclipse, like garnets round a brooch of jet, and outside these again the glory of the corona had long been recognized; but astronomers did not agree in regarding these as belonging to the sun. Whether the evidence already available might not have been effectually and advantageously used to dispose

of such doubts need not here concern us. Suffice it that amongst those who so doubted were several skilful astronomers, and pre-eminent among them M. Faye, one of the ablest mathematical astronomers of our day. The eclipse of 1860 will be always celebrated on account of the demonstration which it afforded of the nature of the ruddy flames seen round the eclipsing body of the moon. The demonstration was effected by De la Rue and Secchi, each of whom succeeded in obtaining several photographs of the total eclipse, showing the dark disc of the moon at successive stages of its passage across the prominences. Thenceforth the coloured protuberances were recognized by all astronomers as unmistakeably solar appendages. And very wonderful appendages they were necessarily considered. For these "garnets" were now seen to be not only enormously larger than the brooch round which they seemed set—the globe of our moon—but to exceed our own earth many times in volume. Some of those seen in De la Rue's photographs extended more than 80,000 miles from the sun's surface; and several of them, at a very moderate computation of their extension *over* the sun's surface (of which their apparent figure gave no direct evidence), must have occupied thousands of times as much space as our earth's globe!

A year before this noteworthy discovery had been made, the method of research called spectroscopic analysis had suddenly acquired new and wonderful powers. Kirchhoff had shown how the dark lines which cross the rainbow-tinted streak called the solar spectrum, speak of the presence around the solar orb of the vapours of many elements familiar to us—iron, copper, sodium, magnesium, hydrogen, and so on. His inference was that the visible orb we call the sun, which astronomers call the solar photosphere, is not only enveloped within a dense and complex atmosphere, but that all round it, and extending possibly even as far as the outermost limits of the corona seen during solar eclipses, there are masses of vapour which cut off the portions of the sun's light corresponding to the dark lines in the spectrum. But, although the vapours around the sun thus indicate their presence by darkening parts of the solar spectrum, yet beyond question they must be themselves luminous, seeing that not only their position so close to the sun, but the very fact that they are vaporised; implies an intense heat. If we could take a mass of iron (as we might take a mass of ice), melt it and then boil it (even as the melted ice might be boiled), and the vapour of iron rushed out through an orifice without being immediately condensed into metallic spray, the vapour would not be, like the vapour of water, invisible, but would glow with intensity of heat.* Accordingly it began to be recognized soon after Kirchhoff's

* The experiment is, of course, impossible, because, under any conditions admitting of our watching the outlet whence the vapour was to pass, nothing like the requisite degree of heat could be maintained. The vapour of iron is really present in the atmosphere immediately above molten iron, but not under circumstances admitting of our testing its luminosity. Experiments in which iron is vaporised by the electrical discharge sufficiently establish the point in question, however.

great discovery, that the coloured prominences, and possibly even the corona, might be composed of those very gases whose presence Kirchhoff recognized by the dark lines in the solar spectrum.

Several years elapsed during which no fresh light was thrown on the solar surroundings. But a circumstance occurred in May 1866, which, though at first sight appearing very little connected with the study of solar physics, was destined to lead to very important results. It is curious also as one among several instances during the last thirty years or so where the progress of astronomy has been strangely aided by lucky coincidences. The discovery of Neptune, for instance, would have been impossible but for the lucky accident that the disturbance experienced by Uranus reached its greatest amount at a time when observations had been continued long enough to give a stand-point whence the mathematician might throw his line out into space till the unseen planet should be felt guiding him as it were in the true direction.* The wonderful series of discoveries recently made respecting meteors and comets would have been impossible but for two or three lucky accidents by which precisely the sort of information required to complete the evidence was obtained just when it was wanted. In the present instance it is not quite so clear that researches in solar physics would have taken a different course but for the event now to be recorded; nevertheless it is certain that this event started speculations which led directly to important discoveries.

In May 1866, a new star suddenly blazed forth in the constellation of the Northern Crown—or rather a star which had long been shining so feebly as only to be visible with telescopes of some power, acquired suddenly the brightness of a second magnitude star. Of course this interesting object was at once examined by spectroscopists both in England and abroad. It was found to have a peculiar spectrum. The faint rainbow-tinted streak crossed by fine dark lines, forming the usual spectrum of a small star, was seen; but upon this streak, as on a relatively dark background, four intensely bright lines were seen in the place ordinarily occupied by the dark lines, indicating the presence of the gas hydrogen *absorbing* the brighter light from the star's photosphere. It was manifest that hydrogen surrounded that distant sun, but that the

* This is not a supposition based merely on the probability that the search for Neptune would not have been undertaken but for the circumstance above mentioned. If Uranus had been discovered in the middle of the present century, mathematical analysis applied to the peculiarities of the motion of Uranus, on such suppositions as Adams and Leverrier employed, would have failed to guide them to the true place of Neptune. In fact, in one sense the eminent American mathematician, Pierce, was quite right in stating that the true Neptune is not the Neptune either of Adams or Leverrier. Leverrier's Neptune and Adams's Neptune, though near enough together in 1846, would now be far apart; but they would be nothing like so far apart as either of those hypothetical bodies would now be from the true Neptune, which is travelling in a widely different path.

hydrogen, instead of being relatively cool like that which surrounds our sun and other suns of the same family (as Capella, Aldebaran, &c.), was glowing with far greater heat than the sun which it enveloped. Beyond all question that sun out yonder in space—an orb which, for aught that is known, may have been as important in the scheme of creation as our own sun—had suddenly burst into flames. Its lustre when at its brightest was estimated at one hundred times its former and present brightness. The sun which had blazed out in this wonderful manner gradually lost its abnormal brightness, and has now resumed its position among stars of the tenth magnitude.

But in the meantime a lesson taught by this star had been noted by spectroscopists. Of course there was nothing very surprising in the fact that hydrogen intensely heated should show its bright lines on the relatively dark background of a rainbow-tinted spectrum. In fact, Kirchhoff's original discovery, as interpreted by himself, implied plainly enough that this would happen. But when astronomers came to consider this question—How much of the star's new light corresponds to the intensely bright lines of its compound spectrum, and how much to the rainbow-tinted background?—their attention was directed to a fact very obvious when once indicated, but the practical application of which, if not the fact itself, had hitherto unaccountably escaped the attention of spectroscopists. All the light from the glowing hydrogen was concentrated in four lines, all the rest of the light was spread over the ribbon of rainbow-tinted light. Now, the greater the dispersive power of the spectroscope employed, the longer would be the ribbon of light, and therefore the fainter, for only the same light is spread over it in either case; but the increase of the dispersive power would only throw the bright lines of the hydrogen light further apart, and would leave them as bright as ever. Now we need pay no further attention to this fact in its relation to the new star, but in its relation to the spectroscopic study of the sun it is all-important. If the light from one source can be weakened in this way by dispersion while the light from another source is left unaffected, we are no longer necessarily compelled, in studying the sun, to give up all hope of recognizing fainter lights which the glory of sunlight obliterates from view. By all ordinary methods of observation it was manifestly hopeless, for example, to look for the solar prominences without the aid of an eclipse; for any means by which the intense light of the sun was effectively diminished obliterated the faint light of the prominences altogether. But here was a means which might reduce sunlight to any desired degree and leave the prominence light unaffected, if only the prominences consist of glowing gas and so give a spectrum of bright lines. The sunlight could be spread out into a long ribbon of rainbow-coloured light and correspondingly reduced, while the bright lines belonging to the prominences would only be thrown further apart.

At this stage we find some difficulty in proceeding without hurting the susceptible feelings of one or other of the students of science who entered

on this field of research. Rival claims have been advanced more or less positively—in some cases directly, in others indirectly. We have no wish to decide in favour of any of the claimants; yet if we describe the facts as they appear to us, we shall not be held guiltless by some of those who are interested. If we describe the case as resembling that of the discovery of sun-spots after the telescope had been invented, and say (as Sir J. Herschel said in that case), that the question of priority is hardly worth disputing over, we shall probably offend all those interested, as well as their friends and adherents. As the least of two evils, we shall give a brief sketch of the facts as we view them, premising that we have not the slightest feeling one way or the other as to the credit, be it greater or less, due to the contesting claimants.

It would seem that Huggins, Stone, Lockyer, and Secchi nearly simultaneously conceived the idea of applying the principle sketched above to the search for the solar prominences without the aid of an eclipse. Huggins points to passages in his remarks about nebulae which indicate his recognition of the principle so far back as 1864. Lockyer, in October 1866, in a paper read before the Royal Society, wrote as follows:—"Seeing that spectrum analysis has already been applied to the stars with such success, it is not too much to think that an attentive and detailed spectroscopic examination of the sun's surface may bring us much knowledge bearing on the physical constitution of that luminary. . . . And may not the spectroscope afford us evidence of the existence of the 'red flames' which total eclipses have revealed to us in the sun's atmosphere, although they escape all other methods of observation at other times? and if so, may we not learn something from this of the recent outburst of the star in Corona?" Those who think the method really due to Huggins, however, consider these remarks too vague to found a case upon, and quote Huggins's detailed account of the method in the Report of the Astronomical Society for February 1868, in which he left nothing to be desired as respects distinctness in description. "During the last years," says this report, "Mr. Huggins has made numerous observations for the purpose of obtaining a view, if possible, of the red prominences seen during a solar eclipse. The invisibility of these objects at ordinary times is supposed to arise from the illumination of our atmosphere. If these bodies are gaseous, their spectra would consist of bright lines. With a powerful spectroscope the light reflected from our atmosphere near the sun's edge would be greatly reduced in intensity by the dispersion, while the bright lines of the prominences, if such be present, would remain but little diminished in brilliancy." It is to be remarked that Huggins himself seems to consider Lockyer's previous statement unsatisfactory, seeing that, as editor of Schellen's "Spectrum Analysis," we find him saying that "in Mr. Lockyer's communication to the Royal Society in October 1866, there was no statement of a method of observation or of the principles on which the spectroscope might reveal the red flames." Secchi says that he had long had the intention of applying the method, but was prevented by Lockyer's

statement that nothing more could be seen round the sun's edge than on the disc itself.

The eclipse of August 1868 approached while as yet neither Huggins, Lockyer, Stone, nor Secchi had succeeded in seeing the prominence spectrum, inasmuch that a general impression prevailed that the prominences do not consist of glowing gas. A more powerful spectroscope than he had yet used was, however, being made for Lockyer by Browning, and, for aught that is known, this instrument would have solved the problem of determining the nature of the prominences, but for the fact that the eclipse of 1868 occurred in the interim, and was successfully observed. For it was during the total obscuration of the sun on that occasion that the spectroscope applied to the coloured prominences revealed the fact that they consist of glowing gas. Colonel Tennant and Captain Herschel, MM. Janssen and Rayet, in India, and Weiss at Aden, all recognized three bright lines, red, orange, and blue, while Janssen and Rayet saw other fainter lines; and thenceforth it was an assured scientific fact that the solar prominences are masses of glowing gas.

Then followed that episode, with the history of which most of our readers must be familiar, recalling in strangeness (though far inferior, of course, in intrinsic importance *) the circumstances attending the discovery of Neptune. Janssen, during the eclipse, had noted the exceeding brilliance of the prominence-lines, and being, no doubt, familiar with the anticipations of Huggins, Stone, Lockyer, Secchi, and others, he recognized at once the possibility of seeing those lines without the aid of an eclipse. He relates that as the sun reappeared, and the prominence-lines faded away, he exclaimed, "*Je reverrai ces lignes-là en dehors des éclipses.*" He was prevented by clouds from carrying out his intention on that selfsame day; but on the morrow "he was up by daybreak to await the rising of the sun, and scarcely had the orb of day risen in full splendour above the horizon when he succeeded in seeing the prominences with perfect distinctness. The phenomena of the previous day had completely changed their character; the distribution of the masses of gas round the sun's edge was entirely different; and of a great prominence" which had formed a most conspicuous feature on the preceding day "scarcely a trace remained. For seventeen consecutive days Janssen continued to observe and make drawings of the prominences, proving that these gaseous masses changed their form and position with extraordinary rapidity." On September 19, or a full month after he had first seen the prominence-lines without the aid of an eclipse, this easy-going gentleman first thought of sending off a paper, communicating his discovery, to the French Academy of Sciences. It arrived just too late to anticipate an announcement addressed to the same body by Mr. Lockyer, who, on October 16, had succeeded in seeing the lines with the spectroscope which Browning had made for him. Mr. Lock-

* Simply because the discovery to which it related was assured independently of the race between Janssen and Lockyer for priority.

yer's letter had been read about five minutes before M. Janssen's was placed in the hands of the President of the Academy.

Presently the new method was rendered much more complete and effective by an arrangement, devised by Huggins, for seeing the whole of a prominence at once, instead of a mere line belonging to the prominence. The difference between the original method and this new one may be thus illustrated. Let a long straight hole, say two inches long by about a sixteenth of an inch in width, be cut in a card, and let a small picture, say a *carte de visite*, be examined through this aperture by slowly passing the card backwards and forwards over the picture. An idea of the nature of the picture can be formed in this way, but it would clearly be better to have a much larger aperture cut in the card, so that either the whole picture or a much larger portion of it could be seen at once. Mr. Huggins showed how this could be done by opening the jaws of the slit through which the prominence spectrum was examined. The wonder was that the idea had not been thought of earlier.*

It was now possible to study the solar surroundings at leisure. Not only could the structure of the ruddy prominences be examined, but their constitution. It was found that Grant, Secchi, and Leverrier had been right in asserting that the prominences are but the higher parts of an envelope of this ruddy matter entirely surrounding the sun. Secchi had called this envelope the *sierra*, but a new name was devised for it, and it is now commonly called the *chromosphere* (somewhat as the glowing surface of the sun might have been called the *phosphere* had the deviser of a name for it chanced to be ignorant that the word should be *photosphere*). The chief constituent gas of the prominences is hydrogen, but there is another gas always present, not only in the prominences but in the *sierra*, which gives a yellow-orange line as yet not identified with a characteristic line of any known element. The earliest examination of the *sierra*, however, showed the continual presence of several other lines, while later examination by Professor Young, of Dartmouth College, Hanover, N.H., has shown that the spectrum of the *sierra* sometimes contains hundreds of bright lines, indicating the presence of the glowing vapour of iron, magnesium, sodium, lithium, titanium, and other elements. Only hydrogen, however, and the unknown element just mentioned appear to be constantly present in this solar envelope.

The actual study of the changes taking place in the solar prominences led to the discovery that very violent action must be taking place beneath the seemingly calm and silent surface of the glowing *photosphere*. In an

* It is noteworthy how slowly the simple considerations involved in the spectroscopic method of studying the prominences were developed, and how difficult some astronomers found it to grasp the principles of the method. At the meeting of the Astronomical Society where the results obtained by Lockyer and Janssen were first announced, the Astronomer-Royal spoke of the new method as if it were a sort of scientific conjuring trick; yet its principle had been not only explained in full by Huggins a year earlier, but had been already applied by Stone at Greenwich.

essay, "The Sun a Bubble," which appeared in the CORNHILL MAGAZINE last autumn, the chief features of the sun's condition in this respect were dealt with at considerable length. As we are here dealing rather with eclipse discoveries than with the complete series of researches in solar physics effected since 1860, we need not now consider these signs of the intense activity of the great centre of the solar system. Let it suffice to state that the whole of that ruddy envelope which surrounds the photosphere to a height everywhere of at least eight thousand miles (so that a globe like our earth rolled over the sun's surface would bear the same proportion to the sierra that a cricket-ball bears to the grassy cover of an unmown field) is rent by repeated uprushes from within, which carry glowing gaseous matter to enormous distances above the outer visible limits of the sierra. And from time to time there are still more tremendous explosions and outbursts, seeming competent to carry matter from within the very bowels of the sun to distances exceeding the span of the whole solar system.

Now that the prominences had been thus interpreted, it was natural that astronomers should renew their inquiries into the nature of the corona seen during total eclipses. There was first the question whether the corona is to be called the solar corona—that is, whether it really is a solar appendage—and then, if this question should be answered in the affirmative, there were further questions to be answered as to its constitution, structure, and condition.

The history of what happened at this stage is worth examining because of the illustration it affords of the usefulness of that careful investigation of known facts which is sometimes called theorizing, at other times speculation, but is not properly described by either term.*

Kirchhoff had expressed his belief that the corona is a solar atmosphere, and that to its action we are to attribute the presence of the dark lines in the solar spectrum. He also mentioned, as affording testimony in favour of this view, the fact that the sun's disc is less brilliant near the edge than in the middle, "as though the globe of the sun were surrounded by a deep atmosphere." The present writer, attracted like many others to the interesting questions which five or six years ago were rife in the

* We may illustrate the distinction which is to be drawn between theorizing and the deduction of a theory from the investigation of evidence, by instances such as those questions which are set in school books to lead to algebraical equations. If we try to guess the answer to a question of this kind, we may be said to be theorizing—we try one theory after another, and whether we light or not upon the true reply, we are not following any regular or systematic process. But if we solve such a question by the proper algebraical process we are in reality analysing the available evidence systematically. Each step brings us nearer and nearer to the result we require; and the process either leads us to that result or else shows us to what extent the evidence is insufficient, as in problems of the class called indeterminate. Of course the processes thus applied to the conditions of the original question can only educe what is already really present in the terms of the question; but we do not on that account question the usefulness of such processes.

scientific world, was struck by the fact that when the last-named piece of evidence is closely examined it must be interpreted quite otherwise than Kirchhoff and others had supposed. The manifest darkening round the edge of the sun's disc, if to be explained by a solar atmosphere, implies a *relatively very shallow* envelope, not a deep envelope. If we look at a small opaque globe enclosed in the middle of a large glass globe, the line of sight passes through nearly the same range of glass, whether we look at the edge or at the middle of the small globe. But if we look at a large opaque globe coated with a uniform thin film of glass, the line of sight passes through a much greater range of glass when we look at the edge of the opaque globe than when we look towards its centre. Since then the range of the absorbing atmosphere is manifestly much greater near the edge than near the middle of the sun's disc, the inference seemed to the writer absolutely certain that the sun has a relatively shallow envelope—shallower far than the sierra; and to this envelope, not to the corona, it seemed to him that we must ascribe the multitudinous dark lines of the solar spectrum. In other words, he regarded it as certain that a solar atmosphere (too shallow to be detected by any ordinary means) exists, inside the sierra, but outside the photosphere, and that this atmosphere is composed of the vapours of all the elements corresponding to the solar dark lines. But while a simple but demonstrative line of reasoning thus led to the rejection of one special line of evidence which Kirchhoff had adduced in support of the theory that the corona belongs to the sun, other evidence was available which proved this to be the case. It was not so much the positive evidence in favour of the solar theory of the corona, as the negative evidence by which all other available theories were disposed of, which in reality established the solar theory of the corona. It could be proved that if the corona was a phenomenon of our own atmosphere, its light ought to grow fainter towards the place of the eclipsed sun, whereas the light grows brighter. It could be proved that no lunar atmosphere exists which can account for the corona; while if the coronal beams were caused by the illumination of matter occupying the space between the earth and moon, then rapid changes of a striking nature would take place which had never been described in the records of any single eclipse. No other theory being possible, the conclusion was certain that the corona is a solar appendage.

But such reasoning is caviare to the general. Complete, positive, and (above all) easily understood evidence was required before such conclusions could be accepted. Fortunately such evidence was soon forthcoming. In the total eclipse of 1869, the shadow of the moon passed right athwart the United States; and the astronomers and amateurs of America, with the zeal for science which has long honourably distinguished them, set themselves to observe the phenomena of the prominences, corona, &c., at so many stations that the whole track of totality might almost be said to have been one continuous observatory. The corona was photographed, though not in a manner which decided its position

as a solar appendage. But spectroscopic analysis disposed of the question quite satisfactorily, by showing that the spectrum of the corona contains certainly one bright line (some thought there were three bright lines)—in other words, that a portion of the corona's light comes from glowing gas. Doubts were thrown upon this result, partly perhaps because (with that noble insular arrogance which foreigners admire so much) some of us on this side of the Atlantic were disposed to regard American science as in its childhood. We have had our eyes opened since, and know that Americans, in all departments of science, can hold their own, if not more, with the best men of science in Europe.*

During the total eclipse of December 1870, the doubts thus raised were to be finally disposed of by the superior skill of European, and especially of British, spectroscopists. But the Americans, with singular perversity, determined to take their share in the work. Nay, at one time it even seemed as though either they alone would observe the eclipse, or our astronomers would have to be content to go as passengers in an American ship, although the eclipse was to be observed close by us in Spain and Sicily. However, the Government was roused by this news; a letter from the Astronomer-Royal, which had been a month or two unanswered, was found in some pigeon-hole, and Ministers were pleased graciously to accede to the request therein made. Three English parties were sent to observe the eclipse in Spain, Algeria, and Sicily, besides a private party, under Lord Lindsay, in Spain; and the Americans divided their forces into two chief *corps-d'armée*, one operating in Spain, the other in Sicily.

So far as spectroscopic observation was concerned, little of the good fortune of the scientific campaign fell to the lot of the English observers. Huggins and his party in Algeria had the satisfaction of noting the phenomena of a rainy day in that region; Lockyer and his party in Sicily were not more fortunate with the spectroscope. Professor Young, of America, however, reobserved the coronal bright line. The Italian astronomers, Secchi and Denza, saw two lines, one in the green part of the spectrum, the other in the yellow-green. The great success, however, on this occasion, was that of the photographers. Professor Winlock (Cambridge, U.S.) in Spain, and Brothers (of Manchester) in Sicily, secured photographs of the corona agreeing so perfectly in details as to

* Even lately, however, the great success of the Americans in analysing the light of the corona during the eclipse of 1869 has been slurred over thus in an article commonly attributed to Mr. Lockyer:—"In this eclipse the halo of light outside the prominence envelope was the subject of special inquiry, and now this was photographed. At the same time that this was done, it was established that there was some other substance lying even outside the hydrogen."—(*Times*, Jan. 11, 1875.) It is very desirable that European writers should do justice to their American fellow-workers, for otherwise there cannot be cordial union in scientific work. It has been with some pain that we have noticed, also, in a recently published work on the moon, very inadequate recognition of American work in photographing that luminary (earlier and more perfectly than in Europe).

show that the objects pictured were true solar appendages. (Brothers's picture is as yet unmatched so far as the extent of corona shown in it is concerned.)

But on this occasion a yet more remarkable discovery was effected by Young. He determined to test the question whether there is a shallow but exceedingly rich and complex envelope immediately above that glowing surface which we call the sun (though in reality we begin to perceive more and more clearly that the sun we see is only one particular portion of the ruling centre of the solar system). It was manifest to Young that by treating a total eclipse as, so to speak, an extension of ordinary instrumental means for analysing the sun's light, he might recognize the existence of an envelope too shallow to be dealt with at other times. The moon would act like a dark cover, gradually hiding more and more of the sun, until, for a few moments, the whole of the photosphere, but not the shallow envelope, would be concealed. (The case may be illustrated by slowly passing a penny over a florin, or a halfpenny over a shilling, and noting how for a moment or two the raised edge alone of the silver coin is seen.) For the few seconds during which the sun was thus concealed, the shallow envelope, if such existed, remaining still visible, light would be received from the latter alone, and whatever the nature of this light, or, in other words, whatever the character of the envelope, the spectroscope would reveal. It happened as Professor Young had expected. The rainbow-tinted streak crossed by dark lines, which constitutes the solar spectrum, disappeared the moment the true photosphere was completely concealed, and there then sprang suddenly into view a spectrum of bright lines only! Where the multitudinous dark lines of the solar spectrum had been, were now seen multitudinous bright lines of all the colours of the rainbow, each dark line on any point of the rainbow-tinted solar spectrum being replaced by a bright line of the colour of that part of the spectrum. So that it was clear that the envelope thus discovered is formed of the same gases which produce the dark lines of the solar spectrum; or rather it was clear that the dark lines are formed by the absorptive action of this envelope, though the gases present in it are really glowing with intense brilliancy. It is only by comparison with the still more intense light of the solar photosphere that the lines corresponding to these gases appear dark.

Thus two new solar envelopes were recognized, or at least their existence demonstrated, on this occasion—one, the outer corona, lying high above the inner corona and prominence-envelope, while the other lies below the prominence-envelope, and even far within the sierra of which the prominence-envelope must be regarded as the outer portion.

Observe, then, how complex the sun already appeared, compared with the glowing orb in which astronomers formerly believed. The analysis of sun-spots had shown that at least three envelopes exist within the photosphere, or that three lower levels are revealed in the larger spots—viz. the level corresponding to the penumbral fringe, then that belonging to

the dark umbra, and thirdly that belonging to the so-called black nucleus.* The photosphere itself marks the position of a fourth envelope, or at least of a fourth solar level. Fifth comes the shallow complex atmosphere discovered by Young. Sixth, the sierra discovered by Grant, Leverrier, and Secchi. Seventh, the prominence region. Eighth, the inner and brighter corona. And ninth, the outer radiated corona. As to the depth of these successive envelopes, it is probable that the lowest level of the deeper spots lies about 10,000 miles below the photosphere. Young's atmosphere extends some three or four hundred miles above the photosphere; the sierra from eight to ten thousand miles; the prominence region to a height of thirty or forty thousand miles, with occasional extensions to a hundred thousand miles or more; the brighter corona to from two to three hundred thousand miles, with expansions in places to four or five thousand miles; while, lastly, the outer corona is so jagged in outline that it is difficult to define its extension, but certainly some of its radiations reach to a distance of fully a million miles from the glowing surface of the sun we see. When we note that some of the envelopes here spoken of as single are in reality multiple—the shallow atmosphere including probably some thirty or forty distinct envelopes, the sierra nine or ten, the prominence region two or three, and the two coronas perhaps nine or ten others—it will be seen what an amazingly complex subject of research the sun has become in modern times. That great discovery of Kirchhoff's, the interpretation of the spectrum, which promised to make all clear to us, has in reality only taught us to know more certainly what inscrutable mysteries surround the glowing centre of the planetary system.

But the next eclipse after that of 1870—the Indian eclipse of December 1871—revealed fresh wonders, showing that even the outer corona is but the inner part of a solar envelope (or rather appendage) whose outermost limit lies altogether beyond our ken.

For on that occasion, besides the notable success obtained by photographers, it was demonstrated that the corona shines in part by reflecting the sun's light. Janssen, the skilful French spectroscopist, succeeded in recognizing in the faint rainbow-tinted ribbon of light (on which the bright coronal lines are seen as on a background) dark lines corresponding to those which are most conspicuous in the solar spectrum. Here, then, was the most convincing evidence of the existence of matter capable of effectively reflecting the sun's light. And no reasonable doubt can exist that the matter whose presence was thus indicated is no other than the meteoric and cometic matter which other researches had taught us to recognize as plentifully strewn throughout the regions around the sun. How far this matter extends we do not certainly know. The zodiacal light, which is now com-

* Professor Langley, of the Alleghany Observatory in America, by careful telescopic research, has shown that the real structure of the sun is far more complex than had been supposed. A picture of a typical portion of the sun's surface, recently published by him, surpasses in completeness anything yet achieved by telescopists.

monly explained as due to the light from millions of minute bodies, extends visibly at least as far as the orbit of the earth. The occurrence of meteoric displays caused by the passage of such bodies through our own air proves in another way the same fact. But we know also that some of the meteor systems through which our earth passes travel far beyond the orbits of Uranus and Neptune, even to distances more than double that of the outermost known planet. So that to those enormous distances, though with an almost infinite sparseness of distribution, the meteoric and cometic matter which is now associated with the coronal envelopes of the sun must be regarded as unquestionably extending.

Seeing, then, that the sun is found to be the centre of a system of envelopes so wonderful, rising higher and higher above his glowing surface until they merge into systems extending beyond the outermost known planet, it gives a new interest to eclipse observation to consider that, during the total obscuration of the bright central region which we call the sun, the outer parts of that amazingly complex orb become discernible. By day the sun's light blinds us to hosts of orbs like himself, which at night come into view. But by day also the glory of the sun hides from us the wonderful system of envelopes and appendages of which he is the centre, and the lustre of day passes away so gradually after sunset that the faint light of the solar envelopes does not become discernible while the sun-surrounding region is above the horizon. It is only when the neatly hiding orb of the moon conceals the glowing central orb, while all around remains within the range of vision, that we perceive the envelopes and appendages which are in reality the outer parts of the sun himself. Then only can we study with advantage the fainter of these envelopes, whether by direct telescopic scrutiny, or by spectroscopic analysis, or by securing photographic records.

It will therefore, we think, interest our readers to learn what are the plans by which astronomers hope on this occasion to extend their knowledge of the sun's surroundings. As we write there are unfortunately divided counsels in the astronomical camp; but we hope that when these lines appear the actual plan of operations will not only have been settled to the satisfaction of all, but that it will include both the lines of research which we are now about to indicate.

In the first place it has been suggested that advantage ought to be taken of the present opportunity to determine whether the envelopes surrounding the sun sympathise, so to speak, with the disturbances affecting the central orb. We know that the sun-spots wax and wane in number, attaining their successive maxima at intervals of about eleven years, while in the mid interval (or nearly so, for the wave of disturbance is not quite symmetrical) not only are no spots seen, but the whole surface of the sun presents an appearance of uniformity singularly different from its ordinary mottled aspect. Now the last four occasions on which these minima of spot disturbance—or we may say these indications of quiescence—took place, were the years 1883, 1843, 1855-56, and

1866-67. If these intervals were exactly equal, we could confidently assign the next epoch of probable quiescence; but it will be observed that they are not equal, being successively ten years, twelve-and-a-half years, and eleven years. The average interval for these three periods somewhat exceeds eleven years, and if the current period should have that length, the next epoch of quiescence would occur in 1877-78. But if the current period should be no longer than that between the minima of 1833 and 1843, the next minimum would occur in 1876-77. We are now near enough to the probable epoch to make it desirable to secure on this occasion such pictures of the corona as would serve for comparison with those obtained in 1870 and 1871, when the sun-spots were almost at their maximum of frequency and size. The next great total eclipse will be that of 1878, visible under favourable conditions in America, and it is quite possible that on that occasion the minimum of sun-spot frequency will be more nearly approximated to. Still it would be a pity to lose the present opportunity, when also the totality will last considerably longer than in 1878.

Now no satisfactory or trustworthy pictures of the corona can be obtained except by photography. Nothing ever obtained by mere draughtsmanship has had the slightest real value. We know from the experience of past eclipses that the corona can be photographed, notwithstanding the delicacy of its light. Those, therefore, who wish to learn whether the corona sympathises with the sun in those perturbations to which the spots are due, have insisted on the desirability of obtaining good photographs of the corona on this occasion. And in this view we altogether agree with them.

On the other hand, a method of research of extreme delicacy and difficulty, but also promising results of extreme interest if successfully applied, has been proposed by certain students of solar physics. It has been found, by a method of research invented by Mitscherlich, and recently carried out by Mr. Lockyer, that the spectra of different elements show a greater or smaller number of lines, according to the varying conditions under which the glowing vapour of the element exists. And as the conditions of heat and pressure throughout the sun's whole mass necessarily vary with distance from the centre, it follows that particular lines may be indicated for lower levels, which are wanting at greater distances from the sun's centre. We are now speaking of matter outside those parts of the sun which are, as it were, concealed from view by the intense brightness of the photospheric region; though of course there is every reason to believe that within this region a similar variety of structure exists, the most complex solar regions (those which alone contain all the known elements) being nearest to the centre.*

* "From the absence of the characteristic lines of some metals, such as gold, silver, platinum, &c, from the solar spectrum," says Guillemin in his *Les Phénomènes de la Physique*, "it was believed, at first, that these bodies are not found in the sun, at

Now, if by any means the observers of the coming eclipse could determine how high the envelopes showing various spectral lines extend from the surface of the sun, the result would clearly be one of great interest. For not only would it show to what distance the vapours of particular elements extend, but it would indicate also the conditions of temperature and pressure under which those vapours exist. But there is no time during totality to deal with all these different spectral lines, even at any given part of the sun's edge, far less all round the sun. Fortunately the lines need not be measured, however, in this slow way. Professor Young pointed out nearly four years ago that, by reverting to the original form of the spectroscope, each envelope might be seen apart from the rest. When we look at the sun through an ordinary prism (like one of the glass drops of a chandelier), we see a spectrum which in reality consists of a multitude of images of the sun, of all the colours of the rainbow, overlapping each other so as to produce a ribbon of rainbow-tinted light. If the sun only gave out a certain order of red light, another of yellow, another of green, and so on, we should see so many pictures of the sun, each well defined, pictures of the intermediate tints being wanting. The slit of a spectroscope is merely a device to make the source of light as narrow as possible, so that the images may overlap less, and that, if any are wanting, dark spaces may appear. Now in the case of the solar prominence-ring and corona during totality this device is not wanted. The prominence-ring shines with four special tints—red, orange-yellow, blue-green, and indigo. If we look at the ring through a series of prisms, without any slit, we shall see the single ring of prominences transmuted by the action of the prisms into four images—a red ring of prominences, an orange-yellow ring, a blue-green ring, and an indigo ring. Similarly with that green part of the coronal light which in the ordinary spectroscopic method produces the green line: when the simple train of prisms is used this portion will produce a green image of the corona, or of so much of the corona as contains the glowing gas which gives this green light.

All this has been practically tested. During the eclipse of December 1871, Respighi saw the several pictures of the prominence-ring and the green picture of the inner corona. *But*, the various images were not

least in the outer strata which form its atmosphere; but this conclusion is too absolute, as is shown by new researches due to Mitscherlich [according to whom the presence of certain substances in a flame has the effect of preventing the spectra of other substances from being formed, of extinguishing their principal lines, &c."'] We follow the translation edited by Mr. Lockyer, except in the passage within the brackets, which is taken from the original—having somehow disappeared in the translated edition, where it is replaced by the remark that probably certain "observations by Frankland and Lockyer before alluded to" (in the English edition) may explain the researches of Mitscherlich. Unfortunately nothing in the English version indicates either the nature of Mitscherlich's researches, or that the French text has not been followed in this place.

bounded on the outside by a well-defined edge. The light simply became too faint at the outside of these several ring pictures to be discerned, so that he could not tell how far the corresponding envelopes really extended. And in the case of the green image of the corona the visible extension was far less than the already proved extension of the gaseous matter which produces the green coronal light. Now, if it had been proposed on the occasion of the approaching eclipse to attempt to renew Respighi's experiment under more favourable conditions, all astronomers would probably have agreed that interesting results might be obtained, though they would have recognized also the fact that no observer, however skilful, could successfully observe, measure, and record the extension of the several solar envelopes. But a much more difficult task has been suggested—namely, to photograph simultaneously these several images, or as many of them as may possess sufficient photographic power to delineate themselves. We need not concern ourselves here to examine how the mechanical difficulties of the problem were to be overcome. Suffice it to say that by keeping the telescope fixed and following the solar movement with a perfect plane mirror, so driven by clockwork as to reflect the solar rays continuously into the telescope, the unwieldiness of the spectroscopic and photographic combination attached to the telescope becomes of no detriment, since the heavily burdened telescope is not required to follow the shifting sun. But where astronomers are divided, or rather, we may say, where astronomers really are at issue with physicists, is on the subject of the possibility of getting any photographs at all with light demonstratively so feeble as the green light of the corona. And, oddly enough, astronomers maintain that physicists are wrong on the physical part of the question. The light of the corona as a whole has been analysed, and it is as certain as well can be that the green light is but a very small portion of the total coronal light. The whole light acting at once to form a photograph does not show the full extension of the corona, the outskirts simply losing themselves through excessive faintness; how then, argue astronomers, can physicists expect that a minute portion of that light can produce any photographic trace? How much less can this minute portion be expected to show the whole extension of the green solar envelope!

Unfortunately the scheme thus proposed by physicists excluded the photographing of the corona by the method formerly used, or in any other satisfactory manner. Yet, even if the hopes of the physicists were well based, one great result of their success would have consisted in the means afforded for comparing the extension of the gaseous green corona with that of the corona shining by reflecting the sun's light. This comparison would be even more interesting than any which could be instituted between the various gaseous envelopes. However, as we write, an effort is being made to secure the provision of adequate appliances for obtaining good photographs of the corona by the old method; and, whether the new method is likely to fail or not, no one is disposed to be very earnest

in opposing it so long as it does not exclude the safer method. Probably, when these lines appear, it will be known that both methods are to be used, and the explanation given above will enable the reader to understand what is expected from either, and thus to appreciate the importance of the news telegraphed home to us on the 6th of April next.

The Hut.

FROM THÉOPHILE GAUTIER.

UNDER thick trees, about it swaying,
A hump-backed hovel crouches low;
The roof-tree bends—the walls are fraying,
And on the threshold mosses grow.

Each window-pane is masked by shutters,
Still, as around the mouth in frost
The warm breath rises up and flutters,
Life lingers here—not wholly lost.

One curl of silver smoke is twining
Its pale threads with the silent air,
To tell God that there yet is shining
A soul-spark in that ruined lair.

F. H. DOYLE.

The Siege of Florence.

MEDIEVAL Florence was the scene of endless revolutions, attended by all that has rendered the word a terror. In the course of time the wiser Florentines learnt to think of taking shelter from the tyranny of faction under the rule of a single prince. Nor, during the greater portion of the fifteenth century, was there much doubt as to whence that prince was to come. Such influence had been acquired for the house of Medici by its great wealth and a succession of singularly able chiefs, that all the errors of the son of "the Magnificent" merely delayed for a generation the recognition of his family as the hereditary lords of Florence.

With the attainment of supremacy in their native city, the Medici seem to have lost for a while their commanding ability. Clement VII., the head of the family, A.D. 1521-34, perpetrated many gross political mistakes. He selected for successor a youth of birth as questionable as the heir of Olivarez, and thus alienated his relatives. He endeavoured to rule as a prince rather than as a party chief, and thereby drove the aristocracy into fierce opposition. His necessities compelled him to impose heavy taxes, and this lost him the affections of the masses. Finally, his character, no less than his cloth, rendered him averse to severity, and thus, while abundantly hated, he was not at all dreaded.

The capture of Rome by the followers of Bourbon was followed at once by revolution at Florence. Not a voice was raised in favour of the Medici, for the leaders of the movement were all noble. Eventually these leaders had no great reason to congratulate themselves on their handiwork. Like all men of high birth, they proved but indifferent demagogues, and disgusted the people from the outset by their moderation. Their popularity, therefore, and with it their share of power, dwindled rapidly to nothing.

Thanks to the events which disabled the Pope and drew the attention of Charles V. to other quarters, the Florentine revolt was allowed full swing for the next two years, and innumerable were its fantastic pranks. The most astonishing experiments were tried with the machinery of government, and the most startling laws enacted. Conspicuous among the latter were the religious ones. Capponi, the leader of the primary revolutionists, being a man of decidedly serious views, took it into his head, at an early period, to make the whole community as sternly moral as himself—by statute. The time was not badly chosen. It was the period of Luther, and the religious questions of the day were as keenly debated at Florence as elsewhere. Capponi's whim, therefore, met with extraordinary success. He proposed that the Saviour should be declared

King of Florence, and the thing was done in magnificent form. And he brought forward numerous laws against vanity, luxury, profanity, intemperance, &c., all of which were enthusiastically carried. Capponi was re-elected gonfalonier, an unprecedented thing at Florence, to be violently thrust from office three months afterwards. But his successors felt bound, in deference to public opinion, to carry out the moral rule which he had instituted. They, too, punished swearing, prohibited gambling (pensioning a cardmaker, whose trade had been ruined thereby), shut up the taverns, and employed tinerant preachers to hold forth in the thoroughfares. But in the midst of their religious fervour they did not omit to frame a law which enabled the authorities to dispose of political criminals with such hideous rapidity, that he who walked free and fearless at noon, was frequently arrested, tried—that is to say, tortured—and beheaded before sunset!

At the outset of her revolt, Florence plunged headlong into the war on the side of France. This was a senseless step. A French alliance was notoriously fatal to the Italians of that era. And, besides, the French monarch was then actually in league with the Pope, whose authority the Florentines had just discarded. But the emblem of Florence was a lily; that of France was also a lily; and a prophet had declared that "lily with lily must always flourish." For this reason the excellent democracy of Florence plunged heart and soul into the French alliance. So long as the French armies were in the neighbourhood the Florentines supplied them liberally with money and recruits. But one of these armies was exterminated at Naples; and another—the last which France sent into Italy for many a day—was destroyed at Landriano, June 21, 1529. Clearly the lilies had not flourished together; and one of them was destined to prove even more unfortunate alone.

Shortly after Landriano, the Pope and the Emperor came to an understanding, and joined forces, with the view of recovering the plunder that had been seized by various little princelings during their quarrel. This was no very censurable step. Few of the said princelings had any right to the said plunder. The other Italian States, who had taken part in the French league, saw how things were likely to go, and made peace with the conqueror on tolerably easy terms. And Florence might have done the same, had not the government by this time fallen into the hands of stump-orators and men of broken fortune; the chief magistrate of the day, Francesco Carducci, having been twice a bankrupt in the course of no very long career as small tradesman. Peace was about the last thing to be desired by gentry like these. It was not unlikely to send a few of them to the gallows, and it was certain to hurl the whole unsavoury phalanx from power into their original penniless obscurity. War, on the other hand, was not very promising in prospect. But it might prove successful: and whatever the event, it was sure to secure them in place and affluence so long as it might last. So this worshipful seignury resolved that by hook or by crook war should go on. Thus felt not a

few of their fellow-citizens, and the prudent at once shut up shop and emigrated; even though the precious government had put on an appearance of moderation, and despatched an embassy to Charles V., who was by this time in Italy.

This embassy was chiefly composed of good men and true, since such a monarch was not likely to pay much attention to mere stump-orators. But the necessary powers were withheld, and the good men and true were besprinkled with people on whom Carducci and his confederates could thoroughly rely. The Emperor was in daily apprehension of a Turkish invasion of his German dominions, and the Pope had no wish to ruin what he considered his patrimony by war and siege. The potentates, therefore, offered terms so favourable that the ambassadors despatched one of their number to Florence to lay them before the council and entreat their acceptance. Had this been done, it is pretty certain that an accommodation would have ensued. But the messenger was an agent of Carducci's, and at his request he suppressed the true terms, and submitted totally false ones to the council! We need not characterize the trick: it oozed out shortly afterwards. But Carducci and his confederates were popular favourites, and a favourite of the people is a monarch that "can do no wrong." After this there could be no hope of peace. So Charles thought; and he ordered his lieutenant, the Prince of Orange, who then commanded in Naples, to begin the war at once, and push it vigorously. The embassy, however, still haunted the Pope, fed him up with hopes of a peaceful termination of the difficulties between himself and his townsmen, and thus induced him to hamper the movements of the Prince until the Florentines were ready to meet him sword in hand. Then they threw off the mask, grossly insulted Clement at a public audience, and were dismissed to return no more.

Florence was soon ready for war. Vast sums were raised, much by heavy taxation, and much by other means. From time to time a score or two of the wealthier citizens—bad or lukewarm patriots, of course—were selected by the government, and forced to lend a large amount to the State. And the property of those who persisted in absenting themselves, after due notice, was confiscated and brought to the hammer: as most of this property was disposed of much below its value, there was no lack of purchasers; and every one who bought became thenceforth bound up with the revolt. With the money thus raised munitions were provided, forces raised, and the fortifications repaired.

By the end of August, 1529, the Prince of Orange was on the march for Tuscany, at the head of 16,000 men. Less than half of this force consisted of old soldiers. The rest were new levies, chiefly from Calabria. Few of them, however, could be termed raw recruits; for the constant feuds of this country had habituated them to war, and they were commanded by chiefs capable of moulding far more unpromising materials into good soldiers. This was a powerful army, as armies then went. The Florentines, however, had one of twice its numbers, and hardly inferior

materials. One-third consisted of urban and city militia, who were sure to fight fiercely in defence of their hearths. Another third was formed of the remnants of the celebrated black bands of Giovanni de' Medici, recruited from Arezzo and the hills thereabouts—a neighbourhood reputed to provide the best native warriors. The rest were bands of free lances, mostly the property of Italian nobles, Malatesta, the gouty old lord of Perugia, heading the largest company, of 5,000 men. And as the Florentines were well provided with money—a thing in which their opponents were notoriously deficient—their troops were far better equipped.

The Arno cuts Florence in two, and the Prince of Orange immediately seized and entrenched the commanding points to the south. But Florence was then one of the great cities of the earth, and his army was far too weak to invest even that section of it with any completeness. As for the northern side, it remained unmolested, except by a few weak partisans, for several months longer. No sooner, however, was it evident that the Florentines meant to abide, and the Prince to press a siege, than recruits began to pour into his camp. Every Italian noble of that day had numerous feudal and personal foes, and every man who owed a grudge to any of the free lances within the beleaguered walls, took service with the Prince. Florence, too, was a city well worth sacking. So those excellent recruiting officers—the thirst for plunder and the thirst for vengeance—continued to swell the pontifical-imperial ranks until towards the close of the siege they numbered full 50,000 men. This, however, was not a circumstance on which such a chief as the Prince either could or would calculate; and as the skirmishes in which the daring of the garrison daily involved his men, cost him more blood than he could afford as yet to lose, and as no amount of artillery that he could collect was likely to make any serious impression on those ramparts, he determined, if possible, to bring the matter to a speedy issue in another way.

From time immemorial the Florentines had been accustomed to hold high festival on the 10th of November—St. Martin's Eve. And they were too proud and confident to abate one jot of their merriment in the face of a foe. The day, therefore, was spent most uproariously. The night came dark and rainy; the camp subsided into silence; and so, but far more slowly, did the town. Every light was extinguished at length, and not a sound was to be heard save the ceaseless patter of the rain. "Now, Madame Florence," said the Prince of Orange, "get ready your brocades, for by sunrise to-morrow we mean to measure them with our spears." The dull smothered tread of many feet followed the remark, and without other sound, like a dense cloud through the dreary midnight, the army moved from its entrenchments to the assault. Three-fourths of the distance was traversed, not a leader spoke, not a sword clanked, not a whisper rose from the ranks: Florence gave no sign of alarm. The misty host drew nearer, holding its breath as it gave its flanks to the outworks. There were four hundred scaling-ladders in the van, and ten thousand desperadoes ready to climb them. Two minutes more would see the

ramparts won. A broad red flash leapt out into the darkness from a neighbouring bastion. Fifty men fell; a rattling peal drowned their death-cry, and in an instant the long line of the works in front was bright with torches and alive with armed men. Then came the rush of battle and the uproar. The veterans of a hundred battles, the victors of Pavia, the plunderers of Rome, planted their ladders and threw themselves against the ramparts. In vain: some were slaughtered with the sword, others were pelted with boiling oil, Greek fire, beams, tiles, and every conceivable missile. Not a man could mount that terrible wall. So the trumpet wailed the retreat, and the baffled multitude withdrew, leaving five hundred of their bravest behind them.

Florence was not to be surprised, and it was certainly not to be battered into submission. Nothing but a strict blockade could reduce it, and until reinforcements should render that operation practicable, the Prince resolved to devote his attention to certain troublesome partisans. The principal of these was a churchman. Witnessing the sack of Rome, this man swore a vendetta against the perpetrators, which he took good care to keep. Wherever there was a chance of striking a blow at the sacrilegious robbers, thither sped the Abbot of Farfá and his merciless cut-throats. And when Florence decided on hostility, the excellent clergyman rushed up to avenge the Pope by slaughtering his soldiers. In order that there may be no mistake as to his nationality, we beg to state that the Abbot of Farfá was by birth and long descent—an Italian. He performed his self-appointed task with singular audacity and success. But what rendered him most terrible was an ugly habit of torturing his prisoners to death after the manner of the American aborigines, and a still more ugly habit of exposing the remains of his victims in ingeniously hideous attitudes. After a weary chase—skilfully conducted, and a stubborn fight—gallantly contested, the wild priest was taken, and his band destroyed. As for the man himself, Papal commanders could hardly slay such a devoted adherent of the Papacy. So they clapped him in prison until they reasoned him out of his illogical method of taking vengeance, and then turned him loose again to exercise his recently acquired tastes upon the Florentines.

A large detachment was needed for this man-hunt. The second night after its departure, the imperial army was reposing in its usual reckless style. The sentinels were few and careless, and the officers of the watch, like the Prince, were most of them employed in gaming, and not a few, like the Prince, with their soldiers' pay. For Philibert, during this very siege, nearly produced a mutiny by losing the whole contents of the military chest at play. Such, however, was then the custom among captains—more than one sovereign, like Francis I., finding himself compelled to place the offence among those whose punishment was death. About midnight a terrific clamour burst out in a distant quarter of the camp. The Prince and his captains mounted in haste, and galloped to the scene, to be enveloped and swept along by the foremost wave of a

torrent of fugitives that augmented every instant; for behind, in fierce pursuit, was the best soldier in the Florentine garrison—Stefano Colonna—and three thousand daring swordsmen. Colonna had crept out in the night, with these attendants, to pay a flying visit to his cousin and mortal foe, an officer of rank in the imperial camp. The cousin, fortunately for himself, was absent, but his command was surprised and nearly annihilated; and Colonna, following up his stroke with admirable skill and vigour, was now rolling up the whole long line of the besiegers. Unfortunately, he was not properly seconded. There was no commander-in-chief in Florence, and no unity of purpose in its military measures. Every captain there did pretty much as he pleased. The present sally was Colonna's own idea, and its promise was far too brilliant for that powerful principle—envy—to allow his brother officers to second him as they might and should have done. By desperate efforts on the part of the Prince and his lieutenants, the destroying column was at length arrested in its course, and by sheer weight of numbers pushed back into the town, but not until it had wrought great havoc in the imperial lines, killing 400 men and wounding 900 more. And all with the sword; for Colonna, like the thorough soldier that he was, had forbidden his followers to carry any other weapon.

The sally was repelled, but the disaster was hardly less serious to Philibert. His soldiers, who subsisted chiefly by plunder, and who were held together, in a great measure, by the hope of sacking the city, threw off the bonds of discipline and roved the country by troops. Many towns, too, encouraged by the news which spread far and wide, losing nothing as it went, rose and slaughtered their garrisons. Had there been a worthy chief, or even a healthy spirit in Florence, the siege might have been raised at any time during the ensuing month. For the Imperialists would not have stood against a vigorous effort, and as there was nothing to prevent the re-occupation of the mountain forts behind them—hardly a man could have escaped. But Carducci and his colleagues were not the men for the occasion. Like all mere demagogues, they dared not venture on any strong measure until public opinion had pronounced. And the Florentines were then too busy with their great annual election, to care for anything beyond the walls. The Prince, therefore, had ample time to restore the spirit of his army, and make good his losses.

In December 1529, Carducci ceased to be gonfalonier. But he retained all his former influence, having been appointed chief of the three who composed the committee of war. Besides, the new gonfalonier, Girolami—a rapid, violent declaimer, of no decided character—was completely under his control.

The government now found it necessary—chiefly to satisfy the soldiery—to appoint a commander-in-chief. As usual in such cases, the man of highest rank, Malatesta, was selected. They could not have made a worse choice. He was valiant, skilful, and of vast warlike experience, but he was altogether untrustworthy. Being a feudal chief, he had no

sympathy with the Florentine traders, and as his domains lay within the Papal territories, there were many reasons why he should conciliate the Pope. Indeed, he had already come to an understanding with Clement; the gist of it was that the siege was not to be raised, that on no account were the Imperialists to be allowed decided success, and that matters were to be so managed as to bring about the termination of the war by a capitulation between Clement and the citizens. Malatesta's appointment took place towards the end of January 1530. It was accompanied by a great deal of noisy show, and, therefore, delighted the people.

By this time the army of the Prince had so largely augmented that he was enabled to stretch his blockade round the northern portion of the city also. But not very strictly at first; and the few garrisons which the Florentines still maintained without continued to introduce convoys of provisions for several weeks longer without much difficulty. Nor did the Imperialists offer any opposition to the egress of individuals—that is, if they could manage to evade the strict watch maintained at the gates. Indeed, the coronation of Charles V. taking place in February, a large number of the show-loving Florentines actually obtained permission to pass the blockading lines in order to witness the ceremony. Charles, however, left Italy immediately afterwards, and as the Pope had now given up all hope of an amicable arrangement, the Prince of Orange received orders to press the siege in earnest, and the mildness of the investment terminated.

This period of the strife opened with a chivalrous incident. Ludovico Martelli and Giovanni Bandini had been conspicuous amongst the ardent youths who took part in the first revolutionary movements. The latter was the Admirable Crichton of his sphere, and as a natural consequence of his extra allowance of brains, his republicanism cooled with the progress of events, until he was now, with many another high-born Florentine, in arms against the city. Not so his friend, who had developed into one of the wildest of the democrats. In neither case, however, was this divergence altogether the result of political convictions. The preference of the beautiful Maria Ricci had something to do with it. She was an ardent Paleschi, and, therefore, the two suitors, particularly the rejected one, Martelli, took opposite sides with a little more fervour than they might otherwise have shown. The lady remained in the city, and Martelli, very unwisely, omitted no opportunity of seeing her. On one of these occasions, she treated him to a set homily on the numerous perfections of Bandini, dwelling especially on his knightly accomplishments. "I hope soon to show you that I am not so inferior to him even in these things as you seem to suppose," replied Martelli. Next morning a challenge, drawn up in proper form, was despatched with a flag of truce to Bandini. It was accepted by the latter with a reluctance that did him no discredit, and, after a tedious negotiation, the details of the duel were arranged. It was to take place on Saturday, the 12th March, to be a fight of two against two, the weapons swords, the manner on foot, and the Prince of Orange to provide and keep the lists. The last consisted of an enclosure of

sufficient size, divided into two by a rope stretched across it, for it was agreed that the parties were not to assist each other in the fight. At the appointed hour the champions made their appearance, and were led into the *champ clos* with all the usual minute forms. Martelli was accompanied by a pronounced republican of mature years, Dante Castiglione; and Bandini had for friend a mere youth, one of the pupils of the sculptor El Piffero. Each had his head bare, was clad in hose and shirt, the latter having the right sleeve cut off at the elbow, and wore an iron gauntlet on the right hand. Bandini had provided the weapons, and the challengers were allowed first choice. The former bending back his blade, as if to prove it, snapped it in two between his fingers. A dispute ensued, Bandini's friends pressing to have the broken weapon replaced, and Martelli's opposing the proposition as against the laws and usages of the duello; and as the umpires allowed it to be correct, Bandini was compelled to fight with the stump. The two encounters began at the same moment, but that between the seconds was the first decided. The young artist immediately received two wounds, one on the sword arm and the other on the face. These he quickly repaid with three, one of them a severe one through the right arm. The advantage was now with him, for Castiglione was compelled to grasp his sword with both hands. But the youth lost his temper, made a blind rush, and received a terrible thrust, which penetrated through the mouth to the brain. He screamed, dropped his weapon, and falling headlong, rolled over and over in agony, being removed from the lists to die the same evening.

Castiglione turned to see how the battle went with his friend. It was a sickening sight. Martelli rushed blindly at Bandini; the latter sprang aside and cut him over the head. This was repeated many times. Martelli next grasped his antagonist's sword, who drew it through his fingers, gashing them fearfully. He then attempted to parry Bandini's strokes with his left arm; and so the fight went on until he was covered with wounds and blinded with blood. As a last effort he planted the hilt of his weapon against his breast, and rushed desperately forward. But Bandini easily avoided the onslaught, and dealing him a last stroke over the head, called on him to surrender. Martelli had no alternative; he spoke the fatal word, and was carried away even more wounded in mind than body. As for his antagonist, he received only two slight hurts. The lady paid one visit to the defeated champion; but, as she had been compelled to take this step much against her will, it did more mischief than good. Three weeks after, Martelli died.

One on each side having fallen, the victory was ascribed to neither—a decision that sorely puzzled the superstitious, who had looked upon the duel from the first as symbolic of the war and its issue.

Another week passed, and then, for the first time since the opening of the siege, the government of Florence found itself face to face with a serious difficulty—a lack of funds. It was one, however, with which the ruling faction was eminently fitted to grapple. Carducci and his friends

seized a quantity of Church and corporate property and brought it to the hammer. Besides this, they issued a proclamation inviting individuals to give up their plate, in order that it might be coined into money; and the thing was done in a burst of enthusiasm—to such an extent that, with the aid of some Church plate, full 53,000 new ducats were struck before the month was out. This sacrifice was followed by a grand religious ceremony, in which all Florence took the sacrament, and after which every soldier and citizen in the city made oath to resist to the last extremity. No serious effort, however, was made against the foe, and the blockade would have dragged its slow length along, with intolerable tedium, to the inevitable surrender, had it not been for the stirring nature of certain secondary operations.

Florence still garrisoned a few of her former possessions, among them—Pisa, Lucca, Volterra, and Empoli. These towns had always been quite as factious as the capital. Indeed, it was chiefly by siding with one party against the other that Florence had introduced her authority and confirmed it over both. The war had revived these factions, and in Volterra, some sixty miles to the south-west, the citizens adverse to Florentine supremacy had possessed themselves of the town and driven the garrison into the citadel. The governor communicated with his superiors, demanded succour, and received it. A force of 1,000 men was equipped with admirable celerity, and instructed to cut its way to Empoli. There it was to place itself under the principal Florentine leader without, Ferrucci, who was to strengthen it with a portion of his garrison and do the rest. The plan was about as mischievous as could be conceived. The possession of Volterra could exercise no possible influence over the event of the war. But so long as Empoli was held by such a man as Ferrucci, Florence might laugh at all attempts to starve her into surrender. Nevertheless, the invaluable was risked to secure the worthless, in a way peculiar to mad democracy, for this expedition—so thoroughly foolish—was exceedingly flattering to the popular vanity. In Florentine estimation, it was rivalling ancient Rome, which had sent an army into Africa when Hannibal was at her gates.

The expedition was much better conducted than planned. Giugna, the leader, was a right good soldier. Starting at midnight on the 24th of April, he pierced the enemy's lines, and reached the river Cesa before his progress could be arrested by the masses which Orange directed against him. There, however, he found himself in a decided scrape. The Imperial cavalry had headed him off, and dense masses of infantry were closing round his flanks and rear. But, just in the nick of time, Ferrucci came up with his garrison and carried him off.

Ferrucci left Giugna with 800 men at Empoli, and marched himself with double the number on Volterra. He set out early on the 27th, and—though his men were heavily armed and still more heavily laden with provisions, ammunition, and scaling-ladders—he completed the march of 40 miles before sunset. Giving his troops one hour's rest, he led them to

the assault. The streets were strongly barricaded ; but he carried the first and most important defence that night, and then went to rest. Next morning, awed by his stern and daring character, the foe surrendered—just as 3,000 Imperial cavalry galloped up in relief. “Gallantly done !” said Orange. “That Ferrucci is a man worth contending with ; but I’ll soon give him a Roland for his Oliver.” And despatching a reinforcement to Marmaldo, the leader of the cavalry, with orders to besiege Volterra, he hurried the Marquis del Vasto with an imposing force against Empoli.

The Florentines were soon aware of these detachments, and organized a powerful sally against the denuded lines. It took place on the 5th of May, and was led by Colonna, who did his duty brilliantly. He carried the key of the enemy’s position with no less skill than valour, slaying the commander, a tried soldier, and driving out the remnant of his men, all Spanish veterans, in frightful confusion. But instead of seconding Colonna with powerful masses, Malatesta fed the fight by dribblets, until the skilful dispositions of Orange restored the balance. The battle then degenerated into a series of skirmishes, which closed with the day. The Prince spent the next few weeks in quietly strengthening his entrenchments, and in watching the progress of events elsewhere, while the Florentines wasted theirs in idle processions, diversified by a few trifling skirmishes and a good many executions.

Meanwhile, the sieges of Volterra and Empoli were closely pushed. Ferrucci, in the former city, was greatly pressed for money, which he raised with some violence. He punished the revolt with an enormous fine, he forced contributions from the wealthy by torture, he seized the Church plate, and he sold the relics of the saints by auction. But all this he did for the service of the State. His worst enemies—and he had many bitter ones—allowed that he was as incorruptible as he was able.

Marmaldo sent a trumpeter to summon the town. Ferrucci dismissed this man with contempt, but threatened to hang him should he return. Marmaldo replied by a sharp assault, effected a lodgment in one of the suburbs, and then repeated his summons. Ferrucci kept his word, and hung the trumpeter in sight of both armies. Marmaldo as publicly vowed revenge for this and another cruel act that had just come to his knowledge. Ferrucci, who, it seems, had been badly treated by some Spanish soldiers in a former war, and who, therefore, had pledged himself to mortal hate against the whole nation, finding fourteen Spaniards in Volterra, had shut them up in a tower and starved them to death. Such cruelty, however, was not peculiar to Ferrucci. Little quarter was given by any side during this horrid war, and many deeds were done which drew down hideous reprisals. Marmaldo, however, had to postpone the fulfilment of his vow for the present. His force was not equal to the capture of Volterra when defended by such a captain, so he abandoned the lodgment, and remained at observation until Empoli fell.

Giugna, the new commander of Empoli, like many another gallant partisan, was out of place in a beleaguered fortress. After a few days’

defence he consented to a parley. This was the time of all others when it behoved a good captain to be vigilant. Giugna was not so, and during the parley the Imperialists broke in. A terrible scene ensued, in which Bandini, the victor in the recent duel, honourably distinguished himself by his efforts to retain the soldiery. Empoli fell on the 29th of May, and the disaster, which was soon known, greatly exasperated the Florentines. The unfortunate captains were all proscribed; Giugna's son, a child of eight, was beheaded! And as the niece of Clement, Catherine de' Medici, afterwards Queen of France, was then residing in a convent in the city, it was proposed in the council, by some to abandon her to the common soldiers, and by others to suspend her by a rope from the walls, and thus expose her to the fire of the enemy. There are not wanting annalists who assert that these atrocities were actually practised.

Another great sally followed on the 10th of June. It was, as usual, ably conducted by Colonna, and, as usual, deliberately spoiled by Malatesta. This failure produced more proscriptions and executions, mixed up with imposing religious processions, forced loans, and sales of corporate property. Immediately after the sally, Clement, for the last time, proposed to treat on easy terms, but the infatuated Florentines refused to receive his ambassador. Privations, however, began to be severely felt; for though the Florentines could raise money to any extent, now that Empoli had fallen it was no longer possible to introduce supplies. Yet still a large proportion of the citizens remained as presumptuous, as enthusiastic, and as tyrannic as ever. That extreme section, however, was soon shown to be far less numerous than it announced itself, or even than its victims suspected; for the reign of terror was shortly afterwards pushed to such a pitch, that the anti-revolutionists, in sheer despair, ventured to show themselves in open opposition, and were astonished to find themselves a positive majority. From that moment the executions ceased, and the revolution was doomed.

A deputation from all classes waited on the government, pointed out the hopelessness of foreign aid, and the impossibility of continuing their passive resistance much longer, and demanded a prompt and decisive effort or peace. The deputation was openly supported by Malatesta and his troops, so the government was compelled to choose, and decided to make the effort. The plan was soon formed. Ferrucci was to take as many men as could be spared from Volterra, to move straight down to the coast, thence northward through Leghorn to Pisa, gathering reinforcements as he went. From Pisa he was to advance to Pestojia; and thence he was to make a dash at Florence, whose garrison was to second him by a stupendous sally. Two men of rank volunteered to bear these orders. They traversed the hostile camp in disguise on the night of the 18th of July, and by sunset of the 14th were safe at Volterra. Their success was soon known at Florence. Nobody, friend or foe, doubted that Ferrucci would do all that man could do. And the next three weeks was a period of such unutterable suspense as beleaguered city has seldom known.

Ferrucci did not waste a moment in carrying out his instructions. He would have preferred another course—a dash at Rome, after the manner of Bourbon, which, if not successful—and he had laid his plans to command success—would yet compel the Prince to break up the siege and follow in pursuit. Nor was he the man to be deterred by any scruple. He was one of the many high-class Italians whom classic studies, Christian corruptions, and the ferocious warfare of the period had reduced to downright paganism. Ferrucci, however, with all his paganism, was a man of men. At the word of command he gave up his own plans without a murmur, rose from a sick bed to make his arrangements, and marched ere sunrise next morning with 1,500 men on the desperate enterprise. Marmaldo followed hard on his track; but Ferrucci gained Pisa with greatly augmented forces by the 18th. At Pisa his unparalleled exertions threw him into a fever, which disabled him for a fortnight; and during that time Orange completed the precautions which he knew so well how to make.

Ferrucci resumed his march with 4,000 men on the 31st of July. It was nearly hopeless; but he was the slave of duty, and pushed on. On the night of the 3rd of August he encamped among the mountains of Pestojja. The spot is still known as the Field of Iron. A few miles off, on one flank, was a force equal to his own—with Marmaldo. More distant, on the other flank, was Vitelli, with a similar band; and the Prince of Orange himself was advancing on foot at the head of 10,000 men. Ferrucci knew his danger well. He had never expected to make his way to Florence without stern opposition; but he had calculated on the necessities of the siege preventing the Prince from meeting him with any great disparity of force and he saw at once that Malatesta, at least, was a traitor, and success beyond his reach. Even yet he might have escaped by abandoning his baggage and taking to the hills; but his orders pointed straight on, and the antique spirit of the man was not to be driven from the path of duty, though it led to destruction. Starting with the dawn on his last march, he pushed for the neighbouring town of Gavinina, determined to fortify himself there. But as he entered the gate on the one side, Marmaldo broke over the feeble wall on the other. The adverse hosts met, breast to breast, in the market-place, and for three terrible hours the battle swayed up and down the narrow streets. Marmaldo, though a splendid soldier, was no match for Ferrucci. The latter fought in the foremost rank—it was his custom in such emergencies—and he was well supported, for his captains and soldiers idolized him. Few, indeed, equalled his prowess, for Ferrucci was a giant in size; but all fought as became the followers of such a chief, and quarter was neither asked nor given.

Vitelli and the Prince, apprised of the conflict, hurried to the scene. Philibert was seated in front of a tavern four miles off, at Lagone, when the news came. He called for wine, drank success, and rode off with his men-at-arms, followed, at a slower pace, by the infantry. At the bottom of the rocky ascent that leads to Gavinina, he met a party of Marmaldo's horsemen in hasty flight. The Prince collected his immediate followers,

rode through the fugitives, and charged up the hill, where Marmaldo was evidently hard pushed. Towards the top, the road narrowed between lofty banks, and the pass was swept by a company of Ferrucci's arquebusiers. The Prince plunged fearlessly into the line of fire, and instantly fell, pierced by a three-ounce ball. His body-guard fled, spreading the report that their commander was slain and Ferrucci victorious. This report reached Florence, and great was the excitement there. But no token of disaster was observed in the Imperial camp; and as night fell, the citizens noticed their own mercenaries packing up their goods and making other preparations ominous of retreat. Then the fatal truth was suspected, and a few hours later their worst fears were confirmed.

The Prince, indeed, was slain, but the panic of his body-guard had extended no further. The rest of his troops came speedily into action, so did those of Vitelli, while Marmaldo's men, sadly shaken and terribly diminished, redoubled their exertions. All closed round the doomed Ferrucci and his band. They were reduced to the merest handful. Still the stubborn chief, though covered with wounds, continued the action; nor was it until the weapon dropped from his weary hand as he stood alone among his foes that he consented to surrender. His captor, one of the detested Spanish bands, endeavoured to shield him; but Marmaldo's vengeance was not to be baffled. The dying hero was led out, and, under the old chestnut-tree in the market-place, Marmaldo passed his sword through his breast. "Personally, I admired him," said Marmaldo, afterwards; "but I could not forget my trumpeter, and," he added, in the tone of a true Pagan, "the manes of the Prince demanded the sacrifice."

Even after this event there were men in Florence mad enough to think of prolonging the strife. These were the upstarts, who would lose everything by surrender, and the fanatics, who persisted in believing, to the last, that heaven would send an army of angels to deliver the city. But far more numerous were those who clamoured for surrender. The Imperialists, aware of these differences, chafed to storm the place. Malatesta, however, while encouraging division within, kept a shrewd eye on the army without, and held his mercenaries well in hand to repel any attempt at escalade. None was attempted. A few days enabled the peace party to overawe their opponents, and then the town surrendered to the Pope. The terms, considering the period, were not severe. Severity, indeed, was hardly requisite. All things weighed—the waste of wealth, her ruined trade, the ravages of famine and pestilence (for the latter had swept twice through the city since 1527), and the loss of such men as Ferrucci—Florence had suffered enough.

On the Disposal of the Dead.

THE difficulties and inconveniences attendant on the preservation of lifeless bodies, and the respect and reverence generally allowed to be due to them, not to mention a sincere regard on the part of the survivors for their own health and comfort, have given rise amongst all nations to a firm belief in the necessity of erecting some party wall between the living and the dead. There are indeed secondary causes of tombs and sepulchres which have also contributed to the establishment of this creed, such as devotional feeling, legal enactment, and the force of custom. Again, among a certain class of anthropophagi, who consider, with Wordsworth, that "woman," and man also, is "a creature not too bright or good for human nature's daily food," there is the jealous dread of a friend or relative being found and eaten after death by some detested member of a rival tribe. There is, too, that tender seed of affectionate regard which, budding somewhat late into panegyric flower in the obituary of the *Times*, can burst into full expanse of bloom only on the marble tombstone. This is sown by those who are for establishing their character of generosity by eulogizing, when dead, people whom they have reviled on every possible occasion when alive. Lastly, there is that desire, almost, however, too rare to be regarded, of such heart-broken mourners as are well content to air their vanity and advertise their riches by the magnificent mausoleums of their dead relations. Perhaps, however, the chief cause—notably in the embalming of the Egyptians—is that fond hope of man never to die, of mortality to put on immortality, which would not allow even the body to fall into dissolution; referring to which, says Pliny in his heathen speech, *Quæ malum ista dementia est, iterari vitam morte! quæve genitis quies unquam, si in sublimi sensus animæ manet, inter inferos umbræ?* Such a credulity, he adds, doubles the pangs of destruction, and takes from us the benefit of Nature's best boon—Death.

One animal alone, complains the compatriot of Catullus, is vexed with unbounded desire of existence, one animal alone with superstitious considerations of futurity, one animal alone with the care of burial. He commends the practice of the Hyperboreans, whose homes are in the woods and caverns, amongst whom there is no sickness, in whose disposition discord is unknown. These die simply from satiety of life. Crowned, and having feasted, they leap from some lofty rock into the sea—*Hoc genus sepulture beatissimum*—the most blessed burial in the world. Neither he nor the indifferent Lucan would have cried, "Ah, my brother!" or "Ah, his glory!" had he been one of the subjects of

Coniah, when Jeremiah prophesied the burial of that monarch with the burial of an ass.

Ulysses held not the opinion of these, at least as he appears in the *Hecuba* of Euripides, where he says that during life a very little would suffice him; but that, after death, he wished for a very honourable tomb, inasmuch as that favour would be much more lasting. But the Cynics agreed with Pliny in treating all care of the dead with contempt. One answer of Diogenes, when interrogated about the mode of his interment, is a curious instance of philosophic unconcern in that matter. But this weakness of human nature is one among many which philosophy has found it not easy to eradicate. It has existed from the creation of those gigantic barrows of Stonehenge on the Salisbury plain, and other vast pyramids—"works of Memphian kings"—which stand in their still loneliness, defying the force of Time on the borders of the Nile, to the heaping up of the little hillock of yesterday in our churchyards, the cairn, tumulus, or barrow, of many yesterdays in many lands, with its headstone bright and new from the hands of the mason, telling the legend which will be so soon illegible, with weeds. The heathen body was alike averse to dissolution, entered alike its unavailing protest against conversion into fleeting ashes or crumbling dust; but its knowledge of futurity, unenlightened by revelation, was as the knowledge of an infant in the womb concerning this world, and the pagan only possessed some such poor argument as that of Garosse for his belief. "The most brutal of all brutes," says the learned Jesuit, "instructs us in the doctrine of immortality, for the pig pushes always forward, never contented with the present, but urging the earth with his nose, cries in his own language *Plus ultra*." Such is the sentiment and the voice of Nature.

"To me, indeed," says Cicero in the second book of his treatise *De Legibus*, "to me, indeed, the most ancient form of sepulture seems to be that which Cyrus adopted." This king, according to Xenophon, told his sons not to set him, when dead, in gold or silver, but as quietly as possible in earth, the nourisher and producer of all things good and fair. Those, indeed, who come unto her as a last city of refuge she will in no wise cast out, but receive them, rejected by all the world, in her wide bosom, with the true and unselfish love of a mother towards her children. Yet even from earth's tender arms will men tear, like wolves, what was once their enemy, as Sulla unearthed Marius. Fearing, perhaps, a like fate for himself, the first of the Cornelian race commanded his body to be burned. No such fear presented itself to him who blessed the men of Jabesh Gilead for their burial of Saul.

The Egyptians considered fire as an animated beast, eating everything it seized, and after all its food was swallowed dying with that which it had devoured; therefore they did not burn their dead. The Egyptian physicians embalmed Israel—though we are told Jacob was afterwards interred in that part of Abraham's landed estate known as the field of Machpelah, for which he pleaded so pathetically with the sons of Heth, in order that he might bury

his dead out of his sight. The manner of embalming is described fully in the "Euterpe" and by Diodorus Siculus. It was shortly this :—The dead person's female friends, supposing him to possess them as a man of property, having disfigured their faces with dirt, ran about in public half naked, with dishevelled hair. Arriving eventually at the embalmer's shop, they were shown there samples of embalmed models, just as an enterprising wine-merchant of the present day offers you samples of his excellent or fruity, or full-bodied, or the Reverend Sir Charles Jodrell-recommended, madeira. These samples, minutely described by Herodotus, were ticketed at different prices, and the disconsolate made such a selection as was suitable at once to their sorrow and their circumstances, combining doubtless, in the majority of cases, economy with emotion. These accordingly acted thus ; but the man who made the first gash with a sharp Æthiopian stone for the sake of disembowelling the dead had a hard time. No sooner, says Siculus, had he done so, than he was pursued with curses and missiles, for the Egyptians think such a man worthy of hatred. Necessary to the operation as a pantaloons to a pantomime, and rewarded, like that unhappy artist, for his necessary action by the ingratitude of insult and injustice, the reflective mind naturally asks with wonder, "How could this cutter or *paraschister* be procured?" But a solution of the difficulty will doubtless be found in a consideration of the accursed love of gold. The dead was returned to his friends in a box made in his own likeness. He then became an honoured though somewhat silent guest in the house of his survivors. The bloodless shadow shut up in the scented wood or stone shared henceforth the fortunes of those who were once its fellows ; it failed not to attend them both at bed and at board, and followed the family who had gone to such expense in its interest, cleaving to it as Ruth clave to her mother-in-law. But to every rule there is an exception. There was one also to this otherwise inviolable attachment. An embalmed parent was not only an ornamental article of furniture, a memorial of the transitory nature of human existence ; he was, alas ! also a satisfactory security to a money-lender. A fast young Egyptian might borrow a considerable sum on the body of any one of his deeply regretted relatives, supposing of course that he or she had been embalmed in a highly respectable manner. It is almost needless to say that respectability and riches were, even at that early period of the world's history, in many respects synonymous expressions. Great dishonour, however, was attached to any one who did not redeem this kind of pledge at the earliest opportunity. *Tempora mutantur* ! Not a pawnbroker in the present age could probably be found willing to lend even a sixpence on such a deposit. But the Egyptians held their dead in high esteem. They were also a very susceptible people : on the death of a cat they shaved off one of their eyebrows. They also introduced, it is said, the black dress, which represents, among us, sincere sorrow so well that it has usurped the name of "mourning ;" for which folly of fashion Mr. Jay ought to be especially joyful, although it is not, unfortunately

for that gentleman, now the custom to extend our sympathies so far as to wet expensive crape with warm tears for crows fallen asleep, or to purchase a suit of inky raiment for a deceased fish, as we are told by Macrobius, Crassus did, who on a day found a favourite lamprey dead in his fish-pond, or stewe, and mourned for it as it were a daughter. He afterwards buried it with the accustomed funeral rites, and when Domitius said, "What a fool to lament a lamprey!" the disconsolate mourner answered, as well as his sobs would allow him, "I indeed weep bitterly for this fish, but you shed no tear for the loss of three wives." Thus he with a nipping taunt put that emperor to silence.

The Persians, like the Egyptians, avoided cremation, considering fire not indeed an animal but a god, and thinking it a dishonour to the Deity to impose on him the office of an undertaker. This opinion was shared by Pythagoras, who desired that no mortal should partake in anything divine. But the Persians, smearing over the body with wax, probably with a view to preservation, deposited it in earth. The Magi, according to the certain knowledge of Herodotus, never buried a body till after it had been partially devoured by dogs and birds.

"Of what mighty moment is it to Theodorus," says the philosophic Plutarch, "whether he decays under ground or above it." Only those, he was of opinion, who retain the fables of their infancy, are affected by a consideration of the manner of the disposal of their dead bodies. As a bone well moistened in vinegar and ashes may be sundered by a thread, and as men easily bend and fashion ivory which has been soaked in Egyptian beer, but not otherwise, so such a consideration can only wound those whose minds have been long steeped in ignorance and effeminacy. Such an one must Mrs. Oldfield have been, the "poor Narcissa," who, according to Pope, thought it odious to be buried in woollen, and wished for a charming chintz and Brussels lace to adorn her lifeless carcass. She is said to have been handsomely dressed in her coffin by her own direction. The poet's "Betty, give this cheek a little red," is but an exact reflection in too many instances of that idle vanity in woman which would cater for admiration at the very point of departure, and continue its lifelong custom and delight in deceiving mankind even after death.

The Scythian kings were, according to Herodotus, buried in a square grave, but their bodies were first stuffed with parsley and other ingredients, and then, sewn up and well waxed, were carried about in a waggon. Politeness required hard things of those whom the dead body honoured with a visit; each man was expected to chop off a piece of his ear, to lacerate his nose, and pierce his left hand with an arrow. Accordingly this visit usually created, to borrow a flower from the newspapers, "a gloomy sensation in the neighbourhood." As the courteous but ill-educated German host at whose house one of the French kings, with all his pomp of retinue, had been staying, said, wishing to leave a last lasting good impression on the monarch's mind, *Ah, Monseigneur, je n'oublierai jamais le mémoire de ce jour*, so the mutilated Scythians were little likely

to lose the memory of the gracious visit of their king. The royal body was then placed in its grave and a roof erected over it, and by its side, as companions *per iter tenebricosum*, were deposited the firstlings of the monarch's *ménage* in the way of domestic utensils, and, previously strangled, his groom, his lackey, his messenger, his cupbearer, a concubine or two, and his cook; then fifty young men, his chief favourites, were impaled on fifty horses, and left to guard the grave. Altogether this royal interment must have been a matter of considerable expense, and one would imagine caused some little especial excitement amongst those whom the king delighted to honour. The burial of a private citizen was comparatively simple. His friends placed his body on a cart, and made a round of calls on all his relatives. It was incumbent on these to set out and prepare a great feast ready for his arrival, of which they expected him to partake, but on his failing to do so, those who brought him eat, drank, and made merry in his stead. After being carried about in this way till his presence was disagreeable, he was ultimately interred. But the exequies of some of the tribes of the Scythians were yet simpler. Having suspended the deceased body on a line, they left it. Others, combining duty with convenience, dined on their dead. About these, Lucian determines that they were not studious of friendship, drawing this conclusion from other circumstances, but especially from this fact, that they were accustomed to eat their ancestors. The famous Ilcet, "the end of joy, the end of sorrow," as Swinburne says, whose poem with this title has been so grievously misunderstood, would correspond to some post-prandial benediction of these Scythians, if they indulged in any, or grace after meat. The Scythian cart is an exceptional feature, and may have been the origin of our "hearse," or *castrum doloris*, though the original meaning of that word seems to be an ecclesiastical chandelier, or triangular harrow (Fr. *herce*), on which candles were placed *à discrétion* during the funeral obsequies.

There is no great difference in the funeral ceremonies of the various peoples of India. Among the Mahrattas, who may be chosen as a great type, a ताटी, or frame of wood, on which to lay the body, is bought at the market, as soon as any person has died, with some eight yards of white linen to wind up the corpse, and श्रेणी, or cow-dung cakes, for fuel, and an earthen pot. The women in the meantime sit watching the corpse and weeping in the dim light of a lamp which is kept burning ten days, the usual time of the duration of mourning. The men assemble on the verandah. As soon as the body has been placed on the frame, a basin of water is thrown over it, and the male relatives shave off their moustaches. A species of vegetable called तुळस, or basil, is then put on the body, which is also sometimes adorned with flowers. Then the chief mourner leads the procession, with a sherd of the earthen pot containing fire in his hand, followed by four supporting the ताटी. The general

company follows, bare-headed and bare-footed, but no women or children are ever present. Those who carry the corpse repeat continually the sacred name of their god Rama. A certain tribe called **भंगसाकी**, chiefly

composed of money-lenders, say, **रमबालो, भाईराम**, or, "Rama, speaks, our brother Rama." On reaching the burning-ground, which is called **सोनापुर**, or city of gold, from the yellow fringe of the flames, men are immediately hired to build the pyre, the body is placed on it, and long wooden matches are applied. When the sharp detonating explosion of the skull is heard, they say the deceased has reached **मोक्षपद**, or the place of beatitude; they then with one accord crack a cocoa-nut. The bones are collected and thrown into the Ganges.

In Thibet there is terrestrial and celestial burial. In the latter a body is burnt and the ashes given to friends, in the former it becomes the food of dogs and birds. There is for the most part a quadrumanous indifference amongst the Thibetans, when not disturbed by the Lama priests, red or yellow, as to the disposition of their dead.

In Otaheite the common folly of expectation of continued duration, and the desire to avoid the night of nothing, has led to embalming, as in Egypt. Each member of the deceased's family contributes to defray the expense of this operation. As this people, like the Japanese, entertains a serene disbelief in any future state whatever, it cannot be charged with the absurdity of the subjects of Pharaoh, who preserved bodies for reanimation without brains. The process is shortly this. The dead, being cleaned and washed, and stuffed with antiseptics, is adorned with sumptuous apparel, and reclines *en grande tenue* on a sofa as if alive. So in this land it is literally true that every house has its skeleton. It is then furnished with choice provisions. Several scenes are acted before it in which it was once wont to delight. Favourite books and beautiful girls are introduced for its inspection. The sweetest music of Otaheite satisfies its ears. The gums and ointments in its body furnish it with the daintiest perfumes. Its head is circled with a coronet of flowers. Occasionally, as in Seythia, it makes a round of calls, visiting its most intimate friends; but this pleasure is transitory; it is soon brought home and placed in a corner. There it leans against those who have gone before, with its dry, dusty, and bloodless face, which sometimes demands tears, but never drops them; and there—with mouth wide open, but not for song—it moulders gradually away, a ruin of old mortality and the forgotten times of a passed world. Soon it becomes a question as idle as those of Tiberius concerning the female appellation of Achilles and the song of the Sirens to ask its name. So the dream of diuturnity in its former tenant ends, and it serves but as one more sad proof that it is feeding the wind and ploughing the waves to hope for any patent of security against oblivion under the sun.

But this vanity of affecting integral external conservation has not

been without good fruit. It has afforded harmless amusement to antiquarians in ticketing sarcophagi at their own discretion, a gentle stimulant of fearful curiosity to the visitor at the British Museum, in which the mummies are the chief attraction, and valuable specifics to the faculty of former times. We may believe that Francis I. carried in his pocket as a charm a piece of Pharaoh; but when we are assured that the ancient Saxons mixed Mizraim with their meat, we are forced to conclude that the writer has mistaken for "mummy" "mum," a composition of wheat and ale. After all it is as well, perhaps, to subsist in books as in bones, and there may be no better bitumen than the virtue of Seneca or Epicurus, no myrrh or salt more antiseptic than the wit of Lucian or Bidpai.

The disposal of their dead by different nations, ever since that disastrous water-burial of forty days, has been generally more or less affected by the diversity of their religious beliefs. The libations which the Romans poured over the ashes of those on whom they prayed that dust might rest lightly, not, as Martial says satirically, lest the dogs should find a difficulty in unearthing their bones, were supposed to nourish their subtle shadows, which wandered by Cocytus, named of lamentation loud, and Phlegethon, whose waves rolled torrent fire. If a man died and left none to perform these sacred rites behind him, it was thought that he found hunger a sharp thorn, starving in the city of the dead. The Romans, as many other nations, gave wages for weeping to women, styled by them *præficæ*. These "sophists of lamentation," as Lucian calls them, first countenanced that weeping—for "women must weep," as Mr. Kingsley assures us—which has now become so fashionable. These led the song of sadness and commenced, for sufficient considerations, that cutting of hair which the dead held dear. Of little consequence was it to these, as little indeed as to those laughable if not pitiable merchants of sorrow whom we now call mutes, whether the condition of the dead was better or worse; they contented themselves with honouring the custom which brought them hire. These praised the good and evil indifferently for gain; but they delivered an illustrious example, inasmuch as they praised only the absent, and never themselves.

There is a pretty fable of Æsop on this subject of a rich man who had two daughters, whereof one having died, professional mourners were hired to make lamentation. Then her sister said, "Alas for us and woe to us wretched ones, for this is our own familiar sorrow, and we cannot sufficiently weep, while those to whom it is of no concern beat their breasts thus and so passionately bewail." But the mother, out of long-experienced time and wisdom, gave her this present counsel, "Wonder not, my daughter, if these weep for wages."

The religion of the Romans induced them to put an obol, a coin of the least value, into the corpse's mouth, as pay for Charon, with his beard of snow and eyes of flame, the unamiable ferryman of hell. Nothing can be done, it seems, even there, without money. It is difficult, however,

to determine what divine voice declared an obol to be the proper payment for being punted in that light, leaky, lurid, and ferruginous pinnace across the Acherusian marsh, too deep to wade through, too broad to swim over, or for the spare ghost of Lesbia's lamented sparrow to pass by flying. Nor has the torch of inspiration as yet shed any light on the nature of traffic, if traffic there be, in the world below, whether the obol of Ægina, of Athens, or of Macedon was current in that market of everlasting twilight. The bodies were washed which were about to bathe in Lethe, and precious ointments, which might have been sold for much and given to the poor, were wastefully consumed on carcasses already passing into corruption and a stink. The season's finest flowers fell on their upturned faces, just as in some villages now the perfumes of lavender, marjoram, and rosemary are married to rottenness and putrefaction; and they were finely attired in rich and fashionable raiment, lest they might catch cold on the journey, or be discovered naked by the three-headed and decent Cerberus. For flowers roses, wherr they could be gotten, were always preferred; they fled fast, but their brief existence was perhaps as dear as the dry and dusty immortality of the *immortelles* in Père la Chaise. These ceremonies were accompanied by that noise of women's wailing which destroys all the majesty of grief, by showers of tears which, according to Chrysostom, clear the air of sorrow, by beating of breasts, and tearing of ensanguined cheeks and valuable raiment and hair unbought, by defiling the head with dust, and by a general display of grief which made the living more pitiable than the dead; for those wallowing on the floor dashed their faces against the stone, but these lay silent and decorous, sober and dignified, crowned with their diadems of flowers. After the body had been fired with averted face the word "Vale" was uttered, in which we must suppose regard was had rather to custom than to etymology. This was cried thrice with a loud voice, but not even the voice of Stentor can wake the dead, like the kiss of the fairy prince in Tennyson's tale.

It is very well for poets to sing that the dust of those who differ in dignity is alike, and for parsons to improve that truth with less forcible if more lengthy language. There has been always, and it may be said there will continue to be, so long as human nature remains the same, one grave for the rich and another for the poor—a large pyre for the generation whose eyes are lifted up, and a little one for the lowly and meek. Those at Rome were buried in the Puticulae, beyond the Esquiline gate, a portion of which being afterwards bestowed by Augustus on Mæcenas, was converted by him into a garden, where a man might enjoy a walk in the sunshine, without seeing any sad *memento mori* in white and mouldering bones. But here at one time a wretched slave used to carry the body of his fellow, packed in a cheap and narrow coffin, to their common burial-ground; here the criminal suffered the reward of his crimes, and rested in a place not to be disturbed by any legislation of this world; and here wolves and Esquiline birds were requested to fight among them-

selves for a rich repast afforded by the unburied members of those old ladies who had been unfortunate enough to excite Horace's indignation. But the nobles, the blue blood of patrician Rome, lay far apart from this vile contaminating herd. The wonted fires of hatred against the plebeians lived safely in ashes which rested so distant from the Puticulae as the Campus Martius. It has been affirmed that lawyers were honoured by burial here for having kept the citizens in healthful concord while alive, but the reason given is incomprehensible, except as a stroke of lively satire.

The burial-grounds of St. Giles and Westminster Abbey are not more widely distinct with regard to their use as places of interment than were the two Ceramici in the city of the violet crown, if Suidas may be believed.

So, too, the Hebrews made a difference among those who called corruption father, and mother and sister the worm. Josiah, in his holy zeal, brought out the goddess Asherah, or "the grove," as it appears, somewhat darkly, in our version, unto the brook Kedron, and there burnt her; and, not contented with that, afterwards stamped her small to powder. He then cast this powder on the "graves of the children of the people." By this Hebraism we must understand the common burial-place; though why the poor people should have been insulted with this casting of unholy dust in the faces of their dead is not clear. Urijah, too, we are told, was cast into the graves of the "common people," a phrase which is expressed in Hebrew by the same words which the exegetists have before, somewhat capriciously, it would seem, translated "children of the people." But Uzziah was buried with his fathers, in the field of the burial which belonged to the kings; and Joab in his own house in the wilderness. The Spartans seem to have buried their dead within their city wall, after the institution of Lycurgus, who wished thus to accustom the Laconian youth to honour death, but not to fear it. In the beginning of the Roman State every man appears, like Joab, to have been interred in his own house or garden, a circumstance to which may probably be ascribed the origin of the worship of the lares. The law of the Twelve Tables, however, forbade burial within the city. The idea of choosing a church as a place of burial seems not to have existed in any nation of antiquity. Corpses were not by the Greek or Roman or Asiatic suffered, through the pride or superstition of their former occupants, to decompose in or near the habitations which were consecrated to their gods. A window to this practice was opened by Constantine, who is said to have been buried in the Church of St. Peter at Rome. The custom was forbidden by Valentinian and Theodosius. Gregory the Great gave as a reason for burying people in churches the hope that their relations, looking continually on their graves, might be led to offer up prayers for them. *Orate pro anima miserrimi peccatoris* has brought no little profit to the ecclesiastical purse. In 1775 there was an *édit du roi* in Paris against the abuse of interment in places set apart for prayer. But reason and law are alike of little avail when pitted against inveterate custom and gross ignorance. The congregation continued to give humble and hearty thanks over the bodies of their

friends and relations; corruption and magnificence walked side by side; and, mingled with the heavy perfume of the sacred incense, rose the foul, pestilential vapours breathed out of the wet earth in the sunshine after the rain.

In England we have early instances both of cremation and interment. The ancient Britons were indifferent whether they concluded in water, after the theory of Thales, or whether, after that of Heraclitus, declining a material degeneration into mud, they shut up in fire, and left behind them only a few ashes as the material keepsake of their having been. It was to them a matter of unconcern whether ashes returned to ashes or dust to dust, whether their bones, like those of the King of Edom, were burnt into lime, or whether they lay buried in the land of worms. The Druids, says Pomponius Mela, taught that souls were eternal, and that there was another life after death, in order that men might fight with greater courage, not considering the be-all and the end-all here. To countenance this idea they burned and buried with the dead such articles as are but of use to the living. A strange assortment of utensils has indeed been found in urns and coffins, the appurtenances of affectionate superstition and blind solicitude—coins, combs, nippers, lamps, lachrymatories, and here and there a jew's-harp, which the relations of those gone before imagined they might require after their limbs had been loosened by lasting cold, and they had left all the passes of this world to accompany Rabelais in his search for *le grand peut-être*. But the presence of these objects, of use or interest to the living, was inimical to the repose of the dead. Trajan had but little chance of resting in peace in his urn of gold. These deposits, frequently of great value, afforded a rich prey to other robbers than the learned Dousterswivel. From our religious point of view supererogatory, they have yet afforded much valuable scientific information.

The custom of burning seems to have ceased with paganism. The Saxons having been blessed with the light of the Gospel, suffered the light of their funeral fires to be blown out. Of all the heathen nations the Danes retained the custom of burning the last, being the last to become Christians. Some of their urns, as in other nations, are larger than others. These were intended to confer greater dignity on the contents. The ashes of a herdsman, however, weigh little less than those of Hannibal, which Juvenal estimated at a few ounces. A very tiny pitcher was too large for him dead for whom alive the whole world was too small. The larger urn but supplied the deficiency of weight in the dead, as a larger house supplies the deficiency of worth in the living.

Other animals than man practise sepulture or cremation; not to mention that illustrious bird the phoenix, the little busy bee is wont to carry out its dead, and many of its fellows accompany the exequies as mourners. There is a tradition, of which we leave it to the natural historian to determine the truth, that ants, those examples for the sluggard, enclose their dead, grieving bitterly, in husks of grain, just as humanity casts its dead into

a coffin. For the children of the people, or the common herd of ants, there is, says Plutarch, a cemetery especially appointed. Cleanthes, though he denied that other animals than man were endowed with reason, says that he once saw some ants travelling in a direct line, and wearing a narrow way to a neighbouring people, supporting the dead body of one of their own on their shoulders. When they reached the territory of their destination they were met by several outlying sentinels, who having held a colloquy with the heads of the advancing host, descended to their own hollow home to communicate with their rulers, and after a while reappeared. This descending and ascending of these small angels was repeated several times, and it may well be supposed that they acted an intermediate part in the negotiation of some unforeseen difficulty which an evil destiny had called into being. At last these brought out, though not without extreme difficulty, a worm, apparently as the price of the redemption of the corpse; for as soon as this chattel had been received by the other party they left the body of their dead friend and in all haste departed. Such acts as these, and the preliminary biting of corn, lest the wet ground of winter should cause their grain to grow; their civil habit of giving place to any burdened traveller on their highway; their endurance of toil and their exemplary prudence, have rendered these insects an image of goodness—a tiny drop of clear water in which is reflected our world of virtues. An elephant, says Ælian, however urgent the mission on which he travels, if he meets with a dead brother by the way, casts with his trunk a branch, or a little earth, or a particle of wandering sand, on his unburied bones as a holy rite, and to avoid any accusation of impiety, which these classical beasts consider themselves liable to when neglecting to comply with such funereal ceremonies. Therefore he thrice throws on him the dust or the broken bough, and goes on his way in haste, not having dishonoured the common end of all.

Grotius is of opinion that no praiseworthy deed was ever done by man without God having placed the example and pattern thereof in a brute. The silkworm, which encloses its inconsiderable and shrunken body in a soft and silken winding-sheet of flossy gold, may have given the first hint to the embalmers of ancient Egypt in their endeavours to render the bodies of their dead like the shoes of the holy people in the wilderness. The primitive method of burial among the Garamantes, which consisted in scratching a hole in the sand and putting the dead in it, without more, might have been taken from the observance of rabbits and foxes and other troglodytes, who, like the friars in "*La Favorita*," dig their graves during life, and may be imagined exhorting one another with sentences of a like kind—*Frater! scaviam l'asilo in cui s'addorme il duol*. Martial tells little tales about an ant, a viper, and a bee, each shut up and shining in amber, like Æthiopian corpses in crystal; "the bee, I suppose," says the poet, "wishing this tomb of nectar in return for its life of labour." These buried with such a golden burial in the frozen tears of the sisters of Phaëthon require no *Siste, Viator*, on their grave—a legend which has

been ingeniously transferred from the heathen highway to the Christian Church, where it bewilders with its mysterious significance a congregation scarcely, except in a metaphorical sense, to be called "travellers," and who will certainly stay, if decently educated, till divine service be concluded.

Martial's tales may be regarded possibly as idle fables, but few will venture to question the veracity of St. Jerome, who gives a yet more startling account of interment by brutes in his life of the holy Paul of Thebes, the first Christian hermit. The blessed Paul, being now 118 years old, was bidden in a dream to take a journey into the desert to meet one still holier than himself. On his way, with his face set against the burning sun, he finds a hippocentaur, and having crossed himself inquires the residence of his fellow-servant. But the hippocentaur, gnashing out upon him with his teeth something barbarous, and breaking rather than uttering speech, distorted his mouth, horrid with bristles. Nevertheless he indicated the way by the extension of an off fore-foot. Jerome, not wishing to lead any one astray, professes himself at this passage of the narrative uncertain as to whether this animal was the Devil, or one of the monstrous growths of the wilderness. The blessed Paul eventually finds Antony, the object of his search, a man of gravity from his youth upwards, and a venerable athlete of the Church, and then expires without being desired. Antony, thereupon, regrets that he has not a spade by him to dig a grave. Being in this difficulty, and reflecting that it was three days' journey to the nearest monastery, behold, two lions run out suddenly from the interior, with their manes floating over their necks. *Quibus aspectis primo exhorruit*, says St. Jerome, which indeed was very natural. Afterwards, reflecting on the Deity, and fortified by a prayer, he cared for them as little as a fox for a couple of turtle doves or two young pigeons. The lions in the meantime advanced straight to the body of the blessed old man, and there stood wagging each his tail, and roaring so that one might know they were lamenting as far as their nature allowed. They then commenced digging up the ground with their feet at a little distance, and vieing with each other in tossing out the sand, they soon made a hole large enough for a human body. Then, as it were asking hire for their labour, they came up to Antony moving their ears, with dejected necks and licking his feet and hands. Antony immediately knew that they sought his blessing. And when he had given it they departed, and so Paul was buried. This history, if it were lawful to compare sacred things with profane, might be likened to the familiar legend of the Babes in the Wood, whom pious Robin Redbreast covered with fallen leaves, a tomb as satisfactory, and perhaps more widely celebrated, than that of Ninus or Ozymandias.

The fashion of interment of some nations is from our point of view extremely eccentric. The Massageta wife did not, for instance, wait till her husband, having fallen sick, was dead, but mixing him with a little mutton made her meal. The people of that nation said that it was far better to be devoured by women than by worms. Moreover, if their

relations lingered, they charged them straitly, and sometimes besought them with tears in their eyes, not to delay, as their flesh was by such idle folly likely to become deteriorated. Valetudinarians were probably rare in that country, and Barry's *Revalenta Arabica* would doubtless have hung on hand. Nor was it of any use for an invalid to deny with an oath that he was sick. His relatives, careless of his denial, nevertheless arranged the banquet. Few, it is recorded, of the Massagetæ reached old age. Other nations, less impatient, waited till all was over, and then, having had the head gilt, devoured the body. Others buried their dead in the bowels of beasts. No Greek dormitory was to be discovered in their metropolis, no Hebrew house of the living, no Christian garden or God's acre; they gave the image of Divinity to dogs, God's work to wolves, and Nature's master-piece and the perfection of creatures to crows and jacksals.

In this article want of space forbids anything but an allusion to the Nasamones, who buried their dead in a sitting posture, and took the greatest care lest they should die recumbent; to the Æthiopians, who enclosed their bodies, being embalmed, in a species of crystal, where they are very conspicuous and not in any way offensive; to the Chinese, who formerly burnt the servants with their masters, but are now content with burning the images of the former, doubtless to the supreme satisfaction of the persons signified, cut in tin-foil; to Birmah, Mexico, Peru, where the dead are burnt, unless paupers, when, as the process of cremation is expensive, they are thrown into the river with a stone.

But a little larger mention must be made of that tribe of savages in Northern Africa who, if travellers may be believed, sigh and weep when a man is born, but fall to dancing and singing when he dies. This, however, they do less for joy than to conceal sorrow. They soon lay aside tears and lamentations, but it is long ere they subdue sadness and regret. It is considered creditable in women to cry, but in men not to forget. These benighted heathens think it foolish to lament a common condition of nature which, for all they know, may lead to the greatest happiness, and must be an exemption from all earthly ills. Therefore they hire no tears when they burn their corpses; for they practise cremation, though they also bury them where their land is sterile. There is no ostentation in their funerals, nor any destruction of good cloth or linen garments; they place nothing about the dead which might be useful to the living, considering it to be an idle waste to do so. Then the body is perfunctorily fired and the ashes thrown into the air. Those who desire it deposit them in the ground, and the sod rises as their sepulchre, but they despise the high and laborious honour of monuments. After this they repeat some verses suitable to the age and condition of the "person who was," for so in their language they express the dead. As, for instance, if he who died was a youth, instead of lamenting his immature death, as other nations, they say something of this kind, not that they suppose it will be heard by the dead, but that their words may teach wisdom to the living: "You, being at rest, will no longer thirst or feel hunger or any cold; love

and ambition will never trouble you more. You are now exempt from distress and from disease. You have escaped from envy and from hatred, from pain and from fever, from lightning and from tempest, from murder and from death." They say such things as these, nor do they suppose that eyes which cannot see will be saddened with darkness, or that ears which cannot hear will be solaced with panegyric. They ridicule the ceremonies of other countries so far as they understand them, satirically observing of the common practice of binding up the jaw, that it is done doubtless to prevent the deceased laughing at the absurdities which take place at his funeral. But these, having thus disposed of their dead in silence, with the exception of the few words just mentioned, return to their homes, and eat and drink as usual, nor is it necessary for any one to stand by and encourage them to do so by a suggestion that nature will give way unless supported.

"Love," says the lady—bride, concubine, or church, whoever she may be—who speaks in the Song of Solomon, "love is strong as death." In the service of the Solemnisation of Matrimony, the man having taken the right hand of the woman, gives his troth to her to love her only until death parts them. This seems to show, notwithstanding the opinion of the Shunamite, that over love too destruction reigns supreme. Still some, by mingling their ashes, have passionately endeavoured to prolong their living union. Thus Domitian ordered his dust to be mingled with that of Julia. There is some shadow of satisfaction to those who have lived and loved on earth in this contemplation of being for ever neighbours in the grave, in the quiet, silent seat, the lasting house of clay appointed for all men living. The passionate prodigality of Artemisia, who drank the ashes of Mausolus, is feebly represented at the present day by a lukewarm desire which is satisfied by being side by side with the beloved object.

Petrarch, in one of his epistles, complains that the sentiment of piety was so low at his time that scarcely a dozen people could be found true believers. This gangrene was indeed so general that atheism was no longer considered a vice, and the most shameless provision was made by wicked men in their wills for the disposal of their body. Some were so lost to all sense of decency and devotion as voluntarily to resign the privilege of interment in consecrated ground, perhaps from a malignant desire to disappoint the ecclesiastical labourer of his hire, and to declare that their bodies should be opened for the advancement of science, and afterwards cast at the roots of an unfruitful tree for the purposes of manure. There is a will of a brutal lawyer of Padua, whose only excuse may be said to be madness, of which these are excerpts:—

- (1.) Any one who weeps at my death to be disinherited.
- (2.) He who laughs the loudest to be my chief heir.
- (3.) The walls of my house not to be hung with black, nor the floor to be covered with it; but on the floor flowers to be scattered, and green boughs hung against the walls. None to put sackcloth on their loins.

(4.) All the pipers, singers, and musicians of the town to be summoned, with all their instruments, and to play their merriest madrigals.

(5.) No priest to appear in sable to sadden the general joy; nor any requiem to be sung, nor *Miserere*, nor *Libera*, nor mortuary mass, but only Bacchanalian and erotic melodies.

The evil example spread like wildfire or a drop of oil among men actuated by foul infidelity or a dislike to pay the necessary fees. Another ordered his body to be sewn up in a pig's skin; another wished to be buried in the market quite naked, clothed, as the Indians say, with the points of the compass; another in amber, as the flies, which cause more wonder in their position than in their rarity or richness; another in honey, a disciple of Democritus, Alexander the Great. Another gave his body to the anatomists, saying that Nature teaches us to use the bodies of the dead to preserve those of the living, and that we ought not to honour what she dishonours; another ordered his body to be thrown into the sea, for the benefit of his wife, who had sworn to dance on it. Most of these men honoured their own body as little as the beggars of St. Innocent honoured those of others, according to Rabelais, when he makes Pantagruel say of Paris, *que c'estoit une bonne ville pour vivre, mais non pour mourir; car les Gueux de Saint-Innocent se chauffoient le cul des ossements des morts*. The legislation of Paris should have copied that of the Twelve Tables, which forbade burial within the city, and also no less wisely the presence of any gold about the corpse except that which fastened its teeth. Another commanded that the tree called *صبر عربي*, or Arabian aloe, should be planted over his grave, intending an ironical reference to the patience required in waiting for the resurrection.

That sea-burial of him who desired it for his wife's sake would not have suited Ovid, who preferred a less unstable *requietorium* on land. He was unwilling to feed those finny fishes which the fish-eating Æthiopians fattened with their dead. A shipwreck was indeed a matter of mighty fear to the Greeks and Romans generally. The concern of the brave and swift-footed Achilles is graphically described by Homer, when that chief-tain found himself about to bulge in the river Xanthus; so the limbs of the pious Æneas were loosened with cold on a similar occasion. Partially this fear was owing to their fancy of flitting a hundred years about the banks of the Styx, to whom *nox facilis jactura sepulchri*, but chiefly to that common error which, investing the dead with the attributes of the living, made them dread being dashed against rocks, and rent by the fierce talons of ravenous sea-fowls. This fallacy was well exposed by Diogenes, who desired to be flung out as dung on the face of the field, and when his friends objected, "Dogs will devour you," answered smiling, "Put, then, a stick in my hand to drive them away."

Eccentricities in the disposal of the dead are rare in England, where, as the bard observes—

Custom slowly broadens down
From precedent to precedent.

In a museum, however, at Manchester, mentioned by De Quincey, is a lady mummy, properly labelled and placed in a clock-case, over the glass face of which a veil of white velvet hangs. Bentham, the celebrated jurist, ordered his body to be dissected and the skeleton afterwards put together, clothed, and the whole seated in a diaphanous house on wheels. He is said to be preserved in this condition, with a stick in his hand, at the present day, in a back room of University College. Inspired by that sad sight, some witty fellow produced what he was pleased to call an anagram on the strength of the change of position of a single letter: "Jeer my bent ham." The jest is deficient, perhaps, in point and polish, but in other respects it is perfect. People have been buried in various positions, with their heads turned to every quarter of the compass, and a world of words has been written in defence of each position. The advocates of cremation say that one, and not the least, of its advantages consists in its rendering all idle dispute about position unnecessary. Many have been buried standing, sitting, and lying—lying supine or prone—as Diogenes wished to lie in this world turned upside-down, that at the time of the general resurrection and restoration he might be found as flat on his back as a flounder or old Bill Bowling. Some have desired to be buried without coffins, and it seems probable, from the absence of the name of this contrivance in the Burial Service, that at the time of the compilation of that formula it was not in common use. The officiating priest, it will be remembered, speaks invariably of the corpse or body. Others buried in coffins or vaults have desired that the lids should not be soldered down, and that the door of the vault should have the key inside, as if they dreaded the absence, after their long interlude of sleep, of some angel to roll away the stone from the mouth of their sepulchre.

Shelley: Politician, Atheist, Philanthropist.

THE sublime picture drawn by the Greek dramatist, of a great and heroic being struggling against adversity and the gods, seems almost to find its modern counterpart in Shelley battling with the inequalities and miseries of the world. That a super-sensitive poet, and one in whom the imagination held dominant sway, should also exhibit the keenest desire to benefit his fellow-men in numberless practical modes, is one of the most singular episodes in literature. Yet the intensity of Shelley's devotion to these objects was such that if his intellectual powers had been less strong and comprehensive, we should have been forced to the conclusion that he was a mere enthusiast and fanatic. A study of the method of his life, however, on its practical side, will lead to the opposite result, and convince us that his schemes for the amelioration of mankind sprang from a strong heart and not from an ill-balanced mind; that he was in reality far in advance of the age in which he lived—it is to be feared even in advance of many ages yet to come. Had it not been that from the religious point of view "that atheist Shelley" was a bugbear to society, we should have heard more of some aspects of his character which I consider might justly make his name illustrious. Nevertheless, after a dispassionate examination and sifting of his various projects and panaceas, and in spite of his own firm belief that he was fitted to cope with the practical government of men, I incline to the opinion that he was better adapted to be the purifier of existing systems than the originator of others. Binding up the wounds of humanity, and pouring in the oil and wine as the good Samaritan, gave a natural outflow to that all-pervading sympathy which seemed to throw a halo over his other characteristics. His impetuosity and the wonderful force and directness of his moral sense interfered, probably, with that just attitude of the judgment which should primarily distinguish the reformer who moves by gradual stages—one who does not proceed to legislative action until he has carefully weighed all objections and obtained a satisfactory basis which permits of no injustice to one man while a benefit is being secured for his brother. Impatience is fatal to organic changes in society, and however beautiful may be the enthusiasm which glows in the earnest reformer, if it be not supported by other convincing and concrete qualities, it is apt to be evanescent and to fail in accomplishing its end. Now Shelley was rather a destroyer than a builder; his eye was intently fixed upon one object; he desired to break up utterly the wrong and corruption of the world. As to the processes by which this grand result was to be achieved, he

was not always clear; albeit, he never wavered in carrying on the war against error and superstition. His enthusiasm was as noble and disinterested as that of any other man whose history has been bequeathed to us; and it extorted even from Byron the remark that Shelley was the best as well as the ablest man he had ever known. It was in consequence of the persecution which the author of *Queen Mab* suffered that his lordship also affirmed his belief if the Christ people professed to worship reappeared in the flesh they would again crucify him. So that we have not to deal with a man who found a reciprocating sympathy in others, but with one who, in spite of the great excellence of his personal character and his benevolent purposes towards mankind, was hated with a malignity which was as singular and wicked as it was profoundly mysterious.

That was a drastic political programme with which Shelley, who had only just passed his nineteenth year, crossed the Channel, proceeding forthwith to expound it before the Irish people. Catholic Emancipation and a Repeal of the Union were the two chief points of his charter, and, although at the time of his brief Irish campaign these points must to many persons have seemed the height of absurdity, Catholic Emancipation became an absolute fact a few years after the poet's death. Here, at any rate, is evidence that, to some extent, the youthful reformer read the needs of oppressed Ireland aright. Godwin overwhelmed Shelley with the most lugubrious vaticinations respecting his visit to Ireland, and said he felt it poignantly that the poet should probably have been led to take the step through reading his *Political Justice*. The philosopher added—"Shelley, you are preparing a scene of blood! If your Associations take effect to any extensive degree, tremendous consequences will follow, and hundreds, by their calamities and premature fate, will expiate your error. And then what will it avail you to say, 'I warned them against this; when I put the seed into the ground I laid my solemn injunctions upon it, that it should not germinate?'" Godwin appears to have had almost a morbid horror of associations, and his hostility to them is scarcely compatible with the exercise of that reason which peculiarly characterized him. If associations and institutions have in numbers of cases worked unmitigated evil, and do now, on the other hand, without their aid much good must remain unsecured. The perfecting and not the abolition of associations is what will ultimately prove of service to humanity. Shelley had the courage to pursue his own course, and though his visit to Ireland was abortive in one respect, yet the fact remains, as a writer has well pointed out, that "an association, the mere probability of which Godwin looked upon with terror as inevitably leading to bloodshed, anarchy, and defeat, carried its point successfully, without violence, and without even a word of insulting exultation over those who opposed it."* Yet in many minor details I have no doubt whatever, as hinted in a previous paper, that the

* *Shelley's Early Life*. By Denis Florence MacCarthy.

philosopher's clearer general wisdom was useful in curbing the exuberance of the poet, and instrumental in controlling the fiery element of his character, which might have proved disastrous to him had it remained altogether unchecked.

Shelley was no more mistaken with regard to Ireland than have been many eminent statesmen who, for the last fifty years, have found it a problem whose full solution is not even perceived yet. Experienced politicians would, of course, regard with derision any attempt by a mere youth to deal with a problem which had overtaxed their own energies; and the apparently chimerical nature of Shelley's project doubtless lent force to the absurd charge that the poet was afflicted with frenzy or madness. The enthusiast always has to encounter this charge from the critic, for the latter would not move in the elevation of the species unless the means he used were such as to free him from adverse comment. The enthusiast, on the contrary, goes if necessary with his life in his hand, as well as cherishing a very decided and wholesome contempt for obloquy. Shelley was positively in physical danger during his stay in Ireland, for at that time there existed in England one of the most miserable of all modern Governments, and his Majesty's councils were, in Irish matters, very largely swayed by an infamous man whose despicable character differentiated him from all other statesmen who ever wielded political power in this country. The treatment which the Government meted out to many of the best patriots both of this and the sister isle, was such as to make the very nation blush for its boasted progress. The black croaking bird of Treachery was flying hither and thither, betraying good men and true, and Shelley knew not but that his turn to be betrayed might speedily arrive. Then, also, he had all his private friends endeavouring to dissuade him from his task of recommending pacificatory measures; while Southey, for whom he had hitherto had a profound respect, had completely changed his views on the subject of Ireland and the Irish. This was a bitter blow to Shelley, and I am not surprised to find that his admiration for his friend, in consequence of his apparent tergiversation, was speedily on the wane. I have, with others, a strong feeling of delight in the works of the author of *Thalaba*, but it is impossible to deny that he laid himself open to the rhyming strictures of Byron in the dedication of *Don Juan*, when he closes his apostrophe thus:—

My politics as yet are all to educate:
Apostasy's so fashionable, too,
To keep *one* creed 's a task grown quite Herculean;
Is it not so, my Tory, ultra-Julian?

Certainly, Southey was far from a model of constancy in his views upon any subject; his political creed especially resembled that of the American candidate who was dubious whether it coincided with that of his auditors, and considerably and conveniently remarked, "Such are my views, gentlemen; but if they don't suit, they can be altered." At one time Southey liked the Irish, giving them credit for the possession of genius;

but in 1811 Shelley writes in a letter—"Southey hates the Irish; he speaks against Catholic Emancipation. In all these things we differ." But neither Southey nor any other person could proselytize Shelley from his beliefs, and the latter exhibited a singular tenacity of judgment as well as strength of conviction. It is worth while to examine briefly his *Address to the Irish People*, of which some hundreds of copies were speedily put into circulation. Shelley and his wife themselves distributed a great number of copies of the pamphlet from the balcony of a house in Lower Sackville Street. The appearance of the young English poet on such a mission in Ireland naturally created considerable excitement in the population. With regard to the pamphlet, it is very eloquent in parts, and in some other respects has scarcely been done justice to by those who have examined it, Godwin amongst the number, for instance. The latter complained that Shelley, together with all too fervent and impetuous reformers, lacked the power of perceiving that almost every institution or form of society was good in its place, and in the period of time to which it belonged. "How many beautiful and admirable effects," says the philosopher, "grew out of Popery and the monastic institution, in the period when they were in their genuine health and vigour! To them we owe almost all our logic and our literature." But surely Shelley was not ignorant of these facts? and I cannot but think Godwin did him a little injustice in this matter. Because in the heat of argument, and for the purposes of polemics, Shelley made no reference to these things in his *Address*, it by no means follows that he either wilfully ignored, or was ignorant of their probability. He had one object in view, and bent his mind to the accomplishment of it, and for the time being that was all his excitable temperament allowed him to do under the circumstances. The pamphlet was not so much intended to convince by the coldness of its logic as to rouse by the breadth of its sentiment, and for the attainment of this object it was excellently devised. The author himself said in the advertisement of his pamphlet, "The lowest possible price is set on this publication, because it is the intention of the author to awaken in the minds of the Irish poor a knowledge of their real state, summarily pointing out the evils of that state, and suggesting rational means of remedy." The *Address* opens by enforcing the necessity of toleration on the part of all religionists, and it is not sparing in its rebukes of the Roman Catholics (the very people whom the writer addressed) for the persecutions of which they had been guilty in past times; certainly a bold proceeding on the part of one wishing to convert his hearers to his own views, but one fully showing the ingenuous nature of Shelley's mind. The noble liberality of his sentiments is apparent in the following passage—"Do not inquire if a man be a heretic, if he be a Quaker, a Jew, or a Heathen; but if he be a virtuous man, if he loves liberty and truth, if he wish the happiness and peace of human kind. If a man be ever so much a believer and love not these things, he is a heartless hypocrite, a rascal, and a knave. Despise and hate him as ye despise a tyrant and a villain. Oh,

Ireland ! thou emerald of the ocean, whose sons are generous and brave, whose daughters are honourable, and frank and fair, thou art the isle on whose green shores I have desired to see the standard of liberty erected—a flag of fire—a beacon at which the world shall light the torch of Freedom !” This may have been unpleasant writing to my Lord Castlereagh, but it is not very inflammable stuff in itself. Shelley next deals with the Protestants, and after proving that they also have been wickedly intolerant, he proceeds to demonstrate the folly of persecuting men for their religion. He then exhorts the Irish to disclaim violence in seeking their ends, and to trust their cause solely to its truth. In prophetic words, he foretells the triumph of Catholic Emancipation, adding, “I do not see that anything but violence and intolerance amongst yourselves can leave an excuse to your enemies for continuing your slavery.” Other reforms and blessings to humanity are to follow as men are purified and raised from their debasement by virtue and knowledge. Passing on to another subject he remarks that “the liberty of the press is placed as a sentinel to alarm us when any attempt is made on our liberties. It is this sentinel, oh, Irishmen, whom I now awaken ! I create to myself a freedom which exists not. There is no liberty of the press for the subjects of British Government.” Mr. Finnerty, an Irishman, at that moment languished in an English gaol for a press libel, and Shelley had taken up his cause warmly, writing and speaking on his behalf. The Address is really a fine rhetorical effort, but to show that Shelley did not depend upon it as a final means for the accomplishment of his design, he appended a post-script in which he said—“For the purpose of obtaining the emancipation of the Catholics from the penal laws that aggrieve them, and a repeal of the Legislative Union Act, and grounding upon the remission of the church-craft and oppression, which caused these grievances, a plan of amendment and regeneration in the moral and political state of society on a comprehensive and systematic philanthropy which shall be sure though slow in its projects ; and as it is without the danger and rapidity of revolution, so will it be devoid of the time-servingness of temporising reform—which in its deliberate capacity, having investigated the state of the Government of England, shall oppose those parts of it, by intellectual force, which will not bear the touchstone of reason. . . . I conclude with the words of Lafayette, a name endeared by its peerless bearer to every lover of the human race, ‘For a nation to love liberty, it is sufficient that she knows it ; to be free it is sufficient that she wills it.’ ” A few days after this Address appeared, Shelley addressed a great meeting in Fishamble Street Theatre, Dublin. It seems by the reports in the Irish papers to have been an excitable discourse, and though in one part of it, when Shelley spoke of religion, he elicited signs of disapprobation, he succeeded in favourably impressing his audience. One speaker referred to the generous eloquence of the young Protestant from England. The weight of evidence certainly goes to prove that on the whole Shelley was very favourably received, though as in all public meetings of this kind

there are sure to be a few turbulent spirits determined on breaking the peace. An Englishman who heard Shelley on this memorable occasion, and who hated him for the views he expressed, nevertheless testified to the power of his oratory, and the ecstasy of the audience, in a letter to the *Dublin Journal*. These tributes to Shelley have only been recovered recently by the research of Mr. MacCarthy, and this would probably account for the fact that an opposite view had hitherto been entertained of Shelley's visit to Ireland, a view which was also to some extent adopted by Lady Shelley.

One is astounded at the intellectual force and fertility which could alternate at nineteen the production of such poems as *Queen Mab* and those which immediately succeeded it, with the drawing up of formal Proposals for an Association "which shall have for its immediate objects Catholic Emancipation and the Repeal of the Act of Union between Great Britain and Ireland; and grounding on the removal of these grievances an annihilation or palliation of whatever moral or political evil it may be within the compass of human power to assuage or eradicate." There are frequent sentences in these "Proposals" which are sententious, eloquent, and imbued with the spirit of a strong and true philosophy. As a whole, they lack reasonableness, and to that extent Godwin's criticism of them was accurate; but they were unreasonable simply because they pre-supposed that all to whom they were addressed would at once apprehend their spirit and forthwith endeavour to carry them into effect. Man is a reasonable animal, it is true, but not in the bulk; it is the individual who does duty for the community; for in all conscience the fools in every age are in a majority. Shelley, therefore, lost sight of this fact, and addressed men everywhere, and under all circumstances, as being amenable to reason; an error to which his eyes were afterwards partially opened, begetting in him thereby no small measure of disgust. It would be curious to know what the Government of the time thought of the poet's proposals for a monster Association; but I am bound to say that the proposals themselves are drawn up with calmness and dignity. The rhetoric is tempered, and the logic placed in the forefront. The writer proceeds to remark that his association would question established principles, and though a philanthropic association has nothing to fear from the English Constitution, which is always capable of widening and strengthening its basis, it may expect dangers from its government; but that fact only proved the necessity for such an institution. And to justify himself for thus appealing for help towards gaining the grand end he contemplates, the author reminds the people of Ireland that "though the Parliament of England were to pass a thousand bills, to inflict upon those who determined to utter their thoughts a thousand penalties, it could not render that criminal which was in its nature innocent before the passing of such bills." In these pages there is a vigorous onslaught upon the principles of Mr. Malthus, and Shelley also endeavours to show that the French

philosophers, Voltaire, Rousseau, Helvetius, and Condorcet, were only partial reformers of society, and consequently failed in their work of renovation. But what of the practical effect of these eloquent proposals for a gigantic philanthropic Association? Alas! in searching for the answer we must turn to the disappointed Shelley, in his lodgings in Dublin, after he had cast them forth upon the world, waiting for converts to his principles, when no man came unto him! The revulsion of feeling must have been great when hope was destroyed in the bosom of this youth, who had not yet attained his twentieth year. Kings, Parliaments, and society had never yet accomplished what he saw foreshadowed to a surety in his proposals, and his joy was turned into bitterness. Shall we laugh at the sanguine soul which had thus gone out of itself, and prophesied blessedness for the whole of the human race? or shall we yield to him the sentiment of affection for the manifestation of his noble and absorbing desires? The latter is demanded from us, even though mental conviction of the futile character of his schemes goes side by side with the sentiment. Doubtless Shelley moved, or desired to move, too fast; and Godwin truly pricked the bubble when he told Shelley that he exhorted persons whom he had himself described as "of scarcely greater elevation in the scale of intellectual being than the oyster—thousands huddled together, one mass of animated filth," to take the redress of grievances into their own hands. The poet began building the perfect edifice of humanity by laying its topmost stone before the foundations. Although, as we have seen, he exhibited greater political insight than the philosopher, the latter was able ruthlessly to shatter the various stages by which he hoped to arrive at his end. Godwin argumentatively pleads with his young admirer in these terms: "You say, 'What has been done within the last twenty years?' Oh, that I could place you on the pinnacle of ages, from which these twenty years would shrink to an invisible point! It is not after this fashion that moral causes work in the eye of Him who looks profoundly through the vast, and allow me to add, venerable machine of human society. But so reasoned the French revolutionists. Auspicious and admirable materials were working in the general mind of France; but these men said, as you say, 'When we look on the last twenty years, we are seized with a sort of moral scepticism—we must own we are eager that something should be done.'" And see what has been the result of their doings! He that would benefit mankind on a comprehensive scale, by changing the principles and elements of society, must learn the hard lesson—to put off self and to contribute by a quiet but incessant activity, like a rill of water, to irrigate and fertilise the intellectual soil." Sound but cruel advice to one who would change the face of society in a day. There is no disputing the accuracy of the philosopher's position. Eighteen hundred years ago England was inhabited by savages, and even at this day we have not completely exorcised the order, for statistics demonstrate that there is a goodly per-centage of the population of this Christian country who annually kick their wives to

death. Exasperating as the slow growth of benevolence and virtue may be, we cannot hasten the process, and a strictly political basis of operation will never ensure the happiness of the entire race, or bathe the universe in "sweetness and light."

Knowing what is at length proved concerning Shelley's great interest in political matters, and his solicitude for the welfare of the people of the United Kingdom, we experience no difficulty in utterly discrediting the random statement of one of his biographers that he hated newspapers, and that none ever reached him while at the University. On the face of it, it is an incredible statement, and the poet's own verified correspondence places its complete inaccuracy beyond a doubt. Even while at Oxford, it is clearly shown that Shelley was "alive to the passing political events of the day, writing to the editors of newspapers, identifying himself with their opinions, congratulating them on their triumphs, indignant at their persecution, and, stranger than all, publishing a poem for the sustinment in prison of one of them who was considered by the leading Liberals of the day, as well as by Shelley, a martyr for the liberty of the Press." More than one of his biographers assert that they never saw Shelley reading a newspaper, and yet at the time of his acquaintance with them he was taking a keen interest in newspaper warfare, and writing to several journals. Even a Boswell is sometimes caught napping, but this is not surprising when we remember that *aliquando bonus Homerus dormitat*. Mr. Peacock's papers in *Fraser* show that Shelley read with great avidity the writings of Cobbett, Leigh Hunt, and others, in the political journals; and whatever may be believed as to his fitness to cope with political problems, it is an unquestionable fact that at one time they occupied a considerable portion of his thoughts. In one letter, written in September 1819, Shelley says, "Pray let me have the earliest *political* news which you consider important at this crisis;" and in another he says, writing from Leghorn, "Many thanks for your attention in sending the papers which contain the terrible and important news of Manchester." At the very time, in truth, during which Shelley was said to have displayed an incurable aversion to newspapers, he was considering the project of floating one himself, of which he purposed to retain the supreme direction.

Further, as a follower of Milton in declaring for the free and unfettered liberty of the press, Shelley wrote a letter to Lord Ellenborough which in some passages is unsurpassed in eloquence by any prose writer since the time of the blind and sublime poet who penned the *Areopagitica: A Speech for the Liberty of Unlicensed Printing*. Macaulay well described Milton's prose as "a perfect field of cloth of gold, rich with gorgeous embroidery;" and, although the prose eloquence of Shelley is not so massive and stately, it is in parts more fervid and impassioned. A severe sentence was passed on a London bookseller, named Eaton, for publishing the third part of Thomas Paine's *Age of Reason*, and this called forth the letter of Shelley referred to, which stands almost unique, considering that the writer of it was only nineteen years of age. In one passage the writer remarks:—

"The crime of inquiry is one which religion has never forgiven. Implicit faith and fearless inquiry have in all ages been irreconcilable enemies. Unrestrained philosophy has in every age opposed itself to the reveries of credulity and fanaticism. The truths of astronomy demonstrated by Newton have superseded astrology; since the modern discoveries of chemistry, the philosopher's stone has no longer been deemed attainable. That which is false will ultimately be controverted by its own falsehood." Then, after a closely-reasoned argument, in which he shows that Lord Ellenborough might well fear for the truth of his own opinions, seeing they require such extreme measures to support them, Shelley asks: "Whence is any right derived, but that which power confers, for persecution? Do you think to convert Mr. Eaton to your religion by embittering his existence? You might force him by torture to profess your tenets, but he could not believe them, except you should make them credible, which perhaps exceeds your power. Do you think to please the God you worship by this exhibition of your zeal? If so, the demon to whom some nations offer human hecatombs is less barbarous than the Deity of civilised society. . . . If the law *ds haretico comburendo* has not been formally repealed, I conceive that, from the promise held out by your lordship's zeal, we need not despair of beholding the flames of persecution rekindled in Smithfield. Even now the lash that drove Descartes and Voltaire from their native country, the chains which bound Galileo, the flames which burned Vanini, again resound. . . . Does the Christian God, whom his followers eulogize as the Deity of humility and peace—he, the regenerator of the world, the meek reformer—authorise one man to rise against another, and, because lictors are at his beck, to chain and torture him as an infidel? When the Apostles went abroad to convert the nations, were they enjoined to stab and poison all who disbelieved the divinity of Christ's mission? Assuredly, they would have been no more justifiable in this case than he is at present who puts into execution the law which inflicts pillory and imprisonment on the Deist." It is impossible for me to dwell longer on the strength and fulness of the invective to be found in this remarkable pamphlet, or upon the evidences of great learning it displayed on the part of its youthful writer; but towards the close there is the expression of one sentiment which should find an echo in the present generation, if it did not in Shelley's. "The time," he says, "is rapidly approaching—I hope that you, my Lord, may live to behold its arrival—when the Mahometan, the Jew, the Christian, the Deist, and the Atheist will live together in one community, equally sharing the benefits which arise from its association, and united in the bonds of charity and brotherly love." In this aspiration breathes the catholic spirit of one to whom the very name of oppression was hateful, and who only needed to hear of injustice to loathe it in his very soul.

We perceive, therefore, from what has been already adduced, that, so far from Shelley declining the strife of politics, he eagerly rushed into the fray. If further proofs still were needed, it is only necessary to refer to his

letters to the editors of the *Statesman* and the *Examiner*, and his espousal of the cause of Mr. Peter Finnerty, the Irish patriot, to whom some slight reference has already been made. With regard to the *Examiner*, most readers will be cognizant of the now historical fact that a conviction was procured against its conductors, John and Leigh Hunt, for speaking somewhat too freely on political topics. Leigh Hunt had referred to the Prince Regent as "this Adonis in loveliness, a corpulent gentleman of fifty;" and if there was one affront more than another which his Royal Highness was likely to resent, it was a reflection upon his august person. There were stronger passages in the libellous article than this description, but none so calculated to bring the Prince into ridicule; and it has always been understood that the real affront consisted in the use of this particular expression; at least, it was believed by many at the time that the article might have been passed over but for these words. Undoubtedly the Prince had been handsome, but his beauty, with all that is lovely, was "fading away," and accordingly the sting of Hunt's remark lay in its plain and unvarnished truth. For the luxury of speaking ironically of the æsthetic appearance of the Regent, the Hunts were sentenced to two years' imprisonment, and condemned to pay a fine of 1,000*l.* One can well understand the kind of feeling this sentence would rouse in Shelley; and it was fully given utterance to in a letter to Mr. Hookham, in which he observes:—"I am boiling with indignation at the horrible injustice and tyranny of the sentence pronounced on Hunt and his brother; and it is on this subject that I write to you. Surely the seal of abjectness and slavery is indelibly stamped upon the character of England. Although I do not retract in the slightest degree my wish for a subscription for the widows and children of those poor men hung at York, yet this 1,000*l.* which the Hunts are sentenced to pay is an affair of more consequence. Hunt is a brave, a good, and an enlightened man. Surely the public, for whom Hunt has done so much, will repay in part the great debt of obligation which they owe the champion of their liberties and virtues; or are they dead, cold, stone-hearted, and insensible—brutalized by centuries of unremitting bondage? However that may be, they surely may be excited into some slight acknowledgment of his merits. Whilst hundreds of thousands are sent to the tyrants of Russia, he pines in a dungeon, far from all that can make life desired." Shelley encloses a cheque, and exclaims, "Oh, that I might wallow for one night in the Bank of England!" Whatever may be said of the visionary character of Shelley's projects, his sympathy and earnestness in political reforms and causes was anything but visionary.

In regarding Shelley as a politician, we cannot but take cognizance of a pamphlet which he issued on the subject of Parliamentary Reform, under the signature of the "Hermit of Marlow." This was neither more nor less than a proposal for putting reform to the vote throughout the kingdom. The writer's views are expressed in very moderate language, and though personally he was an extreme Radical, there evidently dwelt

in his mind at the time he wrote the pamphlet an idea that he could not expect to gain for the world immediately all the freedom which he might desire. The work is consequently careful and statesmanlike in its arrangement. The gist of the proposals was that committees should be formed with a view to polling the entire people on the subject which was then agitating all circles, as it has done at set periods during the whole of this century. Shelley did not think it just and equitable that the people should be governed by laws and impoverished by taxes originating in the edicts of an assembly which represented somewhat less than a thousandth part of the entire community. He therefore drew up six Resolutions to be submitted to a national meeting of the friends of reform. These resolutions set forth that those people who were of opinion that reform was necessary in parliamentary representation should assemble themselves together for the purpose of collecting evidence as to how far it was the will of the majority of the nation to move in the exercise of their rights; that the whole population should be canvassed in favour of a declaration that the House of Commons does not represent the will of the nation; that meetings should be held day after day for the reception of evidence bearing upon the subject; that the reformers disclaimed any design of lending their sanction to revolutionary and disorganizing schemes; and that a subscription be set on foot to defray the expenses of the plan. Shelley then proceeds to state in detail the reforms which he considers necessary, and foremost amongst these is a recommendation on behalf of annual parliaments. The pamphlet closes with this very remarkable passage:—"With respect to universal suffrage, I confess I consider its adoption, in the present unprepared state of public feeling and knowledge, a measure fraught with peril. *I think that none but those who register their names as paying a certain small sum in direct taxes ought at present to send members to Parliament.* The consequence of the immediate extension of the elective franchise to every male adult would be to place power in the hands of men who have been rendered brutal and torpid and ferocious by ages of slavery. It is to suppose that the qualities belonging to a demagogue are such as are sufficient to endow a legislator. I allow Major Cartwright's arguments to be unanswerable; abstractedly, it is the right of every human being to have a share in the Government. But Mr. Paine's arguments are also unanswerable; a pure republic may be shown, by inferences the most obvious and irresistible, to be that system of social order the fittest to produce the happiness and promote the genuine eminence of man. Yet nothing less consists with reason, or affords smaller hopes of beneficial issue, than the plan which should abolish the regal and the aristocratical branches of our Constitution before the public mind, through many gradations of improvement, shall have arrived at the maturity which can disregard these symbols of its childhood." I apprehend that this extract effectually disposes of the ignorant assumption that Shelley knew nothing whatever of politics; on the contrary, there were few living in his own day who could have put in fewer words a better idea

of the ideal state of government and the obstacles which intervene to prevent its realisation. The basis of representation indicated in the sentence in italics was long afterwards almost the very groundwork of the Parliamentary Reform Bill carried by Mr. Disraeli in 1867, as Mr. Rossetti also has observed in his Memoir of the poet. Not only must Shelley have studied politics, but, *pace* Mr. Hogg, he must have studied them with something more than a superficial observation for the purpose of enlarging glibly upon them. His writing on political subjects seems to me more far-seeing than anything he has left behind him, with the exception of several of his poems, and in them of course we naturally expect to find the prophet of the race.

Another evidence of Shelley's devotion to political problems, and of his thorough delight in grappling with them, is seen in his "Declaration of Rights," which Mr. Rossetti points out resembles "the two most famous of similar documents in the history of the great French Revolution—the one adopted by the Constituent Assembly in August 1789, and the other proposed in April 1793 by Robespierre." In Shelley's "Declaration," which seems to have been foreshadowed to a certain extent by his "Proposals for an Association" already remarked upon, we are struck with the terseness and vigour of the various affirmations. Consider a few of them for their exhibition of sound judgment and wisdom:—"Government has no rights; it is a delegation from several individuals for the purpose of securing their own. It is, therefore, just only so far as it exists by their consent, useful only so far as it operates to their well-being." "As the benefit of the governed is, or ought to be, the origin of government, no men can have any authority that does not expressly emanate from their will." "No man has a right to disturb the public peace by personally resisting the execution of a law, however bad. He ought to acquiesce, using at the same time the utmost powers of his reason to promote its repeal." "A man has a right to unrestricted liberty of discussion. Falsehood is a scorpion that will sting itself to death." "A man has not only a right to express his thoughts, but it is his duty to do so." "Expediency is inadmissible in morals. Politics are only sound when conducted on principles of morality; they are, in fact, the morals of nations." "Belief is involuntary; nothing involuntary is meritorious or reprehensible. A man ought not to be considered worse or better for his belief." "A Christian, a Deist, a Turk, and a Jew have equal rights; they are men and brethren." "If a person's religious ideas correspond not with your own, love him nevertheless. Those who believe that Heaven is, what earth has been, a monopoly in the hands of a favoured few, would do well to reconsider their opinion; if they find that it came from their priest or their grandmother, they could not do better than reject it." "The only use of government is to repress the vices of man. If man were to-day sinless, to-morrow he would have a right to demand that government and all its evils should cease." By the light of these apothegms we come to perceive why Shelley was dreaded and detested by many in

his own generation. His views, as thus expressed, might have extracted the admiration of a Plato, but were only calculated to sting the average English politician of the nineteenth century into indignation. What can there be in common between the holder of such pure and just views as those enunciated in these maxims and the man who buys his seat in the legislature by the most wholesale and unblushing briber? Politically, it may be said that Shelley is summed up by two broad distinguishing characteristics, viz. a love of freedom, and his conviction in favour of an enlightened republic. Mrs. Shelley dilates upon his love of the people, and his ardent admiration of the idea of equality, and observes that "he looked on political freedom as the direct agent to effect the happiness of mankind." His biographer, Medwin, has endeavoured to prove that he was somewhat of a lukewarm republican, but is not very successful in his effort; indeed, he is compelled to admit that "Shelley used to say that a republic was the best form of government, with disinterestedness, abnegation of self, and a Spartan virtue; but to produce which required the black bread and soup of the Lacedæmonians, an equality of fortunes unattainable in the present factitious state of society, and only to be brought about by an agrarian law, and a consequent baptism of blood." In politics Shelley knew no fear. And so thoroughly conscientious was he in insisting upon his views, and so ardent a Radical, that I verily believe he would have abdicated the dignity of a baronet had it ever been his fortune to succeed to the title. This view is strengthened by the knowledge that, in season and out of season, he never refrained from insisting upon one great cardinal principle or doctrine, viz. that no man had a right to enjoy benefits, or the goodwill of the world, unless they sprang from the exercise of virtue and talent. He could not have been a fair-weather politician, that is, one who croaks republicanism till he gets a stake in the country, and then becomes that worst of all Conservatives, an embodiment of selfishness: this is proved from the fact that immediately he inherited wealth he proceeded to distribute it in a lavish and possibly injudicious manner. Speaking generally, of course, it may be said that Shelley's political views were such as had been formulated in the systems of Paine and Godwin; but Shelley was Paine and Godwin with a large heart added; and certainly while he was strengthened by their countenance I believe his own political conceptions were self-derived, and a necessity, partly by reason of his mental constitution, and partly as the result of his personal experience. Shelley's politics grew with his growth; he had an innate sense of political justice and a burning desire for equality; and those would do his spirit wrong who could imagine that any circumstances of possible worldly success, or the dazzling possession of rank, could ever cause him to apostatize from the grand simplicity of his political faith.

Was Shelley an atheist? Such is the momentous question which next arises. The affirmative has so frequently been stated that it has come to be almost universally accepted. I, too, believe that he had not quite

dived into the depth of all mystery; that he had not fully understood himself, the world, and the Great Unknown; that he had not quite reconciled all the inconsistencies of this jarring instrument, human life, nor solved the problem why evil should be permitted to exist side by side with virtue, and too frequently prove the victor. But then he never professed to be anything but a student upon the threshold of existence, permeated by a desire for knowledge. Yet assuming for a moment that at one time Shelley was numbered with the unbelievers, there was an earnestness in his purposes, and a craving for light, which were noble in comparison with the cold Mephistophelean disbelief in virtue so characteristic of Byron. The author of *Queen Mab* was a man of faith compared with the author of *Don Juan*. Out of the spirit of inquiry which pervaded the former it was possible there might arise a sympathy with and a thirsting after the Divine; out of the spirit of moral infidelity which distinguished the latter it was impossible for anything to be generated but a distrust of all human virtue. So that our words of indignation as regards Shelley's scepticism should really be more measured than they have hitherto been. The negations of a philosophical scepticism have in the world's history very frequently been cast away for a living and vital trust in the fountain of all happiness and truth. Morality always survived in Shelley; therefore it was possible to become an easy and natural process with him to pass from the lower and baser to the higher and nobler. Shelleyism is not infidelity. That is my contention, and if systematic doubt really ever was a creed with the poet, it had been swept away long before his death. I seem to behold Shelley stretching out hands of faith after the Divine, imploring, demanding to be led into his pure light, and to find shelter in the Fatherhood of his Creator, through brotherhood with One of whom he nobly sang, and of whose reign he uttered such a glorious burst of triumph as this:

A Power from the unknown God,
 A Promethean conqueror came;
 Like a triumphal path he trod
 The thorns of death and shame.
 A mortal shape to him
 Was like the vapour dim
 Which the orient planet animates with light:
 Hell, sin, and slavery came,
 Like bloodhounds mild and tame,
 Nor preyed until their lord had taken flight.
 The moon of Mahomet
 Arose, and it shall set:
 While blazoned as on Heaven's immortal noon,
 The Cross leads generations on.

The scepticism which Shelley indulged was not one of utter disbelief in the future perfection of humanity, but it undoubtedly had its root in the sadness which he experienced for a world which was apparently without a guiding principle or power, and in the transitoriness of

everything human. He looked abroad with great, tear-brimmed, brooding-eyes, and wept over the absence of that stability in some person or thing which his soul longed to have revealed. Earth to him was a land of shadows, and men "as clouds that veil the midnight moon." In one line he sadly affirms, "Naught may endure but mutability."

A priest at Lausanne once gesticulated on reading *Queen Mab*, "Infidel, Jacobin, leveller; nothing can stop this spread of blasphemy but the stake and the faggot; the world is retrograding into accursed heathenism and universal anarchy." It was seeing so much of the spirit which animated this priest that retarded Shelley's religious development. But with every respect for the Lausanne clerical—whose bigotry too often finds its exemplification in the cloth of our own day—another critic of Shelley's, in humbler life, a simple bookseller, was nearer to the truth when he remarked that Shelley aimed at regenerating, not levelling mankind, as Byron and Moore. The detestation of the name of religion which he at one time unquestionably displayed arose from the lack of the thing itself in those who professed it. He looked upon religion, as practised, "as hostile instead of friendly to the cultivation of those virtues which would make men brothers." From the poem of *Queen Mab* it is impossible to come to the conclusion that Shelley was an atheist, except as regards the God of the Christians, whom indeed he rejects with scorn. But there are glimmerings of a belief in some Power which moulds all things and runs through all things—in fact a Pantheistic God. To the God of the theologians he exhibited an unswerving animosity; but the pamphlet he wrote at Oxford was much more atheistical than the poem. There is abundant evidence, however, that in after life he abjured both the pamphlet and the poem. By far the most terrible things, doubtless, Shelley ever wrote are to be found in the notes to *Queen Mab*, but here, appended to the quotation from the poem, "There is no God!" we find him saying, "This negation must be understood solely to affect a creative Deity. The hypothesis of a pervading spirit, co-eternal with the Universe, remains unshaken." This is an admission which no man who was an atheist in the strict sense of the term would make. But as one fact is worth many arguments, it may be as well to remind the reader that in a letter to the Editor of the *Examiner* on the subject of *Queen Mab*, Shelley said the poem was never intended for publication, and that in regard to the subtle discriminations of metaphysical and religious doctrine, it was very crude and immature. It was written at a period when the poet was disgusted with the constitution of things, and when he was desirous of hurling from his throne the Deity which Christians held up for reverence. He repudiated the notion that this Being described to him could be the active Governor of the universe. At the same time he did believe distinctly in some Spirit that was progressively working for perfection. My views are corroborated by Shelley's reply to Trelawny, when the latter asked, "Why do you call yourself an atheist?" and he answered, "I used it (the name atheist) to express my abhorrence of

superstition : I took up the word, as a knight took up a gauntlet, in defiance of injustice." This is a clear indication of the character of Shelley's atheism ; it was, as I have maintained, not a universal negative. The very spirituality of his nature would have prevented him from embracing the everlasting "No!"

Coleridge took this view also of the poet, for in one of his letters he observes, "His (Shelley's) discussions—tending towards atheism of a certain sort—would not have scared *me* ; for *me* it would have been a semi-transparent larva, soon to be glorified, and through which I should have seen the true image,—the final metamorphosis. Besides, I have ever thought that sort of atheism the next best religion to Christianity ; nor does the better faith I have learnt from Paul and John interfere with the cordial reverence I feel for Benedict Spinoza." I find, also, this remarkable passage in a letter written by Shelley himself, in 1811 :—"I here take God (God exists) to witness that I wish torments, which beggar the futile description of a fancied hell, would fall upon me, provided I could obtain thereby that happiness for *what* I love, which, I fear, can never be ! The question is, What do I love ? It is almost unnecessary to answer. Do I love the person, the embodied identity, if I may be allowed the expression ? No ! I love what is superior, what is excellent, or what I conceive to be so ; and I wish, ardently wish, to be profoundly convinced of the existence of a Deity, that so superior a spirit might receive some degree of happiness from my feeble exertions ; for love is heaven, and heaven is love. You think so too, and you disbelieve not the existence of an eternal, omnipresent Spirit." Then, in an argument against the Materialists, the writer proceeds further to say, "I think I can prove the existence of a Deity—a First Cause. I will ask a Materialist how came this universe at first ? He will answer, By chance. What chance ? I will answer in the words of Spinoza : 'An infinite number of atoms had been floating from all eternity in space, till at last one of them fortuitously diverged from its track, which, dragging with it another, formed the principle of gravitation, and, in consequence, the universe ! What cause produced this change, this chance ? For where do we know that causes arise without their correspondent effects ; at least we must here, on so abstract a subject, reason analogically. Was not this, then, a *cause*, was it not a *first* cause ? Was not this first cause a Deity ? Now, nothing remains but to prove that this Deity has a care, or rather that its only employment consists in regulating the present and future happiness of its creation. Our ideas of infinite space, &c., are scarcely to be called ideas, for we cannot either comprehend or explain them ; therefore the Deity must be judged by us from attributes analogical to our situation.' Oh, that this Deity were the Soul of the universe, the spirit of universal, imperishable love ! Indeed, it is." This is certainly language never held by an atheist ; it was the expression of a man in doubt about the truths of Christianity, but not of an unbeliever. Phrases occur in several poems by Shelley, which touch upon the same thoughts given in the prose extract

just cited. On one occasion, it is true, he said, "I had rather be damned with Plato and Lord Bacon than go to heaven with Paley and Malthus;" but this was only to indicate his abhorrence of creeds and formulated religions. And yet he held the view which is common to almost all Christians, viz. that evil is not inherent in the system of creation, but an accident that might be repelled. It has always struck me that Shelley had a deeply religious spirit, that spirit of reverence which inevitably distinguishes the great poet; for would it not be impossible to conceive of a great poet who was at the same time an atheist? He would at once lose that spiritual elevation which refines and glorifies genius. The best description of the piety of Shelley has been given by one who knew him most intimately, and as I greatly prefer his language to my own, in enforcing the point with which I am now concerned, his words shall be reproduced.

"The leading feature of Shelley's character," says Leigh Hunt, who may be credited with having understood more than others the thoughts of his later life, "may be said to have been a natural piety. He did himself injustice with the public, in using the popular name of the Supreme Being inconsiderately. He identified it solely with the most vulgar and tyrannical notions of a God made after the worst human fashion; and did not sufficiently reflect that it was often used by a juster devotion to express a sense of the Great Mover of the universe. An impatience in contradicting worldly and pernicious notions of a supernatural power led his own aspirations to be misunderstood; for, though in the severity of his dialectics, and particularly in moments of despondency, he sometimes appeared to be hopeless of what he most desired—and though he justly thought that a Divine Being would prefer the increase of benevolence and good before any praise, or even recognition of himself (a reflection worth thinking of by the intolerant), yet in reality there was no belief to which he clung with more fondness than that of some great pervading 'Spirit of Intellectual Beauty;' as may be seen in his aspirations on that subject. He assented warmly to an opinion which I expressed in the Cathedral at Pisa, while the organ was playing, that a truly divine religion might yet be established, if charity were really made the principle of it, instead of faith." But in discussing this subject it is necessary to take into account Shelley's *Essay on Christianity*, in which I find him distinctly asserting that "we are not the creators of our own origin and existence. We are not the arbiters of every motion of our own complicated nature; we are not the masters of our own imaginations and moods of mental being. There is a Power by which we are surrounded, like the atmosphere in which some motionless lyre is suspended, which visits with its breath our silent chords at will." In this same essay there is a nobler tribute to Jesus Christ than many of the cold believers in Christianity, dead with an infidelity of heart, would be willing to pay. The whole spirit of the essay forbids for a moment the assumption that Shelley was an atheist, and most of the composition might be read with great profitableness from any orthodox pulpit. On other collateral religious questions, such as the

doctrine of the immortality of the soul, much is not said by Shelley. Immortality is a topic rarely discussed with himself by any man, and when he becomes agitated therewith it is only to end in a condition of vagueness. Yet the expectation of something after death was very strong in Shelley. *Adonais*, if it stood alone as regards the poet's utterances on immortality, might be conclusive of his belief in the doctrine in its fullest sense; in speaking of Keats in one instance he says that "he hath awakened from the dream of life," and "is made one with Nature." Further, that his spirit "beams from the abode where the Eternal are." Other prose expressions of Shelley's would appear to contradict this, but never, I believe, does he hint for a moment at such a thing as annihilation. He could not conceive that his own spirit, after the experience of which he was conscious, could ever be thrown into the void, useless and dead, though he had no definite ideas as to what would become of himself after he "had shuffled off this mortal coil." By this time, I doubt not, he has discovered more fully that Divine Love for whom his spirit yearned. Had ten more years of human life been allotted to him, he would have emerged from that dark valley of doubt in which his noble spirit was searching for the Infinite. The light, however, came more suddenly; the veil of humanity was violently rent asunder, and Shelley was face to face with the solution of the Great Mystery.

The benefactor of humanity has invariably to sustain much comment and scepticism regarding his motives, and Shelley was no exception to the rule in his rôle of philanthropist. He gave both of his labour and substance with an unbounded generosity, and too frequently had the bitterness to perceive that his intentions were misunderstood, and he himself regarded with suspicion. Man is a reasoning animal, as I have already had occasion to observe, but man is above all a selfish animal. The species seems much more prolific and ingenious in acts of self-preservation than it does in argument. Man is, in fact, so selfish that an undoubtedly benevolent act—an act, that is, which is open to no other construction—surprises him by its folly. He furthermore does not like the rebuke which the act itself necessarily conveys, and consequently becomes angry and slanders his benefactor. This has ever been so. In the realms of thought and science, as well as in personal action, the exercise of benevolence has met with strenuous opposition. The perfect Man, whose soul was spotless and yearned with a magnificent philanthropy for the whole race, was crucified on a tree. The world has to be approached gradually by the philanthropist, or he will be assailed by the offensive missiles of an adverse criticism. And when he has done all the good that is possible, and laid down his life for his brother, he will gain but a grudging remembrance from posterity. It is, however, the mark of the true philanthropist that he pursues his ends regardless of the consequences. No threat, no withholding of his just reward, can ever deter him, for he is armed not by the principle which expects a return for its expended benevolence, but by the sublime idea that the condition of the person he

means to help can be ameliorated and exalted by his aid. And in the eyes of the philanthropist the salvation of the species is the grandest work to which a man can devote himself. Salvation from vice, from misery, from poverty, from the horrors of his own conscience, is to the human the lifting up of the Divine ideal. Of Shelley it may be affirmed that he laboured conspicuously for this end. The record of his life is one of generous impulse and action from its commencement to its close. A benignity that is worthy of all praise and reverence animated him in his relations to man, and the humbler creation; to breathe, to him, was to aspire to do good, irrespective of recognition or reward. His own appetites were conquered and held in subjection, so that he could be of some use to humanity. The plainest food sufficed for his daily needs, and he would never use the produce of the cane so long as it was obtained by slave labour. "Fragile in health and frame; of the purest habits in morals; full of devoted generosity and universal kindness; glowing with ardour to obtain wisdom; resolved, at every personal sacrifice, to do right; burning with a desire for affection and sympathy, he was treated as a reprobate, cast forth as a criminal." Lest this eulogy, however, which was dictated by the spirit of an ardent love and admiration for Shelley, should seem tinged with the extravagance of personal regard, let us quote from Lady Blessington what Lord Byron said of his friend. After Shelley's death he wrote—"You should have known Shelley to feel how much I must regret him. He was the most gentle, the most amiable, the least worldly-minded person I ever met; full of delicacy, disinterested beyond all other men, and possessing a degree of genius joined to a simplicity as rare as it is admirable. He had formed to himself a *beau idéal* of all that is fine, high-minded, and noble, and he acted up to this ideal even to the very letter. He had a most brilliant imagination, but a total want of worldly wisdom. I have seen nothing like him, and never shall again, I am certain." To extract such a tribute from such a quarter would of itself be sufficient proof to me that all I have alleged with respect to the natural generosity of Shelley's character was strictly accurate.

A munificent instance of this trait in the poet's disposition was afforded during his stay in North Wales. He had hired a cottage from a gentleman named Maddox, at Tanyrallt, Carnarvonshire. Mr. Maddox, Lady Shelley informs us, had reclaimed several thousand acres of land from the sea; but the embankment proved insufficient during an unusually high tide. The sea made such serious breaches in the earthworks that the poor cottagers became terribly alarmed. At this juncture Shelley stepped forward, took the matter up warmly, and personally solicited subscriptions from the gentlemen of the neighbourhood. Though possessing very limited means of subsistence himself, he headed the list with the extraordinary donation of 500*l*. Nor was his enthusiasm checked here, for he came up to London still interested in the same business, and had at length the satisfaction of seeing his efforts crowned with success. The

embankment was repaired and strengthened, and the inhabitants were protected from future risk.

Leigh Hunt, in his *Autobiography*, tells a story of another kind, but in excellent illustration of the same tenderness of heart. On returning home to Hampstead one night after the opera, Hunt heard strange and alarming shrieks mixed with the voice of a man. It appears that it was a fierce winter night, and Shelley had found a woman lying near the top of the hill, in fits. He tried in vain to get the nearest householders to receive her, assuring them that she was no impostor: doors were shut upon him. Time was flying, and the poor creature was in convulsions, with her son lamenting over her. Seeing a carriage drive up to a door and a gentleman with his family step out of it, Shelley implored them to have mercy on the woman. In response to his request that the gentleman would go and see her, the latter said, "No, sir; there's no necessity for that sort of thing, depend on it. Impostors swarm everywhere; the thing cannot be done; sir, your conduct is extraordinary." "Sir," cried Shelley, "I am sorry to say that your conduct is not extraordinary; and if my own seems to amaze you, I will tell you something which may amaze you a little more, and I hope will frighten you. It is such men as you who madden the spirits and the patience of the poor and the wretched; and if ever a convulsion comes in this country (which is very probable) recollect what I tell you: you will have your house, that you refuse to put the miserable woman into, burnt over your head." Then, as Dr. Johnson did on a similar memorable occasion, the poet, as best he was able, conveyed the wretched woman to a haven of rest. Thus this man lived, who was so subject to violent bodily pains that he was sometimes compelled to lie on the ground during his period of suffering; yet preserving always the language of kindness and consideration for those about him. To multiply the record of his generous deeds would be to follow the diary of his whole existence. So strongly imbued was he with the desire to do good, that any recreation or occupation he compelled to give way when there was opened before him an avenue for benevolence. After pecuniary circumstances became a little easier with him than they had been Shelley went to reside at Great Marlow. Mrs. Shelley in a few lines has detailed how he spent his life there. It appears that, though Marlow was surrounded by every natural beauty, it boasted of a very poor population. "The women," says Mrs. Shelley, "were lacemakers, and lost their health by sedentary labour, for which they were very ill paid. The poor-laws ground to the dust, not only the paupers, but those who had risen just above that state, and were obliged to pay poor-rates. The changes produced by peace following a long war and a bad harvest brought with them the most heart-rending evils to the poor. Shelley afforded what alleviation he could. In the winter, while bringing out his poem (*The Revolt of Islam*) he had a severe attack of ophthalmia, caught while visiting the poor cottagers." And there was no calling out for strangers to come and see the good deeds which he wrought. All sprang from the

purest motives, and he shrank from having his actions blazoned abroad. Occasionally, nevertheless, he assisted friends in the pursuit of schemes which were chimerical, and would have been best left alone; but when the friend was invoked in time of need, he was only too ready to respond to the call, whatever it might be. I have made a passing reference to his sympathy for the brute creation, which was such that any instance of cruelty put him into transports of passion. One such case is recorded in his *Memoirs*, and, doubtless, it is but typical. Of the broader kind of philanthropy which seeks to benefit the race, and not specially the individual, Shelley also gave many demonstrations; but one fact must suffice me to state here, and that is, that long before the abolition of the punishment of death had become a moot question, Shelley had firmly cherished the idea. He advocated it upon the same grounds as Dickens many years subsequently, viz., that it served no purpose to society, and was contrary to the spirit of human progress.

I have thus completed another stage in the consideration of this illustrious friend of humanity. To have expressed my own unwavering admiration of the various aspects of his character is much, but the triple view of him now presented may assist, possibly, in elucidating to others a career which is at once romantic, beautiful, and tragic. That career forcibly rebukes the idea that enthusiasm and personal sacrifice are necessarily divorced from the selfish and materially progressive age in which we live. The theologian may well merge his wrath in the halo of practical Christianity which encircled this life; the adamant creed is worthless and dead before his sleepless and laborious devotion. In His hands let us leave him, resenting the bigotry and the presumption which would pass judgment upon him here. If that soul which possessed so much purity, grace, disinterestedness, and truth could be ultimately lost, the foundations of our faith might well be in danger of being broken up. But the speculation is at once impossible and impious: the Deity himself is pledged to the imperishable nature of goodness and virtue.

Three Feathers.

CHAPTER XXVI.

A PERILOUS TRUCE.



HE very stars in their courses seemed to fight for this young man.

No sooner had Wenna Rosewarne fled to her own room, there to think over in a wild and bewildered way all that had just happened, than her heart smote her sorely. She had not acted prudently. She had forgotten her self-respect. She ought to have forbidden him to come near her again—at least, until such time as this foolish fancy of his should have passed away and been forgotten.

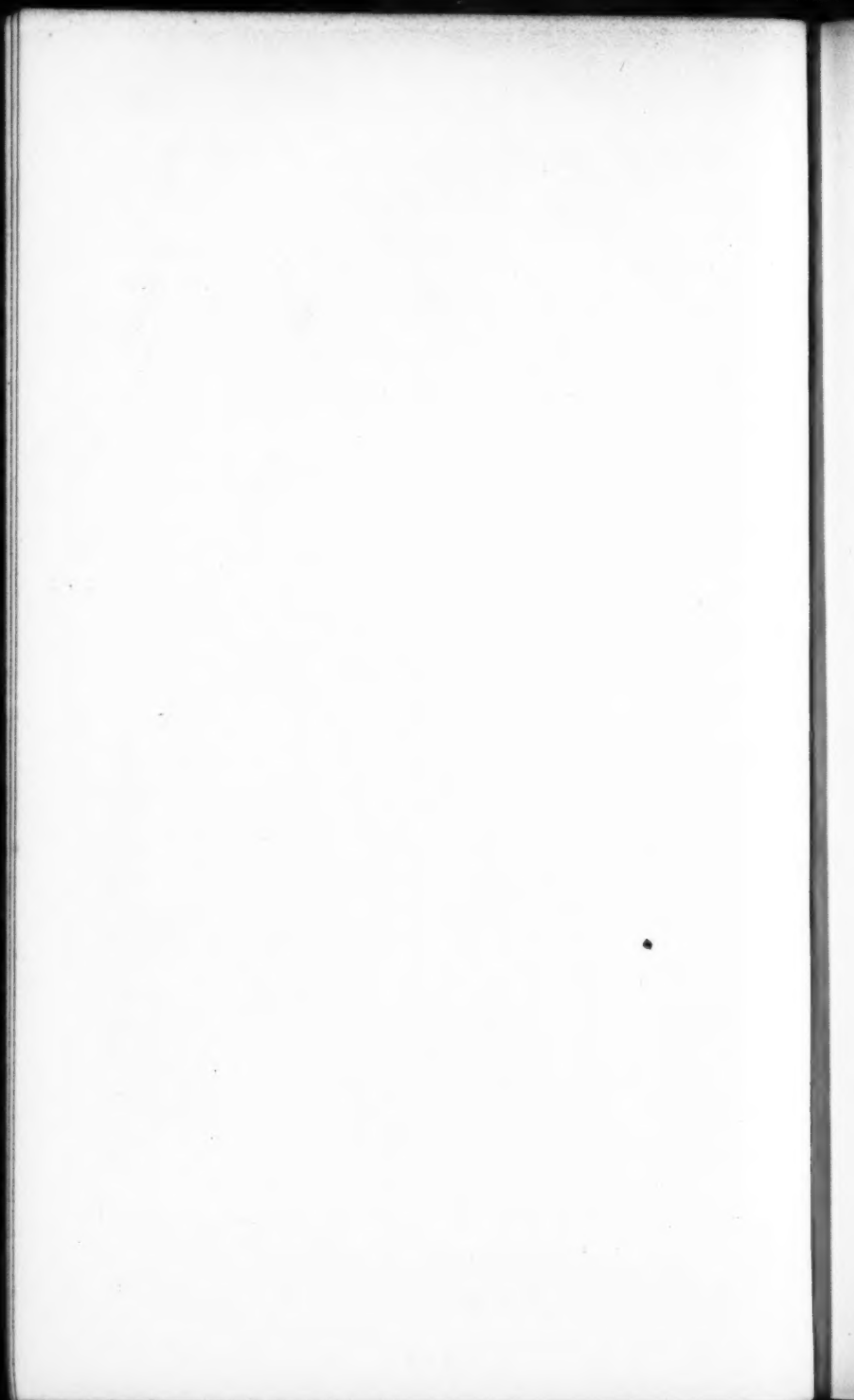
How could she have parted with him so calmly,

and led him to suppose that their former relations were unaltered? She looked back on the forced quietude of her manner, and was herself astonished. Now her heart was beating rapidly; her trembling fingers were unconsciously twisting and untwisting a bit of ribbon; her head seemed giddy with the recollection of that brief and strange interview. Then, somehow, she thought of the look on his face when she told him that henceforth they must be strangers to each other. It seemed hard that he should be badly used for what was, perhaps, no intentional fault. If anybody had been in fault, it was herself, in being blind to a possibility to which even her own sister had drawn her attention; and so the punishment ought to fall on her.

She would humble herself before Mr. Roscorla. She would force herself to be affectionate towards him in her letters. She would even



SHE WENT FORWARD AND OFFERED HIM HER HAND.



write to Mabyn, and beg of her to take no notice of that angry remonstrance.

Then Wenna thought of her mother, and how she ought to tell her of all these things. But how could she? During the past day or two Mrs. Rosewarne had been at times singularly fretful and anxious. No letter had come from her husband. In vain did Wenna remind her that men were more careless of such small matters than women, and that it was too soon to expect her father to sit down and write. Mrs. Rosewarne sat brooding over her husband's silence; then she would get up in an excited fashion and declare her intention of going straight back to Eglosilyan; and these fitful moods preyed on the health of the invalid. Ought Wenna to risk increasing her anxiety by telling her this strange tale? She would doubtless misunderstand it. She might be angry with Harry Trelyon. She would certainly be surprised that Wenna had given him permission to see her again—not knowing that the girl, in her forced composure, had been talking to him as if this avowal of his were of no great moment.

All the same Wenna had a secret fear that she had been imprudent in giving him this permission; and the most she could do now was to make his visits as few, short, and ceremonious as possible. She would avoid him by every means in her power; and the first thing was to make sure that he should not call on them again while they remained in Penzance.

So she went down to the small parlour in a much more equable frame of mind, though her heart was still throbbing in an unusual way. The moment she entered the room she saw that something had occurred to disturb her mother. Mrs. Rosewarne turned from the window, and there was an excited look in her eyes.

"Wenna," she said, hurriedly, "did you see that carriage? Did you see that woman? Who was with her? Did you see who was with her? I know it was she—not if I live a hundred years could I forget that—that devil in human shape!"

"Mother, I don't know what you mean," Wenna said, wholly aghast.

Her mother had gone to the window again, and she was saying to herself, hurriedly, and in a low voice—

"No, you don't know; you don't know—why should you know? That shameless creature! And to drive by here—she must have known I was here. Oh, the shamelessness of the woman!"

She turned to Wenna again.

"Wenna, I thought Mr. Trelyon was here. How long has he gone? I want to see him most particularly—most particularly, and only for a moment. He is sure to know all the strangers at his hotel, is he not? I want to ask him some questions—Wenna, will you go at once and bid him come to see me for a moment?"

"Mother!" Wenna said—how could she go to the hotel with such a message?

"Well, send a note to him, Wenna—send a note by the girl downstairs. What harm is there in that?"

"Lie down then, mother," said the girl, calmly, "and I will send a message to Mr. Trelyon."

She drew her chair to the table, and her cheeks crimsoned to think of what he might imagine this letter to mean when he got the envelope in his hands. Her fingers trembled as she wrote the date at the head of the note. Then she came to the word "Dear," and it seemed to her that if shame were a punishment, she was doing sufficient penance for her indiscretion of that morning. Yet the note was not a compromising one. It merely said, "Dear Mr. Trelyon,—If you have a moment to spare, my mother would be most obliged to you if you would call on her. I hope you will forgive the trouble.—Yours sincerely, Wenna Rosewarne."

When the young man got that note—he was just entering the hotel when the servant arrived—he stared with surprise. He told the girl he would call on Mrs. Rosewarne directly. Then he followed her.

He never for a moment doubted that this note had reference to his own affairs. Wenna had told her mother what had happened. The mother wished to see him to ask him to cease visiting them. Well, he was prepared for that. He would ask Wenna to leave the room. He would attack the mother boldly, and tell her what he thought of Mr. Roscorla. He would appeal to her to save her daughter from the impending marriage. He would win her over to be his secret ally and friend; and while nothing should be done precipitately to alarm Wenna or arouse her suspicions, might not these two carry the citadel of her heart in time, and hand over the keys to the rightful lord? It was a pleasant speculation; it was at least marked by that audacity that never wholly forsook Master Harry Trelyon. Of course, he was the rightful lord; ready to bid all false claimants, rivals, and pretenders beware.

And yet, as he walked up to the house, some little tremor of anxiety crept into his heart. It was no mere game of brag in which he was engaged. As he went into the parlour, Wenna stepped quietly by him, her eyes downcast; and he knew that all he cared to look forward to in the world depended on the decision of that quiet little person with the sensitive mouth and the earnest eyes. Fighting was not of much use there.

"Well, Mrs. Rosewarne," said he, rather shamefacedly, "I suppose you mean to scold me?"

Her answer surprised him. She took no heed of his remark, but in a vehement, excited way began to ask him questions about a woman whom she described. He stared at her.

"I hope you don't know anything about that elegant creature?" he said.

She did not wholly tell him the story, but left him to guess at some portions of it; and then she demanded to know all about the woman and her companion, and how long they had been in Penzance, and where they were going? Master Harry was by chance able to reply to certain of her questions. The answers comforted her greatly. Was he quite sure that

she was married? What was her husband's name? She was no longer Mrs. Shirley? Would he find out all he could? Would he forgive her asking him to take all this trouble; and would he promise to say no word about it to Wenna?

When all this had been said and done, the young man felt himself considerably embarrassed. Was there to be no mention of his own affairs? So far from remonstrating with him, and forbidding him the house, Mrs. Rosewarne was almost effusively grateful to him, and could only beg him a thousand times not to mention the subject to her daughter.

"Oh, of course not," said he, rather bewildered. "But—but I thought from the way in which she left the room that—that perhaps I had offended her."

"Oh no, I am sure that is not the case," said Mrs. Rosewarne, and she immediately went and called Wenna, who came into the room with rather an anxious look on her face. She immediately perceived the change in her mother's mood. The demon of suspicion and jealousy had been as suddenly exorcised as it had been summoned. Mrs. Rosewarne's fine eyes were lit by quite a new brightness and gaiety of spirits. She bade Wenna declare what fearful cause of offence Mr. Trelyon had given; and laughed when the young man, blushing somewhat, hastily assured both of them that it was all a stupid mistake of his own.

"Oh, yes," Wenna said, rather nervously, "it is a mistake. I am sure you have given me no offence at all, Mr. Trelyon."

It was an embarrassing moment for two, at least, out of these three persons; and Mrs. Rosewarne, in her abundant goodnature, could not understand their awkward silence. Wenna was apparently looking out of window, at the bright blue bay and the boats; and yet the girl was not ordinarily so occupied when Mr. Trelyon was present. As for him, he had got his hat in his hands; he seemed to be much concerned about it, or about his boots; one did not often find Master Harry actually showing shyness.

At last he said, desperately—

"Mrs. Rosewarne, perhaps you would go out for a sail in the afternoon? I could get you a nice little yacht, and some rods and line. Won't you?"

Mrs. Rosewarne was in a kindly humour. She said she would be very glad to go, for Wenna was growing tired of always sitting by the window. This would be some little variety for her.

"I hope you won't consider me, mother," said the young lady, quickly, and with some asperity. "I am quite pleased to sit by the window—I could do so always. And it is very wrong of us to take up so much of Mr. Trelyon's time."

"Because Mr. Trelyon's time is of so much use to him," said that young man, with a laugh; and then he told them when to expect him in the afternoon, and went his way.

He was in much better spirits when he went out. He whistled as he went. The plash of the blue sea all along the shingle seemed to have a sort of laugh in it; he was in love with Penzance and all its beautiful neighbourhood. Once again, he was saying to himself, he would spend a quiet and delightful afternoon with Wenna Rosewarne, even if that were to be the last. He would surrender himself to the gentle intoxication of her presence. He would get a glimpse, from time to time, of her dark eyes when she was looking wistfully and absently over the sea. It was no breach of the implied contract with her that he should have seized this occasion. He had been sent for. And if it was necessary that he should abstain from seeing her for any great length of time, why this single afternoon would not make much difference. Afterwards, he would obey her wishes in any manner she pleased.

He walked into the hotel. There was a gentleman standing in the hall, whose acquaintance Master Harry had condescended to make. He was a person of much money, uncertain grammar, and oppressive generosity; he wore a frilled shirt and diamond studs, and he had such a vast admiration for this handsome, careless, and somewhat rude young man, that he would have been very glad had Mr. Trelyon dined with him every evening, and taken the trouble to win any reasonable amount of money of him at billiards afterwards. Mr. Trelyon had not as yet graced his table.

"Oh, Grainger," said the young man, "I want to speak to you. Will you dine with me to-night at eight?"

"No, no, no," said Mr. Grainger, shaking his head in humble protest, "that isn't fair. You dine with me. It ain't the first or the second time of asking either."

"But look here," said Trelyon, "I've got lots more to ask of you. I want you to lend me that little cutter of yours for the afternoon; will you? You send your man on board to see she's all right, and I'll pull out to her in about half-an-hour's time. You'll do that, won't you, like a good fellow?"

Mr. Grainger was not only willing to lend the yacht, but also his own services, to see that she properly received so distinguished a guest; whereupon Trelyon had to explain that he wanted the small craft merely to give a couple of ladies a sail for an hour or so. Then Mr. Grainger would have his man instructed to let the ladies have some tea on board; and he would give Master Harry the key of certain receptacles, in which he would find cans of preserved meat, fancy biscuits, jam, and even a few bottles of dry Sillery; finally he would immediately hurry off to see about fishing-rods. Trelyon had to acknowledge to himself that this worthy person deserved the best dinner that the hotel could produce.

In the afternoon he walked along to fetch Mrs. Rosewarne and her daughter, his face bright with expectation. Mrs. Rosewarne was dressed and ready when he went in; but she said—

"I am afraid I can't go, Mr. Trelyon. Wenna says she is a little tired, and would rather stay at home."

"Wenna, that isn't fair," he said, obviously hurt. "You ought to make some little effort when you know it will do your mother good. And it will do you good too, if only you make up your mind to go."

She hesitated for a moment; she saw that her mother was disappointed. Then, without a word, she went and put on her hat and shawl.

"Well," he said, approvingly, "you are very reasonable, and very obedient. But we can't have you go with us with such a face as that. People would say we were going to a funeral."

A shy smile came over the gentle features, and she turned aside.

"And we can't have you pretend that we forced you to go. If we go at all, you must lead the way."

"You would tease the life out of a saint!" she said, with a vexed and embarrassed laugh, and then she marched out before them, very glad to be able to conceal her heightened colour.

But much of her reserve vanished when they had set sail, and when the small cutter was beginning to make way through the light and plashing waves. Wenna's face brightened. She no longer let her two companions talk exclusively to each other. She began to show a great curiosity about the little yacht; she grew anxious to have the lines flung out; no words of hers could express her admiration for the beauty of the afternoon and of the scene around her.

"Now, are you glad you came out?" he said to her.

"Yes," she answered, shyly.

"And you'll take my advice another time?"

"Do you ever take any one's advice?" she said, venturing to look up.

"Yes, certainly," he answered, "when it agrees with my own inclination. Who ever does any more than that?"

They had now got a good bit away from land.

"Skipper," said Trelyon to Mr. Grainger's man, "we'll put her about now, and let her drift. Here is a cigar for you; you can take it up to the bow and smoke it, and keep a good look-out for the sea-serpent."

By this arrangement they obtained, as they sat and idly talked, an excellent view of all the land around the bay, and of the pale, clear sunset shining in the western skies. They lay almost motionless in the lapping water; the light breeze scarcely stirred the loose canvas. From time to time they could hear a sound of calling or laughing from the distant fishing-boats; and that only seemed to increase the silence around them.

It was an evening that invited to repose and reverie; there were not even the usual fiery colours of the sunset to arouse and fix attention by their rapidly changing and glowing hues. The town itself, lying darkly all around the sweep of the bay, was dusky and distant; elsewhere all the world seemed to be flooded with the silver light coming over from behind the western hills. The sky was of the palest blue; the long mackerel clouds that stretched across were of the faintest yellow and

lightest grey; and into that shining grey rose the black stems of the trees that were just over the outline of these low heights. St. Michael's Mount had its summit touched by the pale glow; the rest of the giant rock and the far stretches of sea around it were grey with mist. But close by the boat there was a sharper light on the lapping waves and on the tall spars; while it was warm enough to heighten the colour on Wenna's face as she sat and looked silently at the great and open world around her.

They were drifting in more ways than one. Wenna almost forgot what had occurred in the morning. She was so pleased to see her mother pleased that she talked quite unreservedly to the young man who had wrought the change, and was ready to believe all that Mrs. Rosewarne said in private about his being so delightful and cheerful a companion. As for him, he was determined to profit by this last opportunity. If the strict rules of honour demanded that Mr. Roscorla should have fair play—or if Wenna wished him to absent himself, which was of more consequence than Mr. Roscorla's interests—he would make his visits few and formal; but in the meantime, at least, they would have this one pleasant afternoon together. Sometimes, it is true, he rebelled against the uncertain pledge he had given her. Why should he not seek to win her? What had the strict rules of honour to do with the prospect of a young girl allowing herself to be sacrificed, while here he was able and willing to snatch her away from her fate?

"How fond you are of the sea and of boats!" he said to her. "Sometimes I think I shall have a big schooner yacht built for myself and take her to the Mediterranean, going from place to place just as one took the fancy. But it would be very dull by yourself, wouldn't it, even if you had a dozen men on board? What you want is to have a small party all very friendly with each other, and at night you would sit up on deck and sing songs. And I think you would like those old-fashioned songs that you sing, Miss Wenna, all the better for hearing them so far away from home—at least, I should; but then I'm an outer barbarian. I think you, now, would be delighted with the grand music abroad—with the operas, you know, and all that. I've had to knock about these places with people; but I don't care about it. I would rather hear 'Norah, the Pride of Kildara,' or 'The Maid of Llangollen'—because, I suppose, these young women are more in my line. You see, I shouldn't care to make the acquaintance of a gorgeous creature with black hair and a train of yellow satin half a mile long, who tosses up a gilt goblet when she sings a drinking-song, and then gets into a frightful passion about what you don't understand. Wouldn't you rather meet the 'Maid of Llangollen' coming along a country road—coming in by Marazion over there, for example, with a bright print dress all smelling of lavender, and a basket of fresh eggs over her arm? Well—what was I saying? Oh, yes! don't you think if you were away in the Adriatic, and sitting up on deck at night, you would make the people have a quiet cry when you

sang 'Home, Sweet Home?' The words are rather silly, aren't they? But they make you think of such a lot if you hear them abroad."

"And when are you going away; this year, Mr. Trelyon?" Wenna said, looking down.

"Oh, I don't know," he said, cheerfully; he would have no question of his going away interfere with the happiness of the present moment.

At length, however, they had to bethink themselves of getting back, for the western skies were deepening in colour, and the evening air was growing chill. They ran the small cutter back to her moorings; then they put off in the small boat for the shore. It was a beautiful, quiet evening. Wenna, who had taken off her glove and was allowing her bare hand to drag through the rippling water, seemed to be lost in distant and idle fancies not altogether of a melancholy nature.

"Wenna," her mother said, "you will get your hand perfectly chilled."

The girl drew back her hand, and shook the water off her dripping fingers. Then she uttered a slight cry.

"My ring!" she said, looking with absolute fright at her hand and then at the sea.

Of course, they stopped the boat instantly; but all they could do was to stare at the clear dark water. The distress of the girl was beyond expression. This was no ordinary trinket that had been lost; it was a gage of plighted affection given her by one now far away, and in his absence she had carelessly flung it into the sea. She had no fear of omens, as her sister had; but surely, of all things in the world, she ought to have treasured up this ring. In spite of herself, tears sprang to her eyes. Her mother in vain attempted to make light of the loss. And then at last Harry Trelyon, driven almost beside himself by seeing the girl so plunged in grief, hit upon a wild fashion of consoling her.

"Wenna," he said, "don't disturb yourself! Why, we can easily get you the ring. Look at the rocks there—a long bank of smooth sand slopes out from them, and your ring is quietly lying on the sand. There is nothing easier than to get it up with a dredging machine—I will undertake to let you have it by to-morrow afternoon."

Mrs. Rosewarne thought he was joking; but he effectually persuaded Wenna, at all events, that she should have her ring next day. Then he discovered that he would be just in time to catch the half-past six train to Plymouth, where he would get the proper apparatus, and return in the morning.

"It was a pretty ring," said he. "There were six stones in it, weren't there?"

"Five," she said: so much she knew, though it must be confessed she had not studied that token of Mr. Roscorla's affection with the earnest solicitude which most young ladies bestow on the first gift of their lover.

Trelyon jumped into a fly, and drove off to the station, where he sent back an apology to Mr. Grainger. Wenna went home more perturbed

than she had been for many a day, and that not solely on account of the lost ring.

Everything seemed to conspire against her, and keep her from carrying out her honourable resolutions. That sail in the afternoon she could not well have avoided; but she had determined to take some opportunity of begging Mr. Trelyon not to visit them again while they remained in Penzance. Now, however, he was coming next day; and, whether or not he was successful in his quest after the missing ring, would she not have to show herself abundantly grateful for all his kindness?

In putting away her gloves, she came upon the letter of Mr. Rosecorla, which she had not yet answered. She shivered slightly; the handwriting on the envelope seemed to reproach her. And yet something of a rebellious spirit rose in her against this imaginary accusation; and she grew angry that she was called upon to serve this harsh and inconsiderate taskmaster, and give him explanations which humiliated her. He had no right to ask questions about Mr. Trelyon. He ought not to have listened to idle gossip. He should have had sufficient faith in her promised word; and if he only knew the torture of doubt and anxiety she was suffering on his behalf —

She did not pursue these speculations further; but it was well with Mr. Rosecorla that she did not at that moment sit down and answer his letter.

CHAPTER XXVII.

FURTHER ENTANGLEMENTS.

"MOTHER," said Wenna, that night, "what vexed you so this morning? Who was the woman who went by?"

"Don't ask me, Wenna," the mother said, rather uneasily. "It would do you no good to know. And you must not speak of that woman — she is too horrid a creature to be mentioned by a young girl ever."

Wenna looked surprised; and then she said, warmly —

"And if she is so, mother, how could you ask Mr. Trelyon to have anything to do with her? Why should you send for him? Why should he be spoken to about her?"

"Mr. Trelyon!" her mother said, impatiently. "You seem to have no thought now for anybody but Mr. Trelyon. Surely the young man can take care of himself."

The reproof was just; the justice of it was its sting. She was indeed thinking too much about the young man, and her mother was right in saying so; but who was to understand the extreme anxiety that possessed her to bring these dangerous relations to an end?

On the following afternoon Wenna, sitting alone at the window, heard Trelyon enter below. The young person who had charge of such matters

allowed him to go up the stairs and announce himself as a matter of course. He tapped at the door, and came into the room.

"Where's your mother, Wenna? The girl said she was here. However, never mind—I've brought you something that will astonish you. What do you think of that?"

She scarcely looked at the ring, so great was her embarrassment. That the present of one lover should be brought back to her by another was an awkward, almost a humiliating, circumstance. Yet she was glad as well as ashamed.

"Oh, Mr. Trelyon, how can I thank you?" she said, in her low, earnest voice. "All you seem to care for is to make other people happy—and the trouble you have taken too!"

She forgot to look at the ring—even when he pointed out how the washing in the sea had made it bright. She never asked about the dredging. Indeed, she was evidently disinclined to speak of this matter in any way, and kept the finger with the ring on it out of sight.

"Mr. Trelyon," she said then, with equal steadiness of voice, "I am going to ask something more from you; and I am sure you will not refuse it——"

"I know," said he, hastily, "and let me have the first word. I have been thinking over our position, during this trip to Plymouth and back. Well, I think I have become a nuisance to you—wait a bit, let me say my say in my own way—I can see that I only embarrass you when I call on you, and that the permission you gave me is only leading to awkwardness and discomfort. Mind, I don't think you are acting fairly to yourself or to me in forbidding me to mention again what I told you. I know you're wrong. You should let me show you what sort of a life lies before you—but there, I promised to keep clear of that. Well, I will do what you like; and if you'd rather have me stay away altogether, I will do that. I don't want to be a nuisance to you. But mind this, Wenna, I do it because you wish it—I don't do it because I think any man is bound to respect an engagement which—which—which, in fact, he doesn't respect——"

His eloquence broke down; but his meaning was clear. He stood there before her, ready to accept her decision with all meekness and obedience; but giving her frankly to understand that he did not any the more countenance or consider as a binding thing her engagement to Mr. Roscorla.

"Mind you," he said, "I am not quite as indifferent about all this as I look. It isn't the way of our family to put their hands in their pockets and wait for orders. But I can't fight with you. Many a time I wish there was a man in the case—then he and I might have it out; but as it is, I suppose I have got to do what you say, Wenna, and that's the long and the short of it."

She did not hesitate. She went forward and offered him her hand; and with her frank eyes looking him in the face, she said—

"You have said what I wished to say, and I feared I had not the courage to say it. Now you are acting bravely. Perhaps at some future time we may become friends again—oh yes, and I do hope that!—but in the meantime you will treat me as if I were a stranger to you!"

"That is quite impossible," said he, decisively. "You ask too much, Wenna."

"Would not that be the simpler way?" she said, looking at him again with the frank and earnest eyes; and he knew she was right.

"And the length of time?" he said.

"Until Mr. Roscorla comes home again, at all events," she said.

She had touched an angry chord.

"What has he to do with us?" the young man said, almost fiercely.

"I refuse to have him come in as arbiter or in any way whatever. Let him mind his own business; and I can tell you, when he and I come to talk over this engagement of yours——"

"You promised not to speak of that," she said, quietly, and he instantly ceased.

"Well, Wenna," he said, after a minute or two, "I think you ask too much; but you must have it your own way. I won't annoy you and drive you into a corner—you may depend on that. But to be perfect strangers for an indefinite time—then you won't speak to me when I see you passing to church?"

"Oh yes," she said, looking down; "I did not mean strangers like that."

"And I thought," said he, with something more than disappointment in his face, "that when I proposed to—to relieve you from my visits, you would at least let us have one more afternoon together—only one—for a drive, you know. It would be nothing to you—it would be something for me to remember——"

She would not recognize the fact, but for a brief moment his underlip quivered; and somehow she seemed to know it, though she dared not look up to his face.

"One afternoon—only one, to-morrow—next day, Wenna? Surely you cannot refuse me that?"

Then, looking at her with a great compassion in his eyes, he suddenly altered his tone.

"I think I ought to be hanged," he said in a vexed way. "You are the only person in the world I care for, and every time I see you I plunge you into trouble. Well, this is the last time. Good-by, Wenna!"

Almost involuntarily she put out her hand; but it was with the least perceptible gesture to bid him remain. Then she went past him; and there were tears running down her face.

"If—if you will wait a moment," she said, "I will see if mamma and I can go with you to-morrow afternoon."

She went out and he was left alone. Each word that she had uttered had pierced his heart; but which did he feel the more deeply—remorse

that he should have insisted on this slight and useless concession, or bitter rage against the circumstances that environed them, and the man who was altogether responsible for these? There was now at least one person in the world who greatly longed for the return of Mr. Roscorla.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

FAREWELL!

"Yes, it is true," the young man said, next morning, to his cousin, "this is the last time I shall see her for many a day."

He was standing with his back to her, moodily staring out of the window.

"Well, Harry," his cousin said, gently enough, "you won't be hurt if I say it is a very good thing? I am glad to see you have so much patience and reasonableness. Indeed, I think Miss Rosewarne has very much improved you in that respect; and it is very good advice she has given you now."

"Oh yes, it is all very well to talk!" he said, impatiently. "Common sense is precious easy when you are quite indifferent. Of course, she is quite indifferent, and she says, 'Don't trouble me!' What can one do but go? But if she was not so indifferent ——"

He turned suddenly.

"Jue, you can't tell what trouble I am in! Do you know that sometimes I have fancied she was not quite as indifferent—I have had the cheek to think so from one or two things she said—and then, if that were so, it is enough to drive one mad to think of leaving her. How could I leave her, Jue? If any one cared for you, would you quietly sneak off in order to consult your own comfort and convenience? Would you be patient and reasonable then?"

"Harry, don't talk in that excited way. Listen. She does not ask you to go away for your sake, but for hers."

"For her sake?" he repeated, staring. "If she is indifferent, how can that matter to her? Well, I suppose I am a nuisance to her—as much as I am to myself. There it is. I am an interloper."

"My poor boy," his cousin said, with a kindly smile, "you don't know your own mind two minutes running. During this past week you have been blown about by all sorts of contrary winds of opinion and fancy. Sometimes you thought she cared for you—sometimes no. Sometimes you thought it a shame to interfere with Mr. Roscorla; then again you grew indignant and would have slaughtered him. Now you don't know whether you ought to go away or stop to persecute her. Don't you think she is the best judge?"

"No, I don't," he said. "I think she is no judge of what is best

for her, because she never thinks of that. She wants somebody by her to insist on her being properly selfish."

"That would be a pretty lesson."

"A necessary one, anyhow, with some women, I can tell you. But I suppose I must go, as she says. I couldn't bear meeting her about Eglosilyan, and be scarcely allowed to speak to her. Then when that hideous little beast comes back from Jamaica, fancy seeing them walk about together! I must cut the whole place. I shall go into the army—it's the only profession open to a fool like me, and they say it won't be long open either. When I come back, Jue, I suppose you'll be Mrs. Tressider."

"I am very sorry," his cousin said, not heeding the reference to herself; "I never expected to see you so deep in trouble, Harry. But you have youth and good spirits on your side: you will get over it."

"I suppose so," he said, not very cheerfully; and then he went off to see about the carriage which was to take Wenna and himself for their last drive together.

At the same time that he was talking to his cousin, Wenna was seated at her writing-desk answering Mr. Roscorla's letter. Her brows were knit together; she was evidently labouring at some difficult and disagreeable task. Her mother, lying on the sofa, was regarding her with an amused look.

"What is the matter, Wenna? That letter seems to give you a deal of trouble."

The girl put down her pen with some trace of vexation in her face.

"Yes, indeed, mother. How is one to explain delicate matters in a letter? Every phrase seems capable of misconstruction. And then the mischief it may cause!"

"But surely you don't need to write with such care to Mr. Roscorla?"

Wenna coloured slightly, and hesitated, as she answered—

"Well, mother, it is something peculiar. I did not wish to trouble you; but after all I don't think you will vex yourself about so small a thing. Mr. Roscorla has been told stories about me. He is angry that Mr. Trelyon should visit us so often. And—and—I am trying to explain. That is all, mother."

"It is quite enough, Wenna; but I am not surprised. Of course, if foolish persons liked to misconstrue Mr. Trelyon's visits, they might make mischief. I see no harm in them myself. I suppose the young man found an evening at the inn amusing; and I can see that he likes you very well, as many other people do. But you know how you are situated, Wenna. If Mr. Roscorla objects to your continuing an acquaintance with Mr. Trelyon, your duty is clear."

"I do not think it is, mother," Wenna said, an indignant flush of colour appearing in her face. "I should not be justified in throwing over any friend or acquaintance merely because Mr. Roscorla had heard rumours. I would not do it. He ought not to listen to such things—he

ought to have greater faith in me. But at the same time I have asked Mr. Trelyon not to come here so often—I have done so already—and after to-day, mother, the gossips will have nothing to report."

"That is better, Wenna," the mother said; "I shall be sorry myself to miss the young man, for I like him; but it is better you should attend to Mr. Roscorla's wishes. And don't answer his letter in a vexed or angry way, Wenna."

She was certainly not doing so. Whatever she might be thinking, a deliberate and even anxious courtesy was visible in the answer she was sending him. Her pride would not allow her to apologize for what had been done, in which she had seen no wrong; but as to the future she was earnest in her promises. And yet she could not help saying a good word for Trelyon.

"You have known him longer than I do," she wrote, "and you know what his character is. I could see nothing wrong in his coming to see my family and myself; nor did you say anything against him while you saw him with us. I am sure you believe he is straightforward, honest, and frank; and if his frankness sometimes verges upon rudeness, he is of late greatly improved in that respect—as in many others—and he is most respectful and gentle in his manners. As for his kindness to my mother and myself, we could not shut our eyes to it. Here is the latest instance of it; although I feel deeply ashamed to tell you the story. We were returning in a small boat, and I was carelessly letting my hand drag through the water, when somehow the ring you gave me dropped off. Of course, we all considered it lost—all except Mr. Trelyon, who took the trouble to go at once all the way to Plymouth for a dredging-machine, and the following afternoon I was overjoyed to find him return with the lost ring, which I had scarcely dared hope to see again. How many gentlemen would have done so much for a mere acquaintance? I am sure if you had been here you would have been ashamed of me if I had not been grateful to him. Now, however, since you appear to attach importance to these idle rumours, I have asked Mr. Trelyon——"

So the letter went on. She would not have written so calmly if she had foreseen the passion which her ingenuous story about the dredging-machine was destined to arouse. When Mr. Roscorla read that simple narrative, he first stared with astonishment as though she were making some foolish joke. Directly he saw she was serious, however, his rage and mortification were indescribable. Here was this young man, not content with hanging about the girl so that neighbours talked, but actually imposing on her credulity, and making a jest of that engaged ring which ought to have been sacred to her. Mr. Roscorla at once saw through the whole affair—the trip to Plymouth, the purchasing of a gipsy-ring that could have been matched a dozen times over anywhere—the return to Penzance with a cock-and-bull story about a dredging-machine. So hot was his anger that it overcame his prudence. He would start for England at once. He had taken no such resolution when

he heard from the friendly and communicative Mr. Barnes that Mr. Trelyon's conduct with regard to Wenna was causing scandal; but this making a fool of him in his absence he could not bear. At any cost he would set out for England; arrange matters more to his satisfaction by recalling Wenna to a sense of her position; then he would return to Jamaica. His affairs there were already promising so well that he could afford the trip.

Meanwhile, Wenna had just finished her letter when Mr. Trelyon drove up with the carriage, and shortly afterwards came into the room. He seemed rather grave, and yet not at all sentimentally sad. He addressed himself mostly to Mrs. Rosewarne, and talked to her about the Port Isaac fishing, the emigration of the miners, and other matters. Then Wenna slipped away to get ready.

"Mrs. Rosewarne," he said, "you asked me to find out what I could about that red-faced person, you know. Well, here is an advertisement which may interest you. I came on it quite accidentally last night in the smoking-room of the hotel."

It was a marriage advertisement, cut from a paper about a week old. The name of the lady was "Katherine Ann, widow of the late J. T. Shirley, Esq., of Barrackpore."

"Yes! I was sure it was that woman!" Mrs. Rosewarne said eagerly. "And so she is married again?"

"I fancied the gay young things were here on their wedding-trip," Trelyon said, carelessly. "They amused me. I like to see turtle-doves of fifty billing and cooing on the promenade, especially when one of them wears a brown wig, has an Irish accent, and drinks brandy-and-water at breakfast. But he is a good billiard-player; yes, he is an uncommonly good billiard-player. He told me last night he had beaten the Irish Secretary the other day in the billiard-room of the House of Commons. I humbly suspect that was a lie. At least, I can't remember anything about a billiard-table in the House of Commons, and I was two or three times through every bit of it when I was a little chap, with an uncle of mine, who was a Member then; but perhaps they've got a billiard-table now—who knows? He told me he had stood for an Irish borough—spent 3,000*l.* on a population of 284—and all he got was a black eye and a broken head. I should say all that was a fabrication, too; indeed, I think he rather amuses himself with lies—and brandy-and-water. But you don't want to know anything more about him, Mrs. Rosewarne?"

She did not. All that she cared to know was in that little strip of printed paper; and as she left the room to get ready for the drive, she expressed herself grateful to him in such warm tones that he was rather astonished. After all, as he said to himself, he had had nothing to do in bringing about the marriage of that somewhat gorgeous person in whom Mrs. Rosewarne was so strangely interested.

They were silent as they drove away. There was one happy face

amongst them, that of Mrs. Rosewarne; but she was thinking of her own affairs, in a sort of pleased reverie. Wenna was timid and a trifle sad; she said little beyond "Yes, Mr. Trelyon," and "No, Mr. Trelyon," and even that was said in a low voice. As for him, he spoke to her gravely and respectfully: it was already as if she were a mere stranger.

Had some of his old friends and acquaintances seen him now, they would have been something more than astonished. Was this young man, talking in a gentle and courteous fashion to his companion, and endeavouring to interest her in the various things around her, the same dare-devil lad who used to clatter down the main street of Eglosilyan, who knew no control other than his own unruly wishes, and who had no answer but a mocking jest for any remonstrance?

"And how long do you remain in Penzance, Mr. Trelyon?" Mrs. Rosewarne said at length.

"Until to-morrow I expect," he answered.

"To-morrow?"

"Yes; I am going back to Eglosilyan. You know my mother means to give some party or other on my coming of age, and there is so little of that amusement going on at our house that it needs all possible encouragement. After that I mean to leave Eglosilyan for a time."

Wenna said nothing; but her downcast face grew a little paler: it was she who was banishing him.

"By the way," he continued, with a smile, "my mother is very anxious about Miss Wenna's return. I fancy she has been trying to go into that business of the Sewing Club on her own account; and in that case she would be sure to get into a mess. I know her first impulse would be to pay any money to smooth matters over; but that would be a bad beginning, wouldn't it?"

"Yes, it would," Wenna said; but somehow, at this moment, she was less inclined to be hopeful about the future.

"And as for you, Mrs. Rosewarne," he said, "I suppose you will be going home soon, now that the change seems to have done you so much good?"

"Yes, I hope so," she said; "but Wenna must go first. My husband writes to me that he cannot do without her, and offers to send Maby instead. Nobody seems to be able to get on without our Wenna."

"And yet she has the most curious fancy that she is of no account to anybody. Why, some day I expect to hear of the people in Eglosilyan holding a public meeting to present her with a service of plate, and an address written on parchment, with blue and gold letters."

"Perhaps they will do that when she gets married," the mother said, ignorant of the stab she was dealing.

It was a picturesque and pleasant bit of country through which they were driving; yet to two of them at least the afternoon sun seemed to shine over it with a certain sadness. It was as if they were bidding good-by to some beautiful scene they could scarcely expect to revisit.

For many a day thereafter, indeed, Wenna seemed to recollect that drive as though it had happened in a dream. She remembered the rough and lonely road leading up sharp hills and getting down into valleys again; the masses of ferns and wild flowers by the stone walls; the wild and undulating country, with its stretches of yellow furze, its clumps of trees, and its huge blocks of grey granite. She remembered their passing into a curious little valley, densely wooded, the winding path of which was not well fitted for a broad carriage and a pair of horses. They had to watch the boughs and branches as they jolted by. The sun was warm among the foliage; there was a resinous scent of ferns about. By-and-by the valley abruptly opened on a wide and beautiful picture. Lamorna Cove lay before them, and a cold fresh breeze came in from the sea. Here the world seemed to cease suddenly. All around them were huge rocks, and wild flowers, and trees; and far up there on their left rose a hill of granite, burning red with the sunset; but down below them the strange little harbour was in shadow, and the sea beyond, catching nothing of the glow in the west, was grey, and mystic, and silent. Not a ship was visible on that pale plain; no human being could be seen about the stone quays and the cottages; it seemed as if they had come to the end of the world, and were its last inhabitants. All these things Wenna thought of in after days, until the odd and plain little harbour of Lamorna and its rocks and bushes and slopes of granite seemed to be some bit of fairyland, steeped in the rich hues of the sunset, and yet ethereal, distant, and unrecoverable.

Mrs. Rosewarne did not at all understand the silence of these young people, and made many attempts to break it up. Was the mere fact of Mr. Trelyon returning to Eglosilyan next day anything to be sad about? He was not a schoolboy going back to school. As for Wenna, she had got back her engaged ring, and ought to have been grateful and happy.

"Come now," she said, "if you propose to drive back by the Mouse Hole, we must waste no more time here. Wenna, have you gone to sleep?"

The girl started as if she had really been asleep; then she walked back to the carriage and got in. They drove away again without saying a word.

"What is the matter with you, Wenna? Why are you so downcast?" her mother said.

"Oh, nothing!" the girl said hastily. "But—but one does not care to talk much on so beautiful an evening."

"Yes, that is quite true," said Mr. Trelyon, quite as eagerly, and with something of a blush; "one only cares to sit and look at things."

"Oh, indeed," said Mrs. Rosewarne, with a smile; she had never before heard Mr. Trelyon express his views upon scenery.

They drove round by the Mouse Hole, and when they came in sight of Penzance again, the bay, and the semicircle of houses, and St.

Michael's Mount were all of a pale grey in the twilight. As they drove quietly along, they heard the voices of people from time to time; the occupants of the cottages had come out for their evening stroll and chat. Suddenly, as they were passing certain huge masses of rock that sloped suddenly down to the sea, they heard another sound—that of two or three boys calling out for help. The briefest glance showed what was going on. These boys were standing on the rocks, staring fixedly at one of their companions who had fallen into the water and was wildly splashing about, while all they could do to help him was to call for aid at the pitch of their voices.

"That chap's drowning!" Trelyon said, jumping out of the carriage.

The next minute he was out on the rocks, hastily pulling off his coat. What was it he heard just as he plunged into the sea—the agonized voice of a girl calling him back?

Mrs. Rosewarne was at this moment staring at her daughter with almost a horror-stricken look on her face. Was it really Wenna Rosewarne who had been so mean; and what madness possessed her to make her so? The girl had hold of her mother's arm with both her hands, and held it with the grip of a vice; while her white face was turned to the rocks and the sea.

"Oh, mother!" she cried, "it is only a boy, and he is a man—and there is not another in all the world like him——"

"Wenna, is it you who are speaking; or a devil? The boy is drowning!"

But he was drowning no longer. He was laid hold of by a strong arm, dragged in to the rocks, and there fished out by his companions. Then Trelyon got up on the rocks, and calmly looked at his dripping clothes.

"You are a nice little beast, you are!" he said to the small boy, who had swallowed a good deal of salt water, but was otherwise quite unhurt.

"How do you expect I am going home in these trousers? Perhaps your mother 'll pay me for a new pair, eh? And give you a jolly good thrashing for tumbling in? Here's half-a-crown for you, you young ruffian; and if I catch you on these rocks again, I'll throw you in and let you swim for it—see if I don't."

He walked up to the carriage, shaking himself, and putting on his coat as he went, with great difficulty.

"Mrs. Rosewarne, I must walk back—I can't think of——"

He uttered a short cry. Wenna was lying as one dead in her mother's arms, Mrs. Rosewarne vainly endeavouring to revive her. He rushed down the rocks again to a pool, and soaked his handkerchief in the water; then he went hurriedly back to the carriage, and put the cold handkerchief on her temples and on her face.

"Oh, Mr. Trelyon, do go away, or you will get your death of cold!" Mrs. Rosewarne said. "Leave Wenna to me. See, there is a gentleman who will lend you his horse, and you will get to your hotel directly."

He did not even answer her. His own face was about as pale as that

of the girl before him, and hers was that of a corpse. But by-and-by strange tremors passed through her frame; her hands tightened their grip of her mother's arm, and with a sort of shudder she opened her eyes and fearfully looked around. She caught sight of the young man standing there; she scarcely seemed to recognize him for a moment. And then, with a quick nervous action, she caught at his hand and kissed it twice, hurriedly and wildly; then she turned to her mother, hid her face in her bosom, and burst into a flood of tears. Probably the girl scarcely knew all that had taken place; but her two companions, in silence, and with a great apprehension filling their hearts, saw and recognized the story she had told.

"Mr. Trelyon," said Mrs. Rosewarne, "you must not remain here."

Mechanically he obeyed her. The gentleman who had been riding along the road had dismounted, and, fearing some accident had occurred, had come forward to offer his assistance. When he was told how matters stood, he at once gave Trelyon his horse to ride in to Penzance, and then the carriage was driven off also, at a considerably less rapid pace.

That evening Trelyon, having got into warm clothes and dined, went along to ask how Wenna was. His heart beat hurriedly as he knocked at the door. He had intended merely making the inquiry, and coming away again; but the servant said that Mrs. Rosewarne wished to see him.

He went upstairs, and found Mrs. Rosewarne alone. These two looked at each other; that single glance told everything. They were both aware of the secret that had been revealed.

For an instant there was dead silence between them; and then Mrs. Rosewarne, with a great sadness in her voice, despite its studied calmness, said—

"Mr. Trelyon, we need say nothing of what has occurred. There are some things that are best not spoken of. But I can trust to you not to seek to see Wenna before you leave here. She is quite recovered—only a little nervous, you know, and frightened. To-morrow she will be quite well again."

"You will bid her good-by for me," he said.

But for the tight clasp of the hand between these two, it was an ordinary parting. He put on his hat and went out. Perhaps it was the cold sea air that had made his face so pale.

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A VERY HANDSOME YOUNG LADY WAS COMING SMARTLY ALONG A WOODED LANE.

